

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

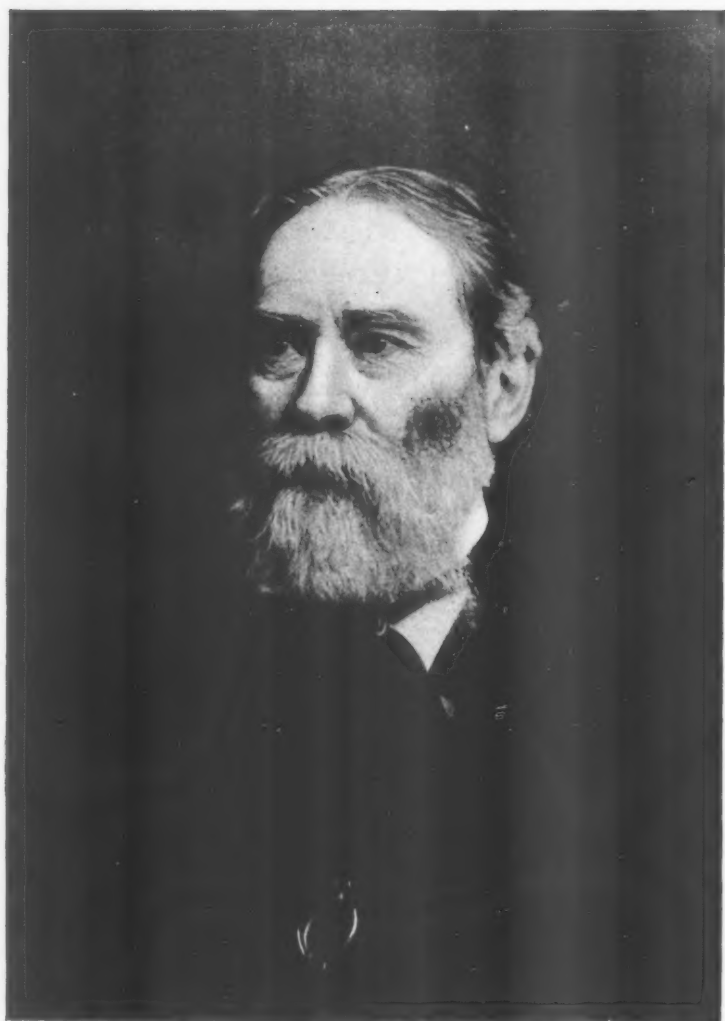
From every man according to his ability : to everyone according to his needs.

VOL. XIII.

MAY, 1892.

NO. 1.

Copyright, 1892, by THE COSMOPOLITAN PUBLISHING COMPANY.



A. L. Wick.

THE NOBLER LOVER

If he be a nobler lover, take him!
You in you I seek, & not myself.
Love with men's what women choose to make
Seraph strong to soar, or faun-eyed elf:

All I am or can, your beauty gave it,
Lifting me a moment nigh to you,
And my bit of heaven, I fain would

Mine I thought it was, I never knew.

What you take of me is yours to serve you,

All I give you gave to me before;

Let him win you! If I but deserve you,

I keep all you grant to him & more:

You shall make me dare what others

You shall keep my nature dare not,

And a light from you that others share

Shall transfigure me where'er I go.

Let me be your thrall! However lowly

Be the bondsman's service I can do,

Loyalty shall make it high & holy;

Naught can be unworthy, done for

Men shall say, "A lover of

Such an icy mistress well

Women say, "Could we deserve

We might be the marvel

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

him,
Love with men's what women choose to make
Seraph strong to soar, or faun-eyed elf:

All I am or can, your beauty gave it,
Lifting me a moment nigh to you,
And my bit of heaven, I fain would

Mine I thought it was, I never knew.

What you take of me is yours to serve you,

All I give you gave to me before;

Let him win you! If I but deserve you,

I keep all you grant to him & more:

You shall make me dare what others

You shall keep my nature dare not,

And a light from you that others share

Shall transfigure me where'er I go.

Let me be your thrall! However lowly

Be the bondsman's service I can do,

Loyalty shall make it high & holy;

Naught can be unworthy, done for

Men shall say, "A lover of

Such an icy mistress well

Women say, "Could we deserve

We might be the marvel

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

that he dreams

SEVILLIAN VIGNETTES.

BY MARRION WILCOX.



CHRISTINA always pronounced her name with an accompanying wave of the right hand, the forefinger and thumb being held so as to form an O.

So please call her Crees-teenah.

She was small and slight, but not thin. She was dignified and

altogether Spanish at heart; she was sympathetic in appearance and manner and beyond all question she was refined.

Her parents kept her strictly guarded. Each day her mother or brother attended her in the street, when she came to our house in the morning or went away in the evening.

This did not prevent her from having at different times a number of novios (sweet-hearts).

Just one little story about her; and to preface that little story I need say only that there were small balconies outside every window in our suite of rooms on the second floor.

During the summer heat long curtains falling from the tops of the windows, and held out by the railing, made these balconies so many cool spots where Christina could sit at her sewing.

She became so wedded to a particular balcony and so passionately attached to sewing that one might have been at a loss to explain such a marked preference and such industry.

One might have been at a loss before noticing that the balcony in question almost adjoined another, similarly shaded, projecting from our neighbor's house.

Then indeed her conduct was explained, but more fully explained when one day there drifted in to us, where we were sit-

ting, nodding in a darkened room, these fragments of amorous talk:

A Man's Voice: "Where were you yesterday, señorita?"

Christina: "It was too warm to do anything." She had been packing trunks under my wife's direction all day long.

The Man: "You were reading, perhaps."

Christina, archly: "Perhaps." She did not know how to read.

The Man: "Did you ever read a story called Pepita, by Juan Valera? You remind me so much of all the heroines in all the romances. But your eyes are finer than theirs could have been."

Christina: "You are joking."

The Man: "On the contrary, I never joke. Have I not told you that I am of a serious disposition? Am I not studying the law—a most serious profession? Believe me when I say that your eyes are to me the finest in the world."

Christina: "I am sorry for the town you come from if the young ladies there are not better to look at."

The Man: "Ah, you are mistaken. They are remarkably handsome and especially known for their beautiful eyes."

And it was in this manner that Crees-teenah passed her time on the balcony. When asked to whom she was talking, she demurely answered that it was to the gentleman next door, who was a student at the law school of Sevilla, and very lonely in this great city, as he had no friends.

Although his plight was such a sad one it seemed advisable to remove Christina two balconies beyond his reach, and to forbid conversation. This measure, however, seemed to stimulate rather than to discourage him, and not long afterward he began to read in a loud voice, to attract her attention, beautiful verses in which she was declared to be the light whence the sun steals his glory, and again a loveliest dove bereft of liberty.

Presently, owing to the circumstance of his serenading her before dark, with guitar and postures, Christina's mistress

felt constrained to appear upon the balcony and to inform him that her maid could not afford the time from her work to listen either to conversation, poetry or music.

He was horribly fascinated and dumb.

As Christina's mistress was about to retrace her steps he made a gesture—an appealing gesture—straining forward and upward with arms and moody dark face, crying :

"Señora! Your maid! Excuse me, did you say your maid?"

"Certainly. Yes, sir."

"I beg your pardon," was his pathetic rejoinder. He disappeared and we never saw him again.

During the warm weather, after coffee in the morning, we would go to walk very early so as to be in before ten o'clock, when the real heat of the day began.

The fact is that just at that time, just at the beginning of summer, we were in Paradise: the light air still full of the fragrance of orange blossoms, the city so bright, so warm, with its delicious gardens and shady patios, its hot afternoons for sleep and its cool nights for the pleasures and business that elsewhere belong to the day. Awnings, stretched above, from housetop to housetop, shaded every street; and thus, as though the whole city had been drawn together under a single roof, all good citizens allowed themselves a familiar and homelike negligence. Formality and the formal usages of society died on Corpus Christi evening, when all the shipping in the river was illuminated, and so was the Tower of Gold and so the Triana bridge; and when gay crowds on the paseo and the quay fluttered and chattered in a scene from fairyland, quite illusive, unless it be objected that most

of the female fairies were inclined to be too fat. That was the last effort society made to wear good clothes. That was the beginning of summer.

Immediately after Corpus society got ready to go away to the seaside, or put on a linen gown once for all, and in darkened rooms began its summer-long occupation of holding open the linen gown with its left hand and fanning its indolent plump neck with the right.

When we returned from these early walks we were always glad to rest in the cool patio, where the fountain splashed for-



CHRISTINA.

ever, the sun came never and big-leaved plants cleansed the air. Then Christina would be requested to bring her castanets and dance us a few coplas of the *seguidilla* (or, as they called it there, the *Sevillana*), which she did with easy perfection, making a truly bright figure, with the flowers in her hair and her whole person full of conscious grace. Such countless creeping steps taken by the feet, while the body was swaying with a slow, graceful motion; the arms making long, languid, sweeping curves above the head; the inspiriting click-ta-click of little wooden disks and that gay music of the dance, which always sounds as though in advance of the steps and yet with them! What dance like the *Sevillana* to make eyes sparkle and the blood course through the veins? It is for a woman the best opportunity, in my opinion, to prove her attractiveness. How Christina would show her little feet by the swaying of her skirts in the short steps; with what an air would her head be drawn up when the arm formed a curve in front of the face; what triumph at the end of each *copla* that small figure expressed, as it stood in an attitude with the long ribbons of the castanets held in mid-air! When we asked her to explain a certain step, she would lift her skirt and repeat so rapidly that we had less idea than before. This pleased her; and when accused of not wishing to reveal her art she would laugh and make in rapid succession a number of peculiar little sounds with the tongue against the roof of the mouth and teeth, emphasizing this amiable negation with a shake of the forefinger.

We thought ourselves fortunate in that we lived on terms of intimacy with the family C—.

General C—, the father, showed at a glance that he went into good society, being better dressed than his three daughters and having a certain manner. When his family, together with my own, had accepted an invitation from some mutual friend, I seldom failed to notice that, while excessively polite, General C— was conscious of doing a favor by his presence, and that an occasional gleam in his eye corresponded with the unspoken suggestion that he would shortly be getting away to his club. He was sure to be the centre of attention, and even during the visit his

daughters made much of him. A tall and handsome man he was, showing unmistakably his long successful military career, in correctness of bearing, turn of head and the soldierly cut of his scrupulously buttoned coat. A darker hue had been laid upon his florid complexion by the African sun, during his many campaigns. One missed the spurs from his heels. His manner was deliberate, quietly expressive, almost majestic, borrowed or inherited from the Moors.

The oldest daughter, Manuela, was almost plain, quite neat and rather subdued, evidently considered by herself and others old (her age was twenty-four).

The second daughter, Feliciana, an attractive widow of twenty-one, with a son of four summers, had none of the ways of a married woman. But that was natural enough. Her little episode was the common one in Seville. There had been a young man who looked very well in his only suit of clothes, who stood in the narrow street beneath her window throughout the day to show that he scorned work and lived only for a glance of her dear eyes; who was not allowed to enter the house, but each evening "plucked the peahen," as the saying is, at the lower iron-barred window, plucking away, one by one, all her feathers of reserve and concealment; who then took her away and proved that bread and onions shared with her were enough—for a fortnight; who at the end of the second week brought her back to her home, and who then died. Feliciana was still a young girl, going out with papa and sisters.

Gracia, the youngest daughter, was pretty. The family looked upon her as their beauty, and great things were expected of her—something in the way of a rich Cuban or "really nice Englishman." The latter sort, they all three assured me in conversation, existed sometimes, as but two years before they had known such a fine fellow! He never wore clothes like horses—no! And he had been equally attentive to all three, they said; but Gracia whined in speaking of him and insisted that every boat that came into the port of Seville during her afternoon strolls by the quay was an English boat, and fancied she saw the "Junion Acky" (Union Jack) waving from her stern.

These girls gave their time and thought

to their father, in the desire to make his home comfortable, economizing in every other direction so that they might give him money enough for his club and his dress. But they also hid their self-sacrifice or confessed it only in the slightness of their neat figures. Except when excited, they talked in low tones, with many gestures of hand and fan. Once a week they went to the paseo, where society drives, rides or walks every afternoon. These three little martyrs went only on Thursdays—the fashionable day—"for their father feared they would become too well known if he took them more frequently," they said. He went every day.

But it is a comfort to know some martyrs personally, in order to see that their lives are not solid misery. These sweet martyrs took their daily walk, always accompanied by a maid. Their way led through some public gardens where they met all who were bound for the paseo, past the barracks where the officers called out compliments to them, and down along the stone quay with idle ships in line and uniformed commanders on deck, under white awnings. Then, as the girls lifted their skirts daintily over the ever-moist walk, what hearty compliments!

Once, especially, a bluff commander, sitting with his officers and friends, sipping aguardiente in the cool of the late afternoon, rose and stepped to the railing, saluted and said: "At your feet, young ladies! Accept my compliments, for you have the prettiest feet I have seen in all the ports of the world." Whereupon all the men clapped their hands and cried: "Hail, Andalusia!" The girls took no notice, except to remark, one to the others, "What insolence!" And, as though they had not come purposely to hear such pleasant things, they declared it would be their last walk in that direction. Strange to relate, all three, with a friend to hear, were there the following day, and Gracia (she of the most marvellous feet) said to Feliciana, as they peered cautiously about, "That boat is gone!"

"Which boat?" asked the friend.

"Where some silly men were yesterday. Ah, that is the unpleasant part of



FELICIANA.

Sevilla; people never stay any length of time."

Their father belonged to that small class of Spaniards who strongly disapprove of the bull-fight. "It is an amusement of savages," he declared; and the girls were never allowed to say anything in praise of the sport, although in their souls they adored it. The general did not, however, prevent their going occasionally with their cousins. "Do you remember, Gracia, how well Pepita Morales put those flowers in my hair the day I went with our cousins to the fight?" you would hear Feliciano ask months after such a grand occasion. "Yes, indeed," Gracia would reply; "and what a fine bull the third one was! He killed twelve horses, and I held my gauze fan up all through it, and the man on the steps below me thought I was weeping, because of the spangles on the fan, and he nearly cried in sympathy."

One afternoon while I was in the study, talking with the family C—, a young man came in. He wanted to see one of the brothers, but instead of rushing upstairs upon learning that Juan was at home, he entered the study and greeted his uncle and cousins most politely, going through all the forms, such as declaring himself at their feet; and only after these things had

been done did he inquire "if he might be allowed to ascend." Whereupon he was cordially assured "Certainly, dear cousin," from several throats, and one of the girls accompanied him to the foot of the stairs.

"Eh, Pepe," I heard her say, "are you going to the fight tomorrow?"

"Yes, indeed," was his answer.

"Ah," she sighed, "how I envy you!"

"What is that you say, Gracia?" interrupted the general from the study.

"I was only saying," was the quick rejoinder, "what fearful affairs those courses are, and how many poor horses will be killed tomorrow."

"Ah, my dear, you are quite right," said the general. "It is monstrous!"

Doctor Lejero was both tall and stout, well dressed, made estimable by the strong black hairs of his pointed beard and mustache, amiable by reason of his frequent smiles, which showed to advantage childish, even, white teeth, jaunty because he took short steps in walking, and the very mirror of Andalusian fashion only when he wore the Spanish cape—but that was not in June. He had always "just stepped out of his 'Berlina'" (coupé), which was sent home from our door, as he visited us late in the evening.

I said that he was well dressed, but must except his hat, which was a derby of Spanish manufacture. Bareheaded, the man was handsome, and in the hand the hat looked well enough, by reason of the graceful curves through space of the Andalusian hand that held it. But hat and head destroyed each other.

Now this Manuel Lejero was more Andalusian than a full-blooded specimen, because he strove mightily and constantly

to cover the fact that his father was a Gallego—a native of Galicia, that province in the north which produces the most hardy, the most useful and the most despised variety of Spaniards. Manuel, however, had been born in Seville of an Andalusian mother, and as a child had learned from his Andalusian playmates to poke fun at the Gallegos. Fancy his position when he became old enough to learn that his own father was from that grotesque province! Fortunately his father had never figured in society, and few of Manuel's friends were

aware of his deep and husky voice, slow and heavy ways, and general clumsiness of thought and action. So the son just went on poking fun at Gallegos, with the rest of the world, passing off his heavy youthful figure and thick hands for genuine Andalusian fat.

Yes, but the Gallego blood had assisted him in his career more than he knew, for it had given him that force of will, that obstinacy of purpose, that plodding devotion to his studies, which, in happy union with his insinuating southern characteristics, had enabled him to be-

come successful beyond his years in the profession of medicine. He did not plume himself publicly upon his seriousness of disposition, as most Sevillian youths do, for he really possessed it; yet this would appear whenever he had dealings with English or American people, who, he thought, held all Spaniards to be light and frivolous. In cold weather he wore his cloak like a southerner, having fourteen different ways of putting it on; and in June he fell in love like an Andalusian.

The object of his passion was an American girl with red cheeks and a white throat—such contrasting red and white



MANUELA.

as you may not find among Spaniards. He had attended the girl's mother during illness.

She allowed him privileges which here signify nothing, but there signify betrothal. He could speak with her alone, they corresponded regularly and openly—more than "engaged" young people can do in Spain. With Gallego stubbornness he clung to obligation and privileges; but when she admitted other young men to the same relations his revenge was Andalusian to the core. He tortured the girl in every possible way, speaking ill of her to others, ridiculing her family and her breeding, trying to excite her jealousy by showy and unmeaning attentions to every mantilla that came in sight. He could not understand her, while she, for her part, did not know that in Spain a girl is allowed to have only one "novio" at a time.

Doctor Lejero was a passionate lover of bull-fights and would travel great distances to witness one. I shall never forget an evening when we requested him to make a list of the prominent bull-fighters—the "first swords," as they are called—in the order of excellence.

He sat on the edge of his chair, in his mouth a cigarette which was bent almost double, so that the lighted end threatened to burn his beard. Our request brought him to his feet. Everything changed but the cigarette, which stuck so fast in its accustomed place between his teeth that one no more expected him to discard it than to discard his nose. The cigarette was one of his features.

"You want them written down?" he asked, with emotion in every other feature and an upward jerk of the curled cigarette. We did.

"Wait!" he exclaimed, opening out one hand as though to ward us off. He stepped to the writing desk and helped himself to pencil and paper, allowing no assistance, evidently fearing interruption of his train of thought; for as soon as the question had been asked I am sure his quick brain had already half answered it.

With one arm on the desk ready to begin writing, the head thrown back, the forefinger of the left hand pressed to the brow, he sat an instant; then, with a quick circular movement of the pencil and a vigorous thrusting out of it, he uttered



GRACIA.

the name "Mazantini" with a smile of triumph. "The king of fighters," he added, and proceeded to write it down.

"And handsome he is," said one.

"I should think so," Lejero agreed. "How he stands in the arena"—with a wave of the hand over his chest—"and the grace of that mighty arm in carrying the capa"—holding an imaginary cloak on his own arm in imitation; and so he went on to the end of the list, naming the great "first swords," and showing by a gesture or two not only the principal characteristics of each man, but his own strong points by seeming inadvertence.

Mere gestures and mere thirsting for blood in scenic effects. The pretty American jilt, with her red cheeks and white throat, abode in safety and in due time departed.

Dolores, most winning inmate of our large house, was one of those indolently fat Spanish women of thirty-one or two years, with a deep and softly complaining voice that ran the scales in speaking.

The romance of her life was rather ordinary, but she took it quaintly. A very

foolish man—the man who had jilted her—married a woman old enough to be his mother and rich enough to own a palace in the Plaza de la Magdalena. Now the forsaken one wore her trousseau clothes with pleasure and would explain, when anything she had on was admired, “It is part of the trousseau Fuentes” (Fuentes was the name of her faithless lover).

By her friends she was considered a very deep character and a well-read, serious woman. Her reading embraced the Lives of the Saints and authorized extracts from the Bible. Beyond that point a self-respecting Spanish woman's serious reading may not extend. If she be able to read at all, is not that circumstance admirable enough? Shall her highly impressionable nature be exposed to all the radical suggestions of modern literature? What would she gain in exchange that would not be a pitiful gain compared with this exquisite simplicity

which is hers now but which she would surely lose?

Dolores had numerous friends among the priests, and passed many hours each week in seeing that the rooms of these reverend persons were swept, dusted and decorated with fresh flowers.

She was an excellent pianist, but always grieved because she had no voice for singing; therefore she had resorted to a delightful expedient. She recited in a most pleasing way, half singing, and accompanying herself on the piano. To watch her during this performance made the chief pleasure of it: the lifting of the eyebrows in questioning and then the answer with a sad smile, showing the whiteness of her teeth; her breast heaving beneath the “Trousseau Fuentes.”

What a fool Fuentes was!

In her bedroom Dolores had placed a small image of the Virgin Mary on an altar with a step, where she might kneel.

The altar was covered with pieces of rich satin and silk, and at the foot of the image lay penitential offerings of lace, ribbons and jewellery that had made the woman's favorite adornment, and pieces of money—banknotes and coins—that did not come to her every day, by any means. But these things were curiously stained and spotted with water; and when asked to explain that appearance, at variance with her own scrupulous neatness, Dolores would quickly make a little confession. I once heard her make this explanation to an English-speaking person in such quaint English as she had picked up during a visit at Gibraltar.

“My de', I teller you,” she said, “these I gif Maria wen I maker the seen” (when I committed a sin). “Wong day I estriker my servangt. Then I sleep. Ing the middle of the night I hear plang! I cry to my servangt, ‘Rung, see wat fall!’ She fly; she come back; she teller me the altar ees all down, all een pieces. I put eet up again; I gif Maria wong hunder pesetas; I sprinkle, sprinkle all ofer weath holly water. So, my de', those spots?—holly water!”



DOLORES.



BY GERTRUDE SMITH.

MRS. MILLER was frying potatoes for supper. The kitchen door stood open, and the soft evening light shone in. Mr. Miller came in and hung up his old straw hat behind the door.

"Is supper ready?" he asked. His long gray hair was tumbled on his head and he looked warm. He took out his large red handkerchief and wiped his face as he asked the question.

"Yes, it is just ready. You set right down and I'll bring on the things."

"You haven't taken the things up yet. I guess I better go and milk the cow."

"Why, father, haven't you milked yet?"

"No; I thought I had all the chores done, but I forgot I hadn't milked. I guess I'll go now. It will be rather late after we get done eating."

He put on his hat again and took the tin milkpail from the table and went out of the door. Mrs. Miller followed him to the door.

"Well, I do say, father, you must be getting rather forgetful if you forget to milk."

He turned his head and smiled back at her.

"Well, I guess I am, but I won't be long about it."

"You needn't hurry yourself. I'll put the things in the oven and take the time to skim the milk."

"Well."

Mrs. Miller stood in the door watching him. His gray hair stuck up through the crown of his straw hat. He looked old and bent.

"Father and me are getting along in years," she said to herself. She went in, put the potatoes into the oven and the tea on the back of the stove; then going out and around to the side of the house, she went down the outside stairs into the cellar.

A big lilac bush grew near. She heard a bird chirp as she got to the foot of the stairs and, looking up, she saw a bird's nest.

"Well, I do say, if there isn't a bird's nest in that lilac bush! I must show father when he brings the milk. I should think it must be real tame to build there. I shouldn't wonder if you could see into the nest from that top step."

She skimmed the three pans of milk, then went up and sat on the top step.

"Well, I do say father is taking a good while to milk one cow! I'll go out and see what's keeping him. Those potatoes are as good as spoiled now."

She went out and looked over the barnyard gate. Grass was growing before the barn, and Mr. Miller had driven the cow up there to milk her. He was sitting very near the door, so near that he was leaning up against it. The cow stood by his side. It was dusk now, and Mrs. Miller could not see him very distinctly.

"Father, I guess you've forgotten to stop milking now! Why don't you come in?"

The cow turned her head and looked at the old man.

"Father!" Mrs. Miller opened the

gate and went over to him. His straw hat had slid over his face. She trembled so she could hardly raise the hat.

"Father! father! Oh, he's dead! To think he should have died a-setting here! What shall I do?"

The cow had turned around and was watching them with her kind eyes.

"I must go and get some help. I guess I'd better go and get William; I think he'll come, now his father's dead and I am alone."

She lifted the old man and laid him on the cool, damp grass; then taking off her blue checked apron laid it gently over him. The tears were rolling down her wrinkled cheeks and her hands were trembling.

She drove the cow into the dooryard and went down through the orchard at the back of the house, and getting through a hole in the picket fence, walked as quickly as she could across the meadow to the big white house on the other side.

"Father didn't have a chance to forgive William, or to make amends, but he would have—I know he would have," she said to herself.

She held up her dress away from the wet meadow grass, and wiped her eyes with the back of her hand. The moon came out and the grass sparkled with the dew.

When she got into William's yard and was going toward the house she saw her son come out and go toward the barn.

"William!" she called softly. He was a tall, strong man. He was in his shirt sleeves. They looked very white in the moonlight. He did not hear his mother when she first called.



"HE LOOKED OLD AND BENT."

"William!" she called again. He heard her then, stopped and let her come up to him.

"William, your father is dead. Won't you come down to the house with me?"

"I'm just going on an errand for Lucy. I'll be right back, and then I'll come down and stay with you."

She looked at him wonderingly for a minute, then said:

"I guess I'd better go." After she had gone a few steps she turned and said to him:

"Perhaps you'd better not come, William; and perhaps I'd better not have come here. Father never wanted me to come."

She went back through the meadow crying.

"Father, maybe, didn't have grounds for believing that story about Lucy, but he didn't have any chance to make amends, and William has always been so hard since. He's our only child, too, and now I'm all alone."

When she got back to her own house she went in and got her sunbonnet. It was hanging behind the kitchen door. Then she went out the front gate and down the green country road to Mrs. Palmer's, a quarter of a mile away.

Mrs. Palmer's two little girls were sitting on the front door steps and they got up and went in with her.

"Is your father and mother at home?"

"Yes," one of them answered her. "They are out in the back yard tending to the chickens."

They went on through the house and out into the back yard.

She told them quickly what had happened to her.

"I'll go and get my bonnet and we'll go right over with you," said Mrs. Palmer. "The girls don't like to be left alone, so we'll have to take them too. Get your things on, girls."

As they were going back toward Mrs. Miller's home she told them what her husband had last said to her and how he had looked back and smiled because she had told him he must be getting forgetful. She did not tell them she had been to ask William to come and help her.

When the house was reached they found William standing in the door.

"I've been looking all over the house for you, mother," he said, looking from one to the other in a puzzled way. "Where is father?"

"You go out and help Mr. Palmer bring him in, William. He is out by the barn."

They brought him in and carried him into the parlor and William came out and sat down on the door step, while Mr. and Mrs. Palmer laid him out. When they came out Mrs. Miller went up to William and, laying her hand on his arm, said to him:

"I'm going in to see him, William. Won't you come too?"

"I'd rather not, mother. You go, and I'll stay here."

She turned away without a word and went into the room alone.

Mr. Palmer said good night and took the little girls and went home. Mrs. Palmer stayed through the night and most of the next day. William stayed all night. He sat in the kitchen, which

opened into the room where his father lay, and part of the night the two women sat up with him.

In the morning he told his mother that he must go home, but would come down again that night. Later in the day he sent his hired man to say that he had made arrangements for the funeral. He could not come again and the man was to stay and do the work at the barn, and sit up with his father that night.



"SEEMS LIKE I CAN'T GET USED TO IT."

The funeral was at the house the next day at two o'clock. Mrs. Miller's niece, Mrs. Duncan, came with her husband. They were the only relatives there were, besides William, who lived near enough to come to the funeral.

Mrs. Miller called the minister aside

and asked him not to begin the service until William came.

"He seems to be late," she whispered.

It was a warm July day, and the little parlor was crowded. Mrs. Miller sat near the head of the coffin, with the empty chair beside her. She had put it there for William. The clock out in the kitchen struck two, and the people looked at the minister and wondered why he did not begin.

The poor old woman rocked herself back and forth and sobbed pitifully. Half an hour passed and William did not come. The people grew restless. Presently the minister went over and whispered to her, and then began the service.

William did not come.

Mrs. Duncan and her husband rode with Mrs. Miller to the burial ground and came back with her to the empty house. Mr. Duncan told his wife she had better stay all night and he would drive over for her the next day. In the afternoon of the next day Mrs. Miller told her niece she would hitch up the old horse and take her home.

"It will save David's coming after you, and I ought to have thought to tell him I would, last night," she said.

They talked of the funeral and of William as they rode along. "William ain't no cause to treat me so. I never said a word against Lucy, though everyone in the neighborhood knows those Metcalf girls were always bold acting. Father didn't want William to marry into no such family, and after that story come out about Lucy it seemed like he couldn't abide the sight of her. I suppose it's no more than nature that William should stand by his wife. I've no doubt she fussed because he stayed the night father died, so he stayed away from the funeral; but it's pretty hard." She began to cry, and Mrs. Duncan took the reins.

"I wouldn't take on so. There, you mustn't take on, here in the road. There might a team be coming."

"Oh, I can't help it! I can't help it! and to think I never even seen William's baby yet, and it's six weeks old. Father never saw it either. I suppose it's Lucy's baby, and she has a right to it, but it seems like it was mine too."

"You'd better stay with me awhile and not go back to that house alone," Mrs. Duncan said when they reached her home.

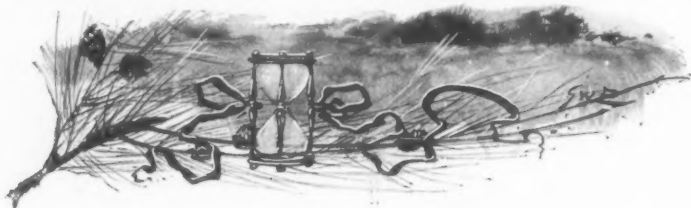
"No, I'll have to go back and tend to things, and I'll be glad to have you come over any time. Come real often."

"Seems like I can't go back to that house alone," Mrs. Miller said to herself, as she was jogging along home in the old buggy. "But I suppose I'll get used to it, and father wouldn't want me to leave the old home."

When she got home she unhitched the horse and took it into the stable, and fed it. Then she went in and got her supper, the tears rolling down her cheeks. "It seems terrible lonesome to think of setting down to eat without father. There's his old coat behind that door just where he hung it. Seems like I can't get used to it, but I suppose I will."

After she had finished her supper she put a thin old shawl over her shoulders and went out and sat on the front door step. She had not been sitting there long when she heard a wagon coming down the road. As it came nearer she saw that William was in the wagon with Lucy and the baby. Her poor old heart ached with joy. "They're coming and bringing the baby to see me." She rose to go and meet them, but sat down again. "I'll let them make the first advances. It's no more than right they should."

The wagon came slowly along, and when it got directly in front of the gate she rose again, trembling so she could hardly stand. The wagon did not stop. When it was out of sight she turned and went slowly into the house.





LAPP FAMILY AND THEIR GAMME.

TWO VISITS TO THE LAPPS.

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYSEN.

MY interest in the Lapps was first aroused by a book of Lappish Fairy Tales, published in 1871 by Professor J. A. Friis of the University of Norway. It is always profitable for a man to be compelled to shift his point of view, to look upon himself as an enemy, as it were, and try to determine, as impartially as may be, what sort of a figure he cuts in that capacity. I had been dimly aware that the cunning and malicious dwarfs and gnomes of the Norwegian fairy tales had some sort of connection with the Lapps; but it had never occurred to me to misplace my sympathies and take their part against the stalwart blond Caucasian hero. Nor had I dreamed that the tables might easily be turned, and that from the Lapp's point of view the big, yellow-haired and blue-eyed Norseman, who killed and harassed the swarthy Mongolians for the mere amusement of the thing, was a repulsive and utterly contemptible character. Then the fact that the Lapps were the indigenous inhabitants of the Scandinavian peninsula, who were driven by the Germanic invaders into the barren mountain wastes uninhabitable by the white man, does not

tend to improve the case of the latter in its equitable or its sentimental aspect. And the Lapps, as their fairy book shows, have proved skilful in presenting their own side of the question. A standing character in their folklore is Stallo, a great blond stupid giant, who is continually waging war against the Lapps, and is as continually being outwitted by them. He is clumsy, good-natured and credulous, and usually very rich. He has two brothers who always avenge his death if he is slain by a Lapp; and it is therefore very dangerous to engage in combat with him. This refers, of course, to the duty of blood vengeance, which was prevalent among the ancient Norsemen and flourished for several centuries after the introduction of Christianity.

In spite of the fact that I belonged to Stallo's race, I determined, during my visit to Norway in 1873, to have a peep at the Lapps. The mode of locomotion in my native land, by means of the so-called karjol, is uncomfortably primitive, and after having jogged along for a score of miles in this vehicle one is apt to be deeply shaken. I was informed that the

nearest place from which a Lappish camp was accessible was the station Grindaheim, in Valdres, which is situated at the beautiful lake Vangsmjøsen, about 1535 feet above the level of the sea. There is something curiously, fantastically unreal in the impression this lake makes upon you. It looks, with its naked, treeless shores and its placid purity, like the enchanted lake seen in a trance or in a fairy tale; and the huge chaotic boulders and enormous mountain peaks, which the water reflected with photographic distinctness, added a touch of infernal beauty which made one look instinctively on the rocks for the signature of Gustave Doré.

Being alone, I hired a guide and two ponies at the station and started about six o'clock in the morning up the mountain side. After having rested and dined at noon at a very squalid saeter or mountain dairy, we struck at about three o'clock in the afternoon a Lapp encampment, consisting of three or four gammes or wigwams. Though the air was so clear that the remotest mountain peaks seemed delusively near, I could not discern the huts until I was within four or five hundred feet of them. And even then I could discover nothing but the smoke indicative of human habitations. The gammes were but a shade darker than the mountain side, and looked at a distance like grassy hillocks. Nature seemed in the process of reclaiming them, clothing them in its all-pervading sombre harmony of desolation. They scarcely asserted themselves at all against the cliff, or only in such feeble and ineffectual relief that they could not be

found unless their locality were previously known.

As I approached a pack of small, savage dogs started up with one accord and made a unanimous plunge for my legs, and though I was for five minutes extremely uncomfortable nobody made any motion to call the brutes off. They were shaggy little curs of the variety known as the reindeer dog; and after having exhausted some of their energy in dancing about me, barking in chorus, they began to snarl

and growl with the hair in their necks standing on end, until I was obliged in self-defence to strike at one of them with my alpenstock. I hit perhaps harder than I had intended, for the dog ran off whimpering on three legs. Then, from the group which I had seen sitting motionless in front of the gamme, a small smoke-colored man arose and came rapidly toward me.

"You know that dog is worth 100 kroner?" he said in halting Norwegian; "you hurt that dog, and you pay me the money."

It seemed to me the best policy to appear not to comprehend his demand; and I therefore turned to the guide and asked him what the Lapp was saying.

"He wants 100 kroner for the damage done to his dog," the guide explained in English; "you needn't pay any attention to him; but if you want to find out anything or see the inside of the gamme, you had better give him some money."

"How much?"

"Four or five kroner."

I followed this advice and gave our host five kroner, which he looked at criti-



LAPPS IN HOLIDAY ATTIRE.

cally for awhile, then bit with his teeth to test its genuineness and finally pocketed with a surly mien. He thereupon pacified the dogs and chased away those who refused to be pacified. But there was one most unpleasant little beast which persisted in regarding me as a suspicious character and continued to make veiled demonstrations of hostility whenever I stirred.

I greeted the group before the door of the gamme, which consisted of half a dozen persons, who had evidently just come out as the dogs proclaimed the approach of strangers. They made me no reply except an inarticulate grunt, but stared in undisguised amazement. I was not aware of anything extraordinary in my appearance, but I began to feel decidedly queer as the consciousness dawned upon me of how queer I looked to them. The relativity of beauty, ugliness, queer-ness, nay, all human conceptions, became extremely vivid to me in this moment, for I had the liveliest sensation of being, perhaps, fully as hideous to them as they were to me. Their countenances exhibited the usual Mongolian characteristics, and I cannot imagine any human type farther removed from the Caucasian standard of beauty. They looked, both as to color and a certain shrunken and shrivelled aspect, as if they had been hung up in the chimney and smoked, like so many herrings. They moreover exhaled an insidiously compound odor, of which the principal ingredient appeared to be smoke; and their eyes, which were red-rimmed and watery, had also suffered from the effects of smoke. Though the pervasive race type predominated in all, there was a great deal of individuality in the faces. Their features differed fully as much as those of the same number of Caucasians. In fact, the more I looked at them the more transparently expressive they appeared to me. All, except a very old man (who wore a skin coat) were dressed in long tunics of what I took to be brown fustian. There was (except in the head-dress) very little difference between



THE KARJOL.

the costume of the women and that of the men. I could detect no trace of linen on any of them, and there was an air of frowiness about them which was altogether at variance with what I had heard and read of their vanity and savage love of ornament. There was a half-grown boy among them who seemed full of suppressed jollity, and in whose dirty face there was a good deal of intelligence; but the rest were stolid, morose and malevolent. And yet I knew that the Lapps, in their own traditions, figure as nimble, cunning, quick-witted and vivacious, and regard the Norwegians by contrast as slow, dull and simple-minded. It did not take me long to discover that I was here confronted with a virulent expression of race hostility. The ancient injustice and wrong, continually renewed, had made this poor and feeble remnant of an oppressed people suspicious and stubbornly irresponsive. Probably they had suffered from some recent act of aggression from their ruthless neighbors; for it is well known that the nomadic Lapps who come in contact with the Norwegians are usually quarrelling with them about right of way, right of pasture and other things, and are usually driven to the wall.

My guide, who had promised me an opportunity to learn something of the Lapps, became visibly apprehensive that I might fail in my object; and such failure I might justly regard as a reflection upon his professional skill. Beckoning to me to remain where I was, he stepped

boldly forward, dragged the Lappish pater familias aside and held with him a whispered consultation. I do not know what he said, but I suspect that he represented me as an American Croesus who would richly reward any attention that was shown to me. At the end of ten minutes the Lapp returned with a much mollified countenance and asked me if I would like to step inside and see the game. With all the affability at my command I accepted the invitation. But it seemed that ill luck was bound to attend me that day. As I was about to enter I stumbled over a curious bundle of skin and came near plunging headlong into a big pot, which was hanging on a crane over a fire drowsily burning in the middle of the floor. The skin bundle set up a wild and cracked kind of howl which roused the latent animosity of my enemy the dog, who had followed close at my heels. I stooped to pick up the bundle, and would have done so if the pestilent cur had not darted forward to protect it, placing himself over it and growling at me with an alarming display of teeth. From its vocal performance as well as the solicitude of the dog, I concluded that it was a baby I had involuntarily kicked; though it seemed incredible that any mother would have dropped her baby on the floor at the very entrance to the hut, where it would be next to impossible to avoid stepping on it. But on looking about in this primitive dwelling I discovered that there was no place but the floor (which was the hard-trodden bosom of Mother Earth) to put anything. There were no chairs, no tables and no beds. In the corners of the hut, which contained one undivided compartment, there were sacks stuffed with hay or straw and a number of skins which probably served for bedclothes.

As I stood wondering how human beings could spend their lives, generation after generation, in surroundings so miserably primitive, I observed (as my eyes grew accustomed to the smoky dusk) the outlines of a human creature among the tumbled and scattered skins. It was an old hag of an indescribably diabolical aspect. Her long white hair hung down, unkempt and tousled, on both sides of her face, and her bleared, red-rimmed eyes gleamed uncomfortably from out of a

mass of parchment-like brown wrinkles. She was trying to raise herself on both elbows, and she glared at me in a most unfriendly fashion. "Give her some tobacco," whispered the guide in my ear, "or she will throw a spell over you."

Though I did not fear the spell, I fancied that perhaps the old woman's goodwill was preferable to her ill-will, and I therefore unbuckled my knapsack (which the guide was carrying) and handed her a quarter of a pound of Turkish tobacco. She grabbed it eagerly, smelled it with visible satisfaction, and three or four times nodded her head at me. I knew that the eldest female member of the family—the grandmother or great-grandmother, as the case may be—is held in high esteem by the Lapps, and that a semi-sacred character attaches to her. She is usually a repository of a great deal of legendary lore, and may, on proper provocation, be induced to give the traveller a peep at the treasures of tradition stored away in her memory. I knew also that it was from the shrivelled lips of such old crones that Professor Friis had gathered his precious collection of Lappish Fairy Tales, and though I had no expectation of rivalling him, I had a vague hope of perhaps obtaining some interesting bit of information from this mummified old sibyl.

"Don't you want to try the tobacco, grandmother?" I asked; "it is very good."

She nodded again but uttered no word. The host, who was either her son or more probably her grandson, repeated my query in Lappish, and she replied with a series of croakings and gurglings, to which he again made a lengthy response. I felt that they were talking about me, and I had an instinctive perception that what they were saying was not complimentary. When they had finished their colloquy I became somewhat alarmed at seeing the old woman crawling towards me, dragging a skin robe after her.

"What does she want?" I asked of her descendant.

"She wants to lie down by the fire and smoke," he answered.

He went to fetch a bag of hay for her; whereupon he filled her pipe and threw a few pieces of wood on the fire. Then he picked up dexterously a glowing coal with his fingers and put it into the bowl of the

pipe. The sibyl began to inhale the fragrant smoke, and the fierce expression of her brown mask gradually gave way to a look of grave contentment and well-being.

"Do you think I could get her to tell me some Lappish stories?" I asked, hoping to engage the master of the house as a mediator who might perhaps use his influence to further my object.

"She can speak nothing but Lappish," he answered.

It took me some time to recover from so rude a shock. The only profitable thing I could do when the gates of the Lappish fairy land had been so promptly slammed in my face was to investigate further the inside of the gamme. Though the earthen walls on the outside looked sloping, they were on the inside tolerably straight, being held in place by a series of poles rammed into the ground and panelled with big square pieces of turf. In the middle of the floor, where there was a rude hearth of stones, half a dozen similar poles supported the roof, which was also of turf, and without trace of loft or rafters. The air was intolerably hot and close, and a sour odor of perspiration, clothes hung up to dry and boiling meat made the process of breathing additionally difficult. When I could endure it no longer I took leave of the great-grandmother, and stepping carefully across the baby, who was yet lying unheeded on the floor,

guarded by the growling dog, I made my way out with no further accident.

I sat down on a big, lichen-covered boulder and lighted a cigar, while all the family continued to gaze at me, not with the bovine wonder of Scandinavian innocence, but with a kind of suppressed private criticism lurking in their sloping Mongolian eyes. I have no doubt they felt, in the midst of their dirt, their ignorance and their composite odors, vastly superior to me, and I could feel their ill-will as a positive force radiating from their dusky countenances. Incredible as it may seem, they have a great pride of race and pride of family, these dingy nomads, who have for thousands of years roved with their reindeer herds over the great Norwegian mountain plains. They scrupulously keep their pedigrees and maintain aristocratic distinctions based upon traditions of an antiquity beside which that of the oldest Caucasian aristocracy is an affair of yesterday. It is largely this deeply rooted belief in their own superiority which makes them so uncivilizable. They can endure no other life than this unfettered roaming, this perpetual battling on most unequal terms with the forces of nature, this servile and utterly unprogressive repetition of the lives of their ancestors. Every step the Lapp takes, every move he makes, is governed by inviolable traditional rules. Though his habits are nomadic, his roamings are



MOUNTAIN LAPPS.

by no means arbitrary. They are determined by the routes of his ancestors, hundreds of years ago. He builds his gamme and establishes his winter quarters in fixed localities, chosen for him by his fathers, long since dead. He is absolutely incompetent to lift himself out of the grooves of tradition which have been worn so deep by the long procession of centuries. Though nominally a Christian he has, as in pagan times, his noaides or medicine men, who are believed to possess supernatural powers, and to hold communion at will with the spirits of the dead. They are believers in witchcraft and many other superstitions, and practise a primitive sort of divination by means of a Runic drum (Runebom) which, amid terrible incantations, is beaten by a medicine man on certain solemn occasions.

The Lapp's arch enemy is the wolf, with whom he has waged an unceasing war from immemorial times, though, to be sure, years occur at long intervals when "Master Graylegs" grants a temporary armistice. Throughout the long winter he has to be on the watch for his enemy, early and late, and the day as well as the night is divided into vigils, during which the different members of the family, assisted by their dogs, take turns in guarding the herds. Nothing creates such a panic in the gamme as the sudden starting up of the dogs and the wild yell blown across the snow: "Gumpe lo botsuin" (the

wolf has come). All who have the vigor to stir seize their guns and rush out on their skees, shout, shoot and make all the noise they can. But if the wolf is hungry he is not much affected by noise. In large packs he attacks the herd from different sides, trying to scatter it, or to detach a particularly choice bull, which he, can then tear to pieces and devour at his leisure. But it is this very thing which the dogs are trained to prevent, and no sooner has a wolf driven an animal out of the compact herd than the dogs fall upon him and assault him with vociferous frenzy. Yet it sometimes happens that the wolves, if they are sufficiently numerous, will succeed in scattering the herd and utterly destroy it. The Lapp who in the evening was held to be a rich man, having a herd of two or three or five thousand reindeer, will then the next morning be a beggar.

When my cigar was well-nigh finished and the guide declared himself ready to march, the mother of the baby (and presumably the wife of my host) went into the gamme and presently returned with a huge wooden bowl which she handed to me with a nod. Her husband, who observed that I had objections to tasting the contents, gave me also an encouraging nod, and when I still hesitated said:

"It is broth, good broth."

"What kind of broth?" I asked.

"Reindeer broth—very good. Make strong man. Feel good and warm inside."

I readily perceived by the smell that his description was correct, but there was at least an inch of yellow fat floating on the top and to transfer that into my interior I knew to be a most imprudent experiment. The guide, seeing my dilemma, but not appreciating its character, stepped up to me and remarked in English:



A LAPP FAMILY.



SEA LAPPS AT LYNGBEID.

"I would advise you to drink it, sir. It would offend them very much if you were to refuse."

"Then get me a spoon," I said; "I am not in the habit of drinking soup."

He went into the gamme and presently returned with a spoon made of reindeer horn, with which I tried to skim off the fat. The exclamations of astonishment and contempt for my uneducated taste with which the Lapps watched this proceeding proved to me that I had been wrong in regarding them as stolid. They began all with one accord to chatter like magpies, pointing at me and marvelling at my barbarism in throwing away the best part of the soup. The half-grown lad finally could endure such sinful waste no longer; he took courage to approach me and opened his mouth wide, pointing with his finger into it.

"You give fat to him," said his father.

But, though not over fastidious, I was not prepared to share the same spoon with him. The guide, comprehending this time the reason of my embarrassment, brought another bowl, into which I made haste to blow the superfluous fat. The keen relish with which the boy drank it was a lesson in sociology. The broth remaining in my bowl proved to be much stronger and better than I had expected and I needed no persuasion to make me drink it; though, to be sure, it had a sub-flavor of smoke.

My next embarrassment was to live up to my reputation as an American Cæsar. I was well aware that whatever scant hospitality I had enjoyed had been offered with the expectation of a munificent reward; and I lacked the hardihood to disappoint the aggregate greed of those six unattractive Mongolians. Accordingly I have reason to remember that bowl of reindeer broth as the most expensive dish of which I have ever partaken.

Nineteen years after the above recorded visit to the Lapps—accordingly, in the summer of 1891—I found myself again at Grindaheim, and resolved to try if fortune would this time prove more propitious. My three sons—nine, eleven and twelve years of age—accompanied me. They were tingling with a delightful sense of adventure and overflowing with animal spirits. We were to have started at six o'clock in the morning, but it was nearer eight when our caravan was finally set in motion. What caused the delay was the unhappy discovery that there were but three saddles to be had in the place; and it was something of a problem to distribute three saddles on five horses. One of the boys, however, rashly volunteered to ride bareback, and the other two generously proposed to take turns with him on the unsaddled pony. The two guides were to have one unsaddled horse between them, one walking while the other rode.

The air was wondrously clear and de-

lightly cool. If it had not been for the faculty of the boy who rode bareback for tumbling off, whenever the grade grew steep, I should have enjoyed the magnificent scene to the full. We rode in Indian file, the pedestrian guide leading the way and the mounted guide bringing up the rear. The path we were following was a half-dried-up watercourse, along the banks of which there was a scant growth of birch and alder. We were considerably above the zone of the needle forest, and as we mounted upward the trees grew visibly smaller and more stunted, until finally, when we were nearing the great highland plains, they dwindled and shrunk into the meagre creeping shrubbery of the dwarf birch and the dwarf alder. Here the path seemed to lose itself in half-defined cattle tracks, and the grade grew so alarmingly steep that I was in favor of dismounting and having the guides pull us up singly with ropes. But I was assured that the ponies were far better climbers than men, and that I could safely trust the boys to them. After having changed horses with the bare-backed rider, I began the ascent with just enough sense of danger to give zest to the venture. Having no saddle to support me, and a most primitive kind of bridle, consisting of a piece of cord, attached to a bit, I had to lie down flat on the horse, and (I confess it with a due sense of disgrace) grab hold of his mane. It was truly wonderful how those sure-footed little beasts utilized every crevice and unevenness in the rock, planting their fore-hoofs unerringly and with rational deliberation, where there seemed a fair chance of support.

The moment, when we had crossed the last ridge, and the wide highland plain spread out before us, was so charged with sublime impressions that all attempt at expression becomes a mockery. Somehow the biblical phrase "the abomination of desolation" kept ringing in my ears, though "abomination" was obviously in the wrong key. The boys, who during the ascent had talked and shouted gayly and sent the echoes of their high-pitched child voices careering in among the mountains, grew suddenly hushed, and gazed with a sort of stunned amazement at the tremendous panorama which stretched away, above and below, toward the blue infinities. It was so dazzlingly

bright and yet so solemn and so still that the stillness seemed actually to be throbbing upon the ears. There was something breathless about it as of suspended animation; and again, a moment later, it was the stillness of death, of life long extinguished; and a vague oppression impeded your breathing as though you were standing on the threshold of a new world, of a delicious and yet appalling strangeness.

We rode on for a couple of hours over an entirely trackless waste, watching the beautiful gradations of light and color upon the great snow-clad peaks that loomed up, one behind another, in airy perspective. Here and there a little snow-sparrow flew up and vanished among the rocks with a plaintive chirp, or a ptarmigan, in its brown summer garb, started up with a long whir and darted away among the tangled roof of the dwarf birches.

We reached about noon the two squall saeters which I had visited nineteen years before, and as the boys were ravenously hungry, we had to dismount and throw ourselves upon the mercy of the inhabitants. The pretty dairymaids with scarlet bodice and golden hair, to whom we were prepared to make ourselves agreeable, turned out in this instance to be middle-aged women with babies of all sizes stowed away like bundles in the most unexpected places. They could not by the most violent stretch of imagination be called beautiful, and we accordingly dismissed all hallucinations on this point and gradually accepted their ugliness as indisputable. Dinner they promised to give us, however, and instantly began to slash away at the hindquarters of a reindeer which hung in a shed attached to the chalet. They cut in an unpleasantly haphazard way and slapped the slices of meat into shape with their not over-clean hands. If we had not been blessed with a true hunter's appetite we should have excused ourselves and pleaded a sudden recollection of a previous engagement.

While we sat out on the croft watching the callow antics of a company of calves who insisted upon sucking the boys' fingers, something seemed all at once to start out of the ground before me, and I found myself confronted with a young Lapp girl, who stood staring at our group with a fascinated interest. She was dressed in the

usual Lapp costume, but had a colored ribbon plaited in her hair. I had not seen her approach and, like most wild things, she was half indistinguishable from the color of the ground. Her face, though dirty, was singularly wide-awake and intelligent, and there was an intensity of expression in it which in a Mongolian was phenomenal. I nodded to her and asked what her name was. To this she made no reply, but with loud staccato voice she thrust forth the remark:

"They say you are from America."

I answered in the affirmative.

"Then you must be very rich."

"No, I am not at all rich."

"But they say all people in America get rich."

"I have known some there who are quite poor."

She stared at me for a while as if she thought I must be guying her; and looking toward the boys, who, I suppose, must have appeared quite magnificent to her, she shouted:

"Are those your children?"

"Yes."

"They look rich."

"Indeed; I am glad to hear it."

"You have surely more than 100 kroner a year?"*

"Yes, a good deal more."

"Have you more than 1000 kroner?"

"Yes, a good deal more."

"More than 10,000?"

"Yes."

"Twenty thousand?"

"Yes."

"Oh, thou heavenly father!" she screamed in breathless excitement, "how rich you must be!"

I could not help laughing at the rôle in which I was figuring to this simple-minded creature, to whom 20,000 kroner was a fabulous income.

"There was an American at our gamme many years ago," she resumed, after having somewhat recovered her composure; "that was when I was a small baby."

"Good gracious! you probably were the baby I kicked," I exclaimed.

"Was that you who were at our gamme many years ago?" she queried anxiously.

"Yes, I was at a gamme in these mountains nineteen years ago."

"You had no boys with you then?"

"No."

She fell into a perfect paroxysm of amazement.

"I have heard so much of you," she ejaculated, "but I never thought I should see you."

Accordingly I had for nineteen years been a tradition—was possibly being transmuted into folk-lore and fairy lore—in the Lapps' gamme.

"Do you think," the girl began after another meditative pause, "that it is

true what a pedler told us a while ago?"

"What was it?"

"He said there was going to be a great fair for the whole world in America."

"Yes, that is true."

"When will it be?"

"Two years hence: from May to October or November."

"Do you think I would get rich if I went over there with our gamme and the family and a herd of reindeer?"

"I doubt it very much."

"Why so?"



LAPP GIRL IN ULFSFJORD.

* One krone is about twenty-seven cents.

"I would not advise you to go. The Chicago summer is too hot; you would lose all your reindeer by the heat, and probably some of the family too."

"What summer did you say—the American summer?"

"I said the Chicago summer."

"What is that?"

"Chicago is the city in America where the World's Fair is to be held."

"Oh, yes. I understand."

It is with much regret that I record this, as nearly as I remember it, verbatim; for I had not believed until then that there was a human being sunk into such an abyss of ignorance and degradation as not to have heard the name of Chicago. However, I reflected with a sense of consolation that the fact that my Lapp girl knew of the World's Fair, but not of the city where it is to be held, was an evidence of the self-forgetful and wholly altruistic spirit in which Chicago has advertised the fair, as well as the amazing success which had attended that enterprise, since even the wandering nomads, up under the eternal snow, were informed that the great event is impending.

My interlocutress was greatly discouraged by what I had told her about the heat. But suddenly a luminous idea struck her.

"But is it hot all the summer?" she asked; "would it not do if I came over in September? Don't you think the herd could stand the weather then?"

I expressed my doubts once more and urged her to abandon her plan. The extreme dejection which settled upon her features convinced me that I had killed a long-cherished scheme of hers for growing rich and perhaps a great personage among her people. She turned away from me and began strolling about the saeter croft, watching the boys at their play. But presently she returned and shouted at me with startling vehemence:

"Where do you live in America?"

"In New York."

"Will you give me your name, and the name of the place where I can find you?"

I foresaw unpleasant complications arising from compliance with this request. An instantaneous vision of being saddled with a Lapp family in New York rose before me; and the direful newspaper notoriety

which might result made me doubly cautious. So in order to give a fresh turn to the conversation I asked:

"Why do you shout so at me? I am not deaf."

"Do I shout?" she queried humbly.

"Yes; you talk as if I were a mile away from you."

"Well, you see, I am so used to talking against the wind," she remarked apologetically.

"Then you might perhaps after all do for Chicago," I said jocosely.

"Is there so much wind there?" she asked innocently.

"Yes, quite a good deal."

Dinner was now announced, and I gathered my tribe and sat down to a very greasy and ill-cooked meal, consisting of reindeer steak and bonnyclabber. It was after two o'clock when we remounted our ponies and continued our journey. The guides informed us that it was too late to visit both the gamme and the herds, unless we chose to spend the night at the saeters. As, however, we had made no preparations for a nocturnal sojourn, I accepted the choice of the boys and started with them in search of the herds. It was a long and monotonous ride of fully two hours, and when we caught sight of about 1000 reindeer grazing up under the snow-line, we were really too tired fully to enjoy the spectacle. We made three attempts to approach them against the wind, but each time they took to their heels and we saw them at a distance of about 150 or 200 yards, sweeping away like a gray drift of fog driven by a slow wind. Their color is so delusively like that of the rock that it is almost impossible for the unpractised eye to distinguish them unless (as frequently happens) they loom up against the sky-line or perform a dance on a belated patch of snow. One of the guides, who had in his pocket some odoriferous herb, the smell of which is very alluring to the deer, succeeded once in getting into the very midst of them, but as soon as we attempted to crawl after him they broke into a wild run.

It was late in the afternoon when on our return we again halted for a second meal at the saeter. And lo and behold, there was our Lapp girl once more! But what a transformation she had undergone! I

scarcely recognized her. She had washed herself (evidently with soft soap) until her face was glossy. She was dressed up with ribbons and embroidery in beads and worsted, and was acutely conscious of her magnificence. The moment we had dismounted she came up to me and with a sheepish and half-supplicating smile stood motionless before me, as if imploring me to admire her. I nodded to her, but fearing that she meant to make me some embarrassing offer, I restrained my friendly impulses. It would be just like the untutored creature to propose to accompany me to the United States straightway, not dreaming of the difficulties into which she might plunge me. It was quite obvious that she had something momentous on her mind; and, truth to tell, I was not anxious to know what it was. When the boys and the guides had betaken themselves away, she followed me for a while at a respectful distance; and finally, taking courage, she stepped nearer and said, in a low, studiously gentle voice: "Do I shout now?"

"No."

"Would you not tell me where you will be in the summer of the World's Fair?"

"Then you still intend to go?"

"I should like very much to go."

"I cannot tell where I shall be. I go to different places in the summer, when it is too hot to stay in the city."

A look of the acutest disappointment passed over her face and without a word she walked sadly away. That was the last I saw of her.

I have often thought of her since and have congratulated myself on my firmness in discouraging her enterprise. How utterly lost, how wildly incongruous that untutored child of the mountain in the teeming, deafening turmoil of Randolph and Dearborn streets, the mere sight of the huge towering buildings crushing and obliterating her! And her ears, accustomed only to the tinkling of the glacier

brooks and the scream of the eagle in the vast solitudes, how they would be tortured by the shrieks of locomotives and stunned by the unceasing rattle of wheels upon stone pavements! She could never have been the same after such an experience. She would have been equally unfit for savagery and free civilization.

If the ascent of the mountain had been difficult, the descent proved doubly so; and the feats of the ponies in sliding down steep declivities, without stumbling or falling, were simply amazing. As we had all, by this time, had our share of bareback exercise, we were in that peculiar condition of soreness when it is equally uncomfortable to ride and to walk. When we walked, we rashly concluded that riding was preferable; and when we rode we were convinced that walking was less excruciating. The boys, however, in spite of various abrasions which interfered with any sort of locomotion, were in high spirits and bore their ills without a murmur of complaint. We made a little fishing excursion in a leaky boat on a black and silent mountain tarn, which looked like the Lake of the Dead in Dante's *Inferno*; but we had poor luck. Though no damned soul rose from its depth and strove to climb into our frail barge, neither did any trout rise; and we soon concluded to resume our journey. Though it was not far from midnight when we reached the lower forest belt, the mountains were bathed in a mellow purple glow, and a clear twilight, which was but a tempered and softened daylight, filled the sky and sank like a benediction into the valley. The vast and desolate landscape wore an aspect of lonely grandeur which was deeply impressive. We slept the sleep of the just that night, and not even the sunbeams which filtered through our thinly shaded windows, when we had barely closed our eyes, broke our well-earned repose.

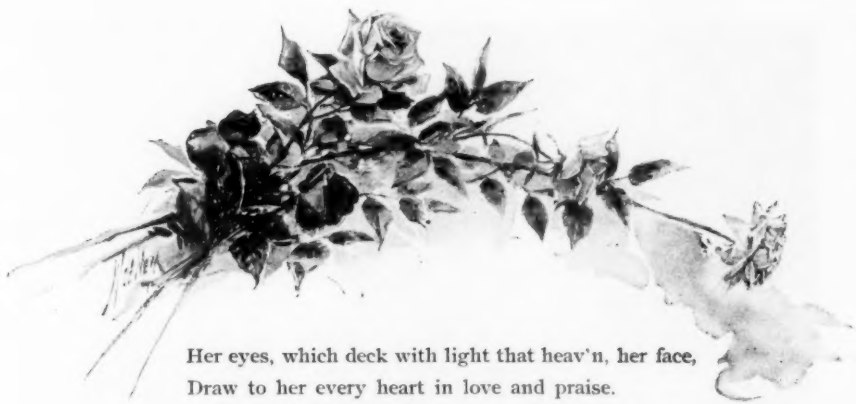




WHEN THROUGH FEAST-LITTEN HALLS

BY JOHN HAY.

WHEN through feast-litten halls my lady goes,
A sudden, tender brightness fills the place,
Joy radiates from her beauty and her grace,
Round her a softened splendor ebbs and flows.
Her cheek, a lily dreaming of a rose,



Her eyes, which deck with light that heav'n, her face,
Draw to her every heart in love and praise.
As cornfields bend to dawn when the west wind blows,
So to my lady turns the glittering throng
With smiles and flattery and light-whispered loves,
And neither envy nor hate my spirit moves—
Such tributes unto her of right belong.
She needs must hold all hearts in that sweet thrall.
Let them all love—I love her more than all.





FORTRESS LAFERRIER, SHOWING NORTH BATTERY AND ENTRANCE.

KING HENRI CHRISTOPHE I.

BY LUTHER G. BILLINGS, U. S. NAVY.

ONE of the most remarkable men during the days of travail and suffering of poor, bloodstained Hayti was Henri Christophe.

He was born a slave in the island of Grenada, in 1769, was sold to a dealer in Cape Haytien at an early age and was for some time a waiter in a café. As he matured, he became remarkable no less for his size and herculean strength than for his savage and indomitable spirit.

There is nothing on record as to when he became a soldier, but he must have served with the black deliverer Toussaint l'Ouverture, as he was a general and governor of the Cape in 1801, and had then been welded into the "man of blood and iron" he was ever afterwards.

During his youth, the terrible cruelty practised on the slaves by their French masters had caused them to unfurl the

black flag of servile insurrection, and a war was begun that spared neither age nor sex.

On the one hand, the planters pursued runaways with bloodhounds imported from Cuba, which devoured them alive, or lashed them to death; and the French troops under Rochambeau and Leclerc, tiring of slaying by bullets, loaded hulks with prisoners and towed them out of the harbors to sink them with their living freight. On the other hand, the slaves, even under such comparatively humane leaders as Toussaint, took no prisoners, but after he was kidnapped, under peculiarly revolting circumstances, and was succeeded by the "butcher" Dessalines, the country was inundated with blood.

The blacks, half savage and wholly brutal, tortured all who fell into their hands. Neither age nor sex was respected.

Some were burned alive, others were lashed between two planks and were slowly sawn asunder, to the horrible accompaniment of the tortured one's frenzied shrieks, or, if females, done to death by even more revolting means. At last Dessalines, maddened at the wholesale massacre by the French of all their prisoners at Port au Prince, ordered all the whites in his lines to be slain. So well was the order obeyed that at St. Marc alone no less than 800 perished.

Unhappy Hayti! once called "le paradis des Français," it was now one vast charnel house. It is a matter of record that in a frantic effort to retain their richest colony 50,000 soldiers and sailors were sent out from France in the years 1802 and 1803, and they tell with considerable minuteness how no less than 35,000 of them perished by war or sickness in nine months, 23,000 civilians of various ranks being slain at the same time.

During these inhuman scenes Christophe's ability, as well as his native savagery, won him a conspicuous place, so that when the "butcher" Dessalines was killed by a faction of his own troops Christophe succeeded him as president of the republic; and, what was of more consequence, secured the immense treasure Dessalines had "looted" from the French, estimated at \$30,000,000.

As the government was a military despotism, pure and simple, it was not long before the country was split up into three

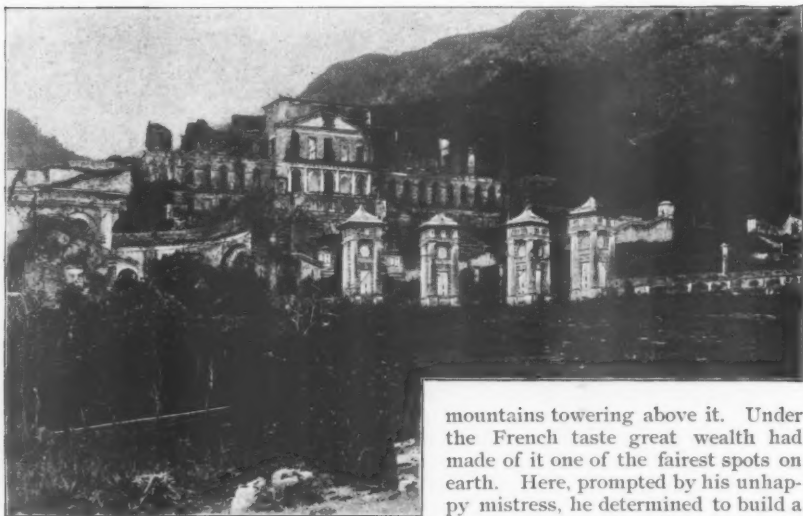


HENRI CHRISTOPHE.

portions, Pétion ruling the south, at Port au Prince, as a president, while Christophe made himself king of the north, at Cape Haytien, which had been the very centre of French ostentation and power, and where today, despite the ravages of earthquakes and the no less destructive hands of the blacks, one is astonished at the extent and magnificence of the ruins. At the same time he created a large nobility, many of the titles smacking strongly of opera bouffe, the "Prince de Lemonade," "Duke de Marmalade," etc.,



PARADE GROUND, WITH TOMB OF CHRISTOPHE.



SANS SOUCI.

though in reality they were the names of important provinces.

During nearly all of Christophe's reign there was the peace of the lion and the lamb between the blacks and the French. There were simply none of the latter left to fight; but the natives did their best to keep up the excitement by bloody feuds among themselves. Then, as now, the blacks were arrayed against the "men of color," as the mixed breeds were called, but the iron hand of the king pressed with such merciless severity on all alike that the disturbances were soon suppressed and the northern part of the island attained a growth and prosperity never reached under any other ruler.

With the possession of almost incalculable wealth came ambition to figure as one of the great monarchs of the world, and this ambition is said to have been fostered by an unfortunate Frenchwoman who had fallen into his hands soon after Dessalines's death. Her great beauty made him an easy conquest, and he spared her life by giving her a worse fate. She was a woman of ability, and soon acquired unbounded control over his rude and superstitious nature.

Directly inland from the Cape lies the extensive and fertile plain of Millot, embraced in the protecting arms of the

mountains towering above it. Under the French taste great wealth had made of it one of the fairest spots on earth. Here, prompted by his unhappy mistress, he determined to build a palace to rival Versailles in beauty and extent. He first turned the vale into an exquisite park, destroying all the houses that had once sheltered so many proud and ostentatious planters. Then, securing the services of some of the first architects of Europe by his lavish remuneration, he laid the foundations of the most elaborate and costly buildings ever erected in the New World.



J. J. DESSALINES.

Having at his command all the peasantry, backed by a numerous army, the walls rose like magic, and in an incredibly short space of time "Sans Souci," as he called his palace, invited him to forget his cares and be happy with a pomp and barbaric magnificence hardly ever equalled.

The architecture, while imposing, was not in good taste, and the lofty and spacious rooms, with floors and side panels of polished mahogany, or beautifully inlaid with the most expensive Florentine mosaics, were spoiled by the superabundance of ornamentation. The throne room, rivalling in its proportions the state apartments at Versailles, was a mass of gilt and gold, fairly dazzling to the eye. On the apartments of the queen and the princesses money was lavished without stint, and their bathtubs, which can still be seen, are marvels of the purest white marble.

Though a confirmed believer in voodooism, he constructed a circular chapel, where very infrequent services were held, and ornamented it with the utmost richness. Even the coachhouses and stables were magnificent. The state coaches, gilded and emblazoned with the royal arms, were simply wonderful. One of them is said to have cost £700 sterling in London. But alas for the ambitions of the would-be great! Before his palace, where he was to be "without care," had reared its graceful walls high into the clear and bracing mountain air, numerous revolutions assailed him, and taught the insecurity of the head that would wear the Haytian crown. He determined to build a fortress that would be impregnable, and so afford him a safe refuge in time of trouble.

Overhanging the vale of Millot and the palace of Sans Souci rises a mountain peak 2000 feet above the buildings, its lofty head almost inaccessible on account of the precipices which formed its

sides; and here, on a height which the eagle could alone hope to scale, he determined to build his fort.

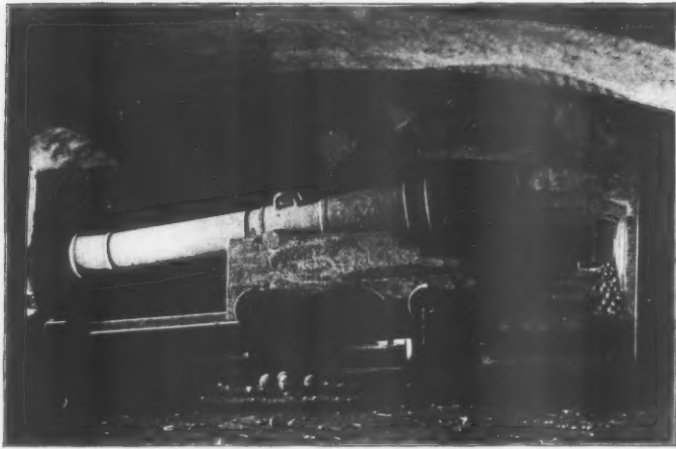
He summoned the most famous military engineers in Europe to his aid, and though the boldest of them shrank at first from the herculean task, the tyrant would have no refusal, and for years both army and peasantry labored at the work. Incalculable numbers of the miserable wretches



TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

perished before the frowning walls rose to completion.

The fortress is simply enormous; the first battery is 300 feet long, mounting thirty-five bronze forty-two pounders. Back of each gun is a room forty feet square. There are three tiers of guns before the parade ground, which covers many acres in extent and was built upon the top. The Queen's battery rises three more tiers above the parade. It is three quarters of an hour's quick walking from the sally port to the parade. The fort



BRONZE CANNON IN THE MAIN BATTERY.

was armed with 365 guns of all varieties of the best Spanish and American manufacture, no French being permitted, and most of them were beautifully ornamented. The carriages were of mahogany, carved and polished. So great were the natural difficulties to be overcome, that after the approaches had been made as perfect as possible it took an entire regiment of 1000 men days to transport a single gun to its position. The walls were many feet thick, and could bid defiance to any artillery then in use.

An incident illustrating the methods Christophe employed is given in his treatment of a battalion toiling up the ascent with one of the smaller guns. He was watching them from the palace, and conceived the impression they were not doing their best. Mounting his horse, he rode among them with oaths and execrations. Still the gun did not move fast enough, so he told them if they did not have it at the summit as soon as he could reach it on his horse, he would punish them. The task was simply impossible, and when, long after the appointed time, the exhausted soldiers staggered into the courtyard, it was to be met with a storm of bullets that soon disposed of them all.

Christophe provisioned the fortress for three years, and his enormous treasure, said to be over \$25,000,000, was transported to the fort, and buried in a secret place which had been prepared for it with much care. Having secured it, he caused all

who knew its hiding place to be killed; then, moving his choicest regiments into his mountain Gibraltar, he formally took possession and invited all the engineers and those to whose genius he was indebted for the success of his plans to a final inspection.

Assembling them on a parapet of the "Queen's battery," overlooking an enormous abyss, at a given signal his guards threw themselves on the victims and tumbled them over. Their bodies, rebounding from crag to crag, were reduced to shapeless, bloody masses, and Christophe was reasonably sure they could not betray the weakness of the work to any besiegers.

For years he reigned supreme over the northern portion of the island. He established an elaborate code of laws, which is still the admiration of the student. Education was fostered, and, indeed, prosperity was general until the memorable year 1820.

Towards autumn of that year he had a stroke of apoplexy as he was leaving the chapel at Sans Souci, and he never fully recovered. During his illness a mutiny broke out among the troops garrisoning the Cape. Unable to take the field himself, as was his custom, he despatched a body of his most trustworthy troops under the Prince de Limbe against them, only to have them fraternize with the rebels. Foaming with rage, he assembled his body-guard in the courtyard of the palace, had his charger caparisoned, and attempted to mount and lead the remnant

of his troops to victory. Such was the personal fear he had instilled into the hearts of his people that he would undoubtedly have been successful, with the usual accompaniments of blood and savagery. But it was not to be; he fell in the attempt, and as he was carried into the palace he heard his guard marching off to join his foes. He recognized the beginning of the end, and begging the queen and attendants to withdraw for a moment, a pistol shot from his own blood-stained hand ended alike his crimes and ambitions. The rebels feared him dead too much to interfere with the funeral, and he was interred in the parade ground of the fort, where his tomb is still to be seen.

Of course it was reported at once that he still commanded his ghostly battalions, and such was the fear the thought inspired, that not only were palace and fortress left intact to be slowly disintegrated

by the elements, but to this day no explorations have been made for the buried treasure, and it is almost impossible to get natives to visit the ruins.

In the year 1842 Hayti was visited by a most destructive earthquake, which almost destroyed Sans Souci and laid Laferrier, the fortress, in ruins, but so massive and enduring was the latter work that enough remains to attest the stupendous character of the masonry.

It is much to be regretted that no historian has recorded the thrilling events of those terrible days. Even the legends are singularly incomplete, for surely never have there been more elements of romance crowded into a brief space than during the destruction of the proudest, most extravagant and licentious planters the world has ever known, and the transfer of a highly cultivated and productive island back to savagery, in which it practically remains to this day.



IN THE SPRING FIELDS.

BY WILLIAM WILFRID CAMPBELL.

THERE dwells a spirit in the budding year—
 As motherhood doth beautify the face—
 That even lends these barren glebes a grace
 And fills gray hours with beauty that were drear
 And bleak when the loud, storming March was here;
 A glamour that the thrilled heart dimly traces
 In swelling boughs and soft wet windy spaces,
 And sunlands where the chattering birds make cheer.

I thread the uplands where the wind's footfalls
 Stir leaves in gusty hollows, autumn's urns.
 Seaward the river's shining breast expands,
 High in the windy pines a lone crow calls.
 And far below some patient ploughman turns
 His great black furrow over steaming lands.

AT THE BREWERY.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

A GROUP of men were gathered in Farmer Graham's barn one rainy day in September; the rain had stopped the stacking, and the men were amusing themselves with feats of skill and strength. Steve Nagle was the champion, no matter what came up; whether shouldering a sack of wheat, or raising weights or suspending himself with one hand, he left the others out of the race.

"Aw! it's no good foolun' with such puny little men as you," he swaggered at last, throwing himself down upon a pile of sacks.

"If our hired man was here I bet he'd beat you all holler," piped a boy's voice from the doorway.

Steve raised himself up and glared. "What's that thing talkun'?"

The boy held his ground. "You can brag when he ain't round, but I bet he can lick you with one hand tied behind him; don't you, Frank?"

Frank was doubtful, and kept a little out of sight. He was afraid of Steve, as were, indeed, all the other men, for he had terrorized the saloons of the county for years. Johnny went on about his hero.

"Why, he can take a sack of wheat by the corners and snap every kernel of it clean out; he can lift a separator just as easy! You'd better brag when he's around."

Steve's anger rose, for he saw the rest laughing; he glared around at them all like a hyena. "Bring on this whelp, let's see how he looks. I ain't seen him yit."

"Pa says if Lime went to a saloon where you'd meet him once, you wouldn't clean out that saloon," Johnny went on in a calm voice with a sort of undercurrent of glee in it. He saw Steve's anger, and was delighted.

"Bring on this feller; I'll knock the everlasting spots offen 'im f'r two cents."

"I'll tell 'im that."

"Tell him and be d—d," roared Steve, with a wolfish gleam in his eyes that drove the boys away whooping with mingled terror and delight.

Steve saw that the men about him held Johnny's opinion of Lime, and it made

him furious. For several years he had held undisputed sovereignty over the saloons of Rock county, and when, with both sleeves rolled up and eyes flaming with madness, he had leaped into the centre of a barroom floor with a wild shout, everybody got out, by doors, windows or any other way, sometimes taking sash and all, and left him roaring with maniacal delight.

No one used a revolver in those days. Shooting was almost unknown. Fights were tests of physical strength and savagery.

Harvest times brought into Iowa at that



"STEVE."

time a flood of rough and hardy men who drifted north with the moving line of ripening wheat, and on Saturday nights the saloons of the county were filled with them, and Steve found many chances to show his power. Among these strangers, as they gathered in some saloon to make a night of it, he loved to burst with his assertion of individual sovereignty.

Lime was out mending fence when Johnny came home to tell him what Steve had said. Johnny was anxious to see his faith in his hero justified, and watched Lime carefully as he pounded away without looking up. He was a stoop-shouldered man of great strength. His full yellow beard was trimmed to a point and his eyes were very blue. He was exceedingly taciturn. His dress always had an easy slouch about his vast limbs, and his pantaloons, usually of some dark stuff, he wore invariably tucked into his boot-tops, his vest swinging unbuttoned, his hat carelessly awry.

Being a quiet, sober man he had never been in a saloon when Steve entered to swing his hat to the floor and yell :

"I'm Jack Robinson, I am ! I am the man that bunted the bull off the bridge ! I am the best man in Northern Iowa." He had met him, of course, but Steve kept a check upon himself when sober.

"He says he can knock the spots off of you," Johnny said in conclusion, watching Lime roguishly.

The giant finished nailing up the fence, and at last said : "Now run along, sonny, and git the cows." There was a laugh in his voice that showed his amusement at Johnny's disappointment. "I ain't got any spots."

On the following Saturday night at dusk, as Lime was smoking his pipe out on the horseblock with the boys around him, there came a swiftly driven wagon down the road filled with a noisy load of men. They pulled up at the gate with a prodigious shouting.

"Hello, Lime !"

"Hello, the house !"

"Hurrah for the show !"

"It's Al Crandall," cried Johnny, running down to the gate. Lime followed slowly and asked : "What's up, boys ?"

"All goin' down to the show ; climb in !"

"All right ; wait till I git my coat."

"Oh, can't we go, Lime ?" pleaded the boys.

"If your dad'll let you ; I'll pay for the tickets."

The boys rushed wildly to the house and as wildly back again, and the team resumed its swift course, for it was getting late. It was a beautiful night, the full moon poured down a cataract of silent white light like spray and the dew (almost frost) lay on the grass and reflected the glory of the autumn sky ; the air was still and had that peculiar property common to the prairie air of carrying sound to a great distance.

The road was hard and smooth and the spirited little team bowled the heavy wagon along at a swift pace. "We're late," Crandall said, as he snapped his long whip over the heads of his horses, "and we've got to make it in twenty-five minutes or miss part of the show." This caused Johnny great anxiety. He had never seen a play and wanted to see it all. He looked at the flying legs of the horses and pushed on the dashboard, chirping at them slyly.

Rock River was the county town and the only town where plays could be produced. It was a place of about 3000 inhabitants at that time, and to Johnny's childish eyes it was a very great place indeed. To go to town was an event, but to go with the men at night and to a show was something to remember a lifetime.

There was little talk as they rushed along, only some singing of a dubious sort by Bill Young on the back seat. At intervals Bill stopped singing and leaned over to say, in exactly the same tone of voice each time : "Al, I hope t' God we won't be late." Then he resumed his monotonous singing or said something coarse to Rice, who laughed immoderately.

The play had begun when they climbed the narrow, precarious stairway which led to the door of the hall. Every seat of the room was filled, but as for the boys, after getting their eyes upon the players they did not think of sitting, or of moving, for that matter ; they were literally all eyes and ears.

The hall seated about 400 persons, and the stage was a contrivance striking as to coloring as well as variety of pieces. It added no little to the sport of the

evening by the squeaks it gave out as the heavy man walked across, and by the falling down of the calico wings and by the persistent refusal of the curtain to go down at the proper moment on the tableau. At the back of the room the benches rose one above the other until the one at the last was near the grimy ceiling. These benches were occupied by the toughs of the town, who treated one another to peanuts and slapped one another over the

True, his admiration for the dark little woman's tragic utterance at times drew him away from his breathless study of the queenly Mercy, but such moments were few. Within a half hour he was deeply in love with the heroine and wondered how she could possibly endure the fat man who played the part of Horace, and who pitched into the practicable supper of cold ham, biscuit and currant wine with a gusto that suggested gluttony as the reason for his growing burden of flesh.

And so the play went on. The wonderful old lady in the cap and spectacles, the mysterious dark little woman who popped in at short intervals to say "Beware!" in a very deep contralto voice, the tender and repentant Mercy, all were new and wonderful, beautiful things to the boys, and though they stood up the whole evening through, it passed so swiftly that the curtain's fall drew from them long sighs of regret. From that time on they were to dream of that wonderful play and that beautiful, repentant woman. So securely was she enthroned in their regard that no rude and senseless jest could ever unseat her. Of course the men, as they went out, laughed and joked in the manner of such men and swore in their disappointment because it was a serious drama in place of the comedy and the farce which they had expected.

"It's a regular sell," Bill said. "I wanted to hear old Plunket stid o' all that stuff about nothin'. That was a lunkin' good-lookin' woman though," he added, with a coarse suggestion in his voice which exasperated Johnny to the pitch of giving him a kick on the heel as he walked in front. "H'yare, young feller, look where you're puttin' your hoofs!" Bill growled, looking about.

John was comforted by seeing in the face of his brother the same rapt expression which he felt was on his own. He walked along almost mechanically, scarce-



"LIME."

head with their soft, shapeless hats, and laughed inordinately when some fellow's hat was thrown out of his reach into the crowd.

The play was Wilkie Collins's *New Magdalen*, and the part of Mercy was taken by a large and magnificently proportioned woman, a blonde, and in Johnny's eyes she seemed something divine, with her grace and majesty of motion. He took a personal pride in her at once and wanted her to come out triumphant in the end, regardless of any conventional morality.

ly feeling the sidewalk, his thoughts still dwelling on the lady and the play. It was after ten o'clock and the stores were all shut, the frost lay thick and white on the plank walk, and the moon was shining as only a moon can shine through the rarefied air on the western prairies, and overhead the stars in innumerable hosts swam in the absolutely cloudless sky.

John stumbled along, keeping hold of Lime's hand till they reached the team standing at the sidewalk, shivering with cold. The impatient horses stretched their stiffened limbs with pleasure and made off with a rearing plunge. The men were noisy. Bill sang another song at the top of his voice as they rattled by the sleeping houses, but as he came to an objectionable part of the song Lime turned suddenly and said: "Shut up on that, will you," and he became silent.

Rock River, after the most extraordinary agitation, had just prohibited the sale of liquor at any point within two miles of the schoolhouse in the town. This, after strenuous opposition, was enforced; the immediate effect of the law was to establish saloons at the limit of the two miles and to throw a large increase of business into the hands of Hank Swartz in the retail part of his brewery, which was situated about two miles from the town on the bank of the river. He had immediately built a barroom and made himself ready for the increase of his trade, which had previously been confined to supplying picnic parties with half kegs of beer or an occasional glass to teamsters passing by. Hank had an eye to the main chance and boasted: "If the public gits ahead of me it's got to be up and a-comin'."

The road along which Crandall was driving did not lead to Hank's place, but the river road, which branched off a little farther on, went by the brewery, though it was a longer way around. The men grew silent at last and the steady roll and rumble of the wagon over the smooth road was soothing, and John laid his head in Lime's lap and fell asleep while looking at the moon and wondering why it always seemed to go just as fast as the team.

He was awakened by a series of wild yells, the snapping of whips and the furious rush of horses. It was another team filled with harvesters trying to pass, and not succeeding. The fellows in the other

wagon hooted and howled and cracked the whip, but Al's little bays kept them behind until Lime protested, "Oh, let 'em go, Al," and then with a shout of glee the team went by and left them in a cloud of dust.

"Say, boys," said Bill, "that was Pat Sheehan and the Nagle boys. They've turned off; they're goin' down to Hank's. Let's go too. Come on, fellers, what d'you say? I'm all-fired dry. Ain't you?"

"I'm willun'," said Frank Rice, "what d'you say, Lime?" John looked up into Lime's face and said to him, in a low voice, "Let's go home; that was Steve a-drivin'." Lime nodded and made a sign to John to keep still, but John saw his head lift. He had heard and recognized Steve's voice.

"It was Pat Sheehan sure," repeated Bill, "an' I shouldn't wonder if the others was the Nagle boys and Eth Cole."

"Yes, it was Steve," said Al. "I saw his old hat as he went by."

It was perfectly intelligible to Lime that they were all anxious to have a meeting between Steve and himself. Johnny saw also that if Lime refused to go to the brewery he would be called a coward. Bill would tell it all over the neighborhood and his hero would be shamed. At last Lime nodded his head in consent and Al turned off into the river road.

When they drew up at the brewery by the river the other fellows had all entered and the door was shut. There were two or three other teams hitched about under the trees. The men sprang out and Bill danced a jig in anticipation of the fun to follow. "If Steve starts to lam Lime there'll be a circus."

As they stood for a moment before the door Al spoke to Lime about Steve's probable attack. "I ain't goin' to hunt around for no row," replied Lime placidly, "and I don't believe Steve is. You lads," he said to the boys, "watch the team for a little while; cuddle down under the blankets if you git cold. It ain't no place for you in the inside. We won't stop long," he ended cheerily.

The door opened and let out a dull red light, closed again and all was still except an occasional burst of laughter and noise of heavy feet within. The scene made an indelible impress upon John, child though he was. Fifty feet

away the river sang over its shallows, broad and whitened with foam which gleamed like frosted silver in the brilliant moonlight. The trees were dark and tall about him and loomed overhead against the starlit sky, and the broad high moon threw a thick tracery of shadows on the dusty white road where the horses stood. Only the rhythmic flow of the broad, swift river, with the occasional uneasy movement of the horses under their creaking harnesses or the dull noise of the shouting men within the shanty was to be heard.

John nestled down into the robes and took to dreaming of the lovely lady he had seen, and wondered if, when he became a man, he should have a wife like her. He was awakened by Frank, who was rousing him to serve a purpose of his own. John was ten and Frank fifteen; he rubbed his sleepy eyes and rose under orders.

"Say, Johnny, what d'yeh s'pose them fellers are doin' in there? You said Steve was goin' to lick Lime, you did. It don't sound much like it in there. Hear 'um laugh," he said viciously and regretfully. "Say, John, you sly along and peek in and see what they're up to, an' come an' tell me, while I hold the horses," he said, to hide the fact that John was doing a good deal for his benefit.

John got slowly off the wagon and hobbled on towards the saloon, stiff with the cold. As he neared the door he could hear someone talking in a loud voice, while the rest laughed at intervals in the manner of those who are listening to the good points in a story. Not daring to open the door, Johnny stood around the front trying to find a crevice to look in at. The speaker inside had finished his joke and someone had begun singing.

The building was a lean-to attached to the brewery and was a rude and hastily constructed affair. It had only two windows, one was on the side and the other on the back. The window on the side was out of John's reach, so he went to the back of the shanty. It was built partly into the hill and the window was at the top of the bank. John found that by lying down on the ground on the outside he had a good view of the interior. The window, while level with the ground on the outside, was about as high as the face of a man on the inside. He was extremely wide awake now and peered

in at the scene with round, unblinking eyes.

Steve was making sport for the rest and stood leaning his elbow on the bar. He was in rare good humor, for him. His hat was lying beside him and he was in his shirt sleeves, and his cruel gray eyes, pockmarked face and broken nose were lighted up with a frightful smile. He was good-natured now but the next drink might set him wild. Hank stood behind the high pine bar, a broad but nervous grin on his round, red face. Two big kerosene lamps through a couple of smoky chimneys sent a dull red glare upon the company, which half filled the room.

If Steve's face was unpleasant to look upon, the nonchalant, tiger-like poise and flex of his body was not. He had been dancing, it seemed, and had thrown off his coat, and as he talked he repeatedly rolled his blue shirt sleeves up and down as though the motion were habitual with him. Most of the men were sitting around the room looking on and laughing at Steve's antics, and the antics of one or two others who were just drunk enough to make fools of themselves. Two or three sat on an old billiard table under the window through which John was peering.

Lime sat in his characteristic attitude, his elbows upon his knees and his thumbs under his chin. His eyes were lazily raised now and then with a lion-like action of the muscles of his forehead. But he seemed to take little interest in the ribaldry of the other fellows. John measured both champions critically, and exulted in the feeling that Steve was not so ready for the row with Lime as he thought he was.

After Steve had finished his story there was a chorus of roars: "Bully for you, Steve!" "Give us another," etc. Steve, much flattered, nodded to the alert saloon keeper, and said: "Give us another, Hank." As the rest all sprang up he added: "Pull out that brandy kaig this time, Hank. Trot her out, you white-livered Dutchman," he roared, as Swartz hesitated.

The brewer fetched it up from beneath the bar, but he did it reluctantly. In the midst of the hubbub thus produced, an abnormally tall and lanky fellow known as "High" Bedloe pushed up to the bar and made an effort to speak, and finally did say solemnly:



TWO OR THREE SAT ON AN OLD BILLIARD TABLE.

"Gen'Imun, Steve, say, gen'Imun, do'n' less mix our drinks!"

This was received with boisterous delight, in which Bedloe could not see the joke, and looked feebly astonished.

Just at this point John received such a fright as entirely took away his powers of moving or breathing, for something laid hold of his heels with deadly gripe. He was getting his breath to yell when a familiar voice at his ear said, in a tone somewhere between a whisper and a groan:

"Say, what they up to all this while? I'm sick o' waiten' out there."

Frank had become impatient; as for John, he had been so absorbed by the scenes within, he had not noticed how the frosty ground was slowly stiffening his limbs and setting his teeth chattering. They were both now looking in at the window. John had simply pointed with his mittened, stubby thumb towards the interior, and Frank had crawled along to a place beside him.

Mixing the drinks had produced the disastrous effect which Hank and Bedloe had anticipated. The fun became uproar-

ious. There were songs and dances by various members of the Nagle gang, but Lime's crowd, being in the minority, kept quiet, occasionally standing treat, as was the proper thing to do.

But Steve grew wilder and more irritable every moment. He seemed to have drunk just enough to let loose the terrible force that slept in his muscles. He had tugged at his throat until the strings of his woollen shirt loosened, displaying the great sloping muscles of his neck and shoulders, white as milk and hard as iron. His eyes rolled restlessly to and fro as he paced the floor. His panther-like step was full of a terrible suggestiveness. The breath of the boys at the window came quicker and quicker. They saw he was working himself into a rage that threatened momentarily to break forth into violence. He realized that this was a crisis in his career; his reputation was at stake.

Young as John was he understood the whole matter as he studied the restless Steve, and compared him with his impassive hero, sitting immovable.

"You see Lime can't go away," he

explained breathlessly to Frank in a whisper, "'cause they'd tell it all over the country that he backed down for Steve. He daresn't leave."

"Steve ain't no durn fool," returned the superior wisdom of Frank in the same cautious whisper, keeping his eyes on the barroom. "See Lime there, cool as a cucumber. He's from the pineries, he is." He ended in a tone of voice intended to convey that fighting was the principal study of the pineries, and that Lime had graduated with the highest honors. "Steve ain't agoen' to pitch into him yet awhile, you bet y'r bottom dollar; he ain't drunk enough for that."

Each time the invitation for another drink was given, they noticed that Lime kept on the outside of the crowd, and someone helped him to his glass. "Don't you see he ain't drinkin'." He's throwin' it away," said Frank; "there, see! He's foolun' 'em; he ain't agoen' to be drunk when Steve tackles him. Oh, there'll be music in a minute or two."

Steve now walked the floor pouring forth a flood of profanity and challenges against men who were not present. He had not brought himself to the point of attacking the unmoved and silent giant. Some of the younger men, and especially the pleader against mixed drinks, had succumbed, and were sleeping heavily on the back end of the bar and on the billiard table. Hank was getting anxious and the forced smile on his face was painful to see. Over the whole group there was a singular air of waiting. No one was enjoying himself, and all wished that they were on the road home, but there was no way out of it now. It was evident that Lime purposed forcing the beginning of the battle on Steve. He sat in statuesque repose.

Steve had got his hat in his hand and held it doubled up like a club, and every time he turned in his restless walk he struck the bar a resounding blow. His eyes seemed to see nothing, although they moved wildly from side to side.

He lifted up his voice in a raucous snarl. "I'm the man that struck Billy Patterson! I'm the man that bunted the bull off the bridge! Anybody got anything to say, now's his time. I'm here. Bring on your champion."

Foam came into the corners of his mouth,

and the veins stood out on his neck. His red face shone with its swollen veins. He smashed his fists together, threw his hat on the floor, tramped on it, snarling out curses. Nothing kept him in check save the imperturbability of the seated figure. Everybody expected him to clear the saloon to prove his power.

Bedloe, who was asleep on the table, precipitated matters by rolling off with a prodigious noise amid a pandemonium of howls and laughter. In his anxiety to see what was going on, Frank thrust his head violently against the window and it crashed in, sending the glass rattling down on the table.

Steve looked up, a red sheen in his eyes like that of a wild beast. Instantly his fury burst out against this new object of attention—a wild, unreasoning rage.

"What you doen' there? Who air ye, ye mangy little dog?"

Both boys sank back in tumultuous shuddering haste and rolled down the em-bankment, while they heard the voice of Steve thundering, "Fetch the little whelp here!"

There was a rush from the inside, a sudden outpouring and the next moment John felt a hand touch his shoulder. Steve dragged him around to the front of the saloon before he could draw his breath or utter a sound. The rest crowded around.

"What are y' doen' there?" said Steve, shaking him with insane vindictiveness.

"Drop that boy!" said the voice of Lime, and voice never sounded sweeter. "Drop that boy!" he repeated, and his voice had a peculiar sound, as if it came through his teeth.

Steve dropped him and turned with a grating snarl upon Lime, who opened his way through the excited crowd while Johnny stumbled, leaped and crawled out of the ring and joined Frank.

"Oh, it's you, is it? You white-livered—!" He did not finish, for the arm of the blond giant shot out against his face like a beetle and down he rolled on the grass. The sound of the blow made Johnny give an involuntary quick cry.

"No human bein' could have stood up agin that blow," Crandall said afterwards. "It was like a mule a-kickin'."

As Steve slowly gained his feet the silence was so great that Johnny could

hear the thumping of his heart and the fierce, almost articulate breathing of Steve. The chatter and roar of the drunken crowd had been silenced by this encounter of the giants. The open door where Hank stood sent a reddish bar of light upon the two men as they faced each other with a sort of terrific calm. In his swift gaze in search of his brother, John noticed the dark wood, the river murmuring drowsily over its foam-wreathed pebbles, and saw his brother's face white with excitement, but not fear.

Lime's blow had dazed Steve for a moment, but at the same time it had sobered him. He came to his feet with a rising mutter that sounded like the swelling snarl of a tiger. He had been taken by surprise before, and he now came forward with his hands in position, to vindicate his terrible reputation. The two men met in a frightful struggle. Blows that meant murder were dealt by each. Each slapping thud seemed to carry the cracking of bones in it. Steve was the more agile of the two and circled rapidly around, striking like a boxer.

Every time his face came into view, with set teeth and ferocious scowl, the boys' spirits fell. But when they saw the calm, determined eyes of Lime, his watchful confident look, they grew assured. All depended upon him. The Nagle gang were like wolves in their growing ferocity, and as they outnumbered the other party two to one, it was a critical quarter of an hour. In a swift retrospect they remembered the frightful tales told of this very spot—of the killing of Lars Peterson and his brother Nels, and the brutal hammering a crowd of drunken men had given to Big Ole of the Wapsy.

The blood was trickling down Lime's face from a cut on his cheek, but Steve's face was swollen and ghastly from the three blows which he had received. Lime was saving himself for a supreme effort. The Nagle party, encouraged by the sound of the blows which Steve struck, began to yell and to show that they were ready to take a hand in the contest.

"Go it, Steve, we'll back yeh! Give it to 'im! We're with yeh! We'll 'tend to the rest." They began to strip off their coats.

Rice also threw off his coat. "Never mind these cowards, Lime. Hold on!

Fair play!" he yelled, as he saw young Nagle about to strike Lime from behind.

His cry startled Lime, and with a sudden leap he dealt Steve a terrible blow full in the face and as he went reeling back made another leaping lunge and struck him to the ground—a motion that seemed impossible to one of his bulk. But as he did so one of the crowd tripped him and sent him rolling upon the prostrate Steve, whose friends leaped like a pack of snarling wolves upon Lime's back. There came into the giant's heart a terrible, blind, desperate resolution. With a hoarse inarticulate cry he gathered himself for one supreme effort and rose from the heap like a bear shaking off a pack of dogs; and holding the stunned and nerveless Steve in his great hands, with one swift, incredible effort literally swept his opponent's body in the faces of the infuriated men rushing down upon him.

"Come on, you red hellions!" he shouted, in a voice like a lion at bay. The light streamed on his bared head, his hands were clinched, his chest heaved in great gasps. There was no movement. The crowd stood with their hands lowered; before such a man they could not stand for a moment. They could not meet the blaze of his eyes. For a moment it seemed as if no one breathed.

In the silence that followed, Bill, who had kept out of sight up to this moment, piped out in a high, weak falsetto, with a comically questioning accent: "All quiet along the Potomac, boys?"

Lime unbraced, wiped his face and laughed. The others joined in cautiously. "No, thank ye's, none in mine," said Sheehan, in answer to the challenge of Lime. "Whan oi take to fightin' stame ingins oi'll lit you know."

"Well, I should say so," said another. "Lime, you're the best man that walks this state."

"Git out of the way, you white-livered hound, or I'll blow hell out o' yeh!" said Steve, who had recovered himself sufficiently to know what it all meant. He lay upon the grass behind the rest and was weakly trying to get his revolver sighted upon Lime. One of the men caught him by the shoulder and the rest yelled:

"H'yare, Steve, no shootun'. It was a fair go, and you're whipped."

Steve only repeated his warnings to get

out of the way. Lime turned upon him and kicked the weapon from his outstretched hand, breaking his arm at the wrist. The bullet went flying harmlessly into the air and the revolver hurtled away into the shadows.

Walking through the ring Lime took John by the hand and said: "Come, boy, this is no place for you. Let's go home. Fellers," he drawled in his customary lazy way, "when y' want me you know where to find me. Come, boys, the circus is over, the last dog is hung. Stackin' tomorrow at seven o'clock, y' know."

For the first mile or two there was a good deal of talk and Bill said he knew that Lime could whip the whole crowd.

"But where was you, Bill, about the time they had me down? I don't remember hearin' anything of you 'long about

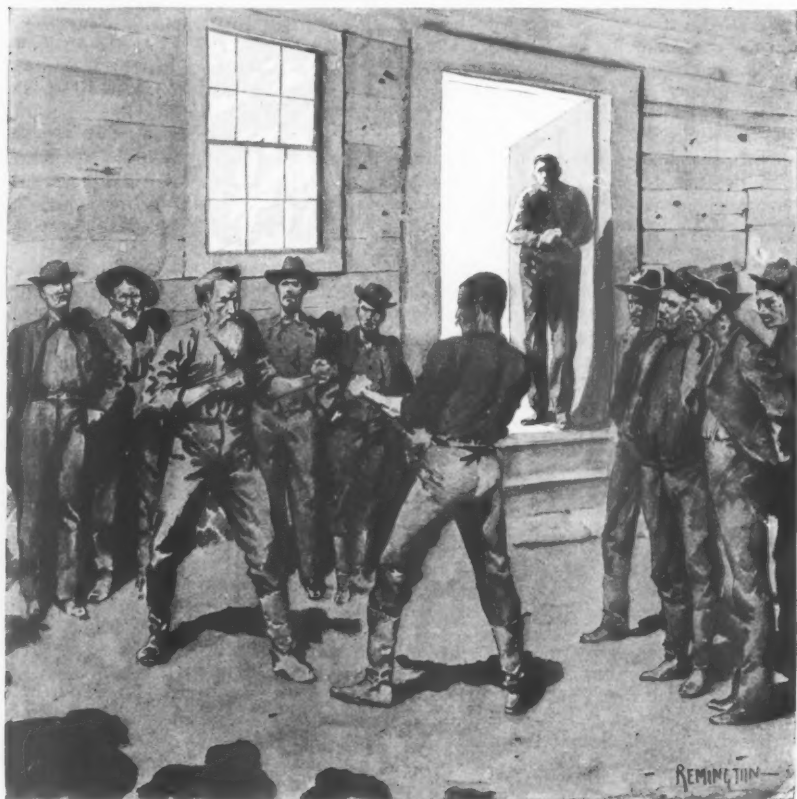
that time, Bill." Bill had nothing to say.

"Made me think somehow of Daniel in the lions' den," said Johnny.

"What do you mean by that, Johnny?" said Bill. "It made me think of a circus. The circus there'll be when Lime's old woman finds out what he's been a-doin'."

"Great Scott, boys, you mustn't tell on me," said Lime, in genuine alarm.

As for John, he lay with his head in Lime's lap, looking up at the glory of the starlit night, and with a confused mingling of the play, of the voice of the lovely woman, of the shouts and blows at the brewery in his mind and with the murmur of the river and the roll and rumble of the wagon blending in his ears he fell into a sleep which the rhythmic beat of the horses' hoofs did not interrupt.



"HE NOW CAME FORWARD WITH HIS HANDS IN POSITION."

WOLCOTT BALESTIER

BY HENRY JAMES.

THEY have a place apart in the record of the dead, the young names which represent less for the big, indifferent public than for a knot of friends who remember and regret, and yet on behalf of which we discreetly plead for some attenuation in the general memory of the common fate. So far as they are spared by oblivion they form a ghostly but enviable little band—the company of those who were estimated early and rescued early, who created expectations and cherished hopes, and for whom there remains no question of disappointment or of failure. We can think of them as it most pleases us to think, allude to them with unchallengeable faith, give our imagination the luxury of filling out the vague disk of the possible. Wolcott Balestier, who died in Dresden on the 6th of December 1891, just before he had reached his thirtieth year, participates in this dim distinction and becomes one of the



WOLCOTT BALESTIER.*

mute appealers to whom we are indulgent in proportion as we recognize that what there is to "show" for them accounts but imperfectly for our plea. We make the plea for the plea's sake and because that is fairer than not to make it. He had not had time, though he had had so many of the other conditions, and this particular use of a little of the time that we ourselves feel half-ashamed to have gained—as if we had gained it at his expense—presents itself as an act of common generosity.

Wolcott Balestier loved literature better than anything but his friends, and he had found opportunity to testify to this in a career as eagerly active as it was short. He left behind him, in addition to a couple of literary *péchés de jeunesse*, a youthful unpublished novel, which is conspicuously to see the light, a trio of short tales, and the vivid mark of his collaboration with Mr. Rudyard Kipling in *The Naulahka*. His memory therefore may take its stand on a certain quantity of performance; but I confess that it is not mainly under the impression of this little sum of literary achievement that I find myself moved to speak of him.

What he wrote, what he would have published, will be largely and sympathetically scrutinized, but there are persons for whom it will remain both only the smaller part of what he did and the pledge of a talent extinguished at the very moment it had begun to expand. He was

conscious that he had only begun, and it would be an unkindness to his memory to represent, in spite of the great merit of Refsey, and of Captain, my Captain, that his slender relics were very sacred in his own eyes. They are interesting and in portions original, but their greatest value is perhaps that in making him for the hour an actuality they give a pretext for attempting to preserve some little record of his beneficence. He was a man of business of altogether peculiar genius, and it was

* Reproduced here through the courtesy of G. C. Cox.

in this light that he figured, with singular intensity, to a large number of charmed and befriended people during the part of his brief life in which I judge that he had lived more than in all its preceding time, the three crowded London years that began in December 1888. This was the period of my acquaintance with him; my personal relations with him became close, and I speak of him, of course, essentially as I had the good fortune to know him. I freely confess that I should not add my voice to the commemorative hum if it were a question of taking any less affectionate a point of view.

I speak of his having "figured" in London because he was, from the first, in his bright young ingenuity, his suggestion of immediate capacity, an apparition essentially salient. This was what he remained to the end, unmistakably an influence exotic and curious, dropped down from without, not thrown up from within. He made London, on the ground on which he dealt with it, so extraordinarily his own that the contrast between the spirit and the matter, the agent and the medium, could only grow more striking and, if I may frankly say so, more amusing. Nothing feeds more actively some of one's reflections than the sight of that animated symbol the "cultured American," entangled for the first time in the dense meshes of the great London net. The manner in which his native faculty deals with them is often an instructive spectacle. We see it, however, for the most part exercised in a merely contemplative or "sight-seeing" way, in the interest of leisure and shopping, or at the most of patriotism and consolation. But Wolcott Balestier, at twenty-seven, with a very complicated and characteristic American past already behind him—born at Rochester, New York, in 1861, he had haunted colleges, administered libraries, started "business," explored territories, conducted theatricals, edited periodicals and published "works"—this penetrating representative of a peculiarly transatlantic interest in books alighted in the formidable city, in the dusky void of Christmas week, on no merely passive errand. He had a specific mission, business to transact for an American publishing firm, but I trust I do no injustice to the perfection with which he transacted it if I say that such things

could, in the nature of the case, give him only his pretext and his introduction. What he had really come for, as it turned out, was to find a field large enough for his admirable spirit. The field was largest in London because London was an extension without being a substitution. It "took in," as it were, the great agglomerations he had left beyond the sea, and added others to them. It had, in a word—it always has—the advantage of being the biggest box at the theatre, the highest seat of observation of the English-speaking multitude as a whole—with nothing less than which was Wolcott Balestier prompted to concern himself.

I met him accidentally soon after his arrival, and was struck with his ready perception and with his acute appreciation of London. Young and fresh as he was, he rejoiced in the dim vastness of the great city—this was a quality which he found altogether inspiring. He delighted in space and number, and dealt with the latter element in particular in a way which, at his age, was already masterly. He never was so happy as when he had too many things to do, and he could view the infinite multiplication of detail with pure exhilaration. This is what I mean by his admirable spirit, which was his love of handling large things and handling everything in a large way. In the poor little three years to which the best of his activity was restricted he, of course, had established but imperfectly his independence; but they were sufficient to give the measure of his capacity. It was those who knew him best that "chafed" him most about his Napoleonic propensities, his complete incapacity to recognize difficulties, his immediate adoption of his own solution. It could never have occurred to him that there was not a way round an obstacle, so long as a way was inventable, and the invented way, which in almost all cases was the one he embraced—he suspected stupidity, with which he had no patience, in the ready-made—always proved, in fact, the most amusing. This was a high recommendation to him, for observant and genial as he was, he liked to enjoy transactions for themselves, as one is happy in the exercise of any implanted faculty, quite apart from purpose and profit. The Copyright bill had not yet been passed, and it

appeared to him that there might be much to be done in helping the English author in America to a temporary *modus vivendi*. This was an idea at the service of which he put all his ingenuity—an ingenuity sharpened by his detestation of the ignoble state of the law. This acute and sympathetic interest in the fruits of literary labor, as they concern the laborer, generalized and systematized itself with singular rapidity, and became, by the time he had been six months in London, a very remarkable and extremely interesting passion—a passion which, for those who had the advantage of seeing it in exercise, quickly assumed all the authority of genius.

It was a faculty altogether individual and one of the most original I have ever known. It consisted, in its simplest expression, in an extraordinary subtlety in putting himself in the place of the man—and quite as easily, when need was, of the woman—of letters; and it sprang from an intense and curious appreciation of the literary character and an odd, charmed, amused acceptance of the dominion of the book. Nothing could be quite ultimate for a spirit so humorous, but Wolcott Balestier found in the importunity of the book the elements of a kind of cheerful fatalism, a state of mind that went hand in hand, in the oddest way, with the critical instinct. To see the book through—almost even through the press—was a perpetual pastime to him, and one that varied, of course, according to what the book might be. It was far greater in some cases than in others; but in the free play of his ingenuity he could *faire un sort*, prepare a kind of respectable future for almost anything newly printed and published, take a peep from any point of view that passed muster as literary. In this way, in our scribbling hour, he multiplied immensely his relations with the pen-driving class, even in the persons of some of its most pathetic representatives, of whom he became, in the shortest space of time, the clever providence and the kindly adviser. Signs were not wanting from many of these after his death—signs of their mourning for him, the most trusted of friends. And all this, on the young man's part, in a spirit so disinterested and so sincerely sympathetic that one hardly knew what name to give to the genius of

the market when the genius of the market appeared in a form so human.

He had the greatest appetite for success, and had begun to be a man of business of the very largest conceptions, but I have never seen this character combined with so visible an indifference to the usual lures and ideals of commerce. As the faithful representative of others, he could only be jealous of their interests, but a high and imaginative talent for affairs could not well have been associated with less reverence for mere acquisition. He had in fact none at all—he seemed to me to care nothing for money. What he cared for was the drama of business—the various human game. To make money, to a certain point, would have been convenient to him, and if he proposed to do so it was simply because this meant freedom—freedom to arrive at a very different use of his time when (at no very distant day, as he hoped) the hour should strike. Much as he was absorbed in the literary affairs of other people, he was excusable for keeping a commodious chamber of his brain open to his own; and he had the most definite purpose of hammering away at the modern—the very modern novel—as soon as he should get out of the glare of the marketplace and be able to command the conditions. He had already given pledges in this direction; had published two boyish fictions before coming to England, and in the intervals of his busy first year in London had put together a long story much maturer and full of curious promise. An intimate personal alliance with Mr. Rudyard Kipling had led to his working in concert with that extraordinary genius—a lesson precious, doubtless, and wasted, like so many of his irrepressible young experiments—wasted, I mean, in the sense of its being a morning without a morrow.

Wolcott Balestier's death came too soon, in my judgment, to permit of a just calculation of what he might have done; there is only the limited quantity of surviving evidence that his talent was real and remarkably capable of growth—evidence confirmed, on the part of those who knew him, by the sense of his acuteness and his ambition. He was all for the novel of observation, the undiscourageable study of the actual; he professed an intense relish for the works of Mr. Howells, and there is little reason to doubt that, if he

in this light that he figured, with singular intensity, to a large number of charmed and befriended people during the part of his brief life in which I judge that he had lived more than in all its preceding time, the three crowded London years that began in December 1888. This was the period of my acquaintance with him; my personal relations with him became close, and I speak of him, of course, essentially as I had the good fortune to know him. I freely confess that I should not add my voice to the commemorative hum if it were a question of taking any less affectionate a point of view.

I speak of his having "figured" in London because he was, from the first, in his bright young ingenuity, his suggestion of immediate capacity, an apparition essentially salient. This was what he remained to the end, unmistakably an influence exotic and curious, dropped down from without, not thrown up from within. He made London, on the ground on which he dealt with it, so extraordinarily his own that the contrast between the spirit and the matter, the agent and the medium, could only grow more striking and, if I may frankly say so, more amusing. Nothing feeds more actively some of one's reflections than the sight of that animated symbol the "cultured American," entangled for the first time in the dense meshes of the great London net. The manner in which his native faculty deals with them is often an instructive spectacle. We see it, however, for the most part exercised in a merely contemplative or "sight-seeing" way, in the interest of leisure and shopping, or at the most of patriotism and consolation. But Wolcott Balestier, at twenty-seven, with a very complicated and characteristic American past already behind him—born at Rochester, New York, in 1861, he had haunted colleges, administered libraries, started "business," explored territories, conducted theatricals, edited periodicals and published "works"—this penetrating representative of a peculiarly transatlantic interest in books alighted in the formidable city, in the dusky void of Christmas week, on no merely passive errand. He had a specific mission, business to transact for an American publishing firm, but I trust I do no injustice to the perfection with which he transacted it if I say that such things

could, in the nature of the case, give him only his pretext and his introduction. What he had really come for, as it turned out, was to find a field large enough for his admirable spirit. The field was largest in London because London was an extension without being a substitution. It "took in," as it were, the great agglomerations he had left beyond the sea, and added others to them. It had, in a word—it always has—the advantage of being the biggest box at the theatre, the highest seat of observation of the English-speaking multitude as a whole—with nothing less than which was Wolcott Balestier prompted to concern himself.

I met him accidentally soon after his arrival, and was struck with his ready perception and with his acute appreciation of London. Young and fresh as he was, he rejoiced in the dim vastness of the great city—this was a quality which he found altogether inspiring. He delighted in space and number, and dealt with the latter element in particular in a way which, at his age, was already masterly. He never was so happy as when he had too many things to do, and he could view the infinite multiplication of detail with pure exhilaration. This is what I mean by his admirable spirit, which was his love of handling large things and handling everything in a large way. In the poor little three years to which the best of his activity was restricted he, of course, had established but imperfectly his independence; but they were sufficient to give the measure of his capacity. It was those who knew him best that "chaffed" him most about his Napoleonic propensities, his complete incapacity to recognize difficulties, his immediate adoption of his own solution. It could never have occurred to him that there was not a way round an obstacle, so long as a way was inventable, and the invented way, which in almost all cases was the one he embraced—he suspected stupidity, with which he had no patience, in the ready-made—always proved, in fact, the most amusing. This was a high recommendation to him, for observant and genial as he was, he liked to enjoy transactions for themselves, as one is happy in the exercise of any implanted faculty, quite apart from purpose and profit. The Copyright bill had not yet been passed, and it

appeared to him that there might be much to be done in helping the English author in America to a temporary *modus vivendi*. This was an idea at the service of which he put all his ingenuity—an ingenuity sharpened by his detestation of the ignoble state of the law. This acute and sympathetic interest in the fruits of literary labor, as they concern the laborer, generalized and systematized itself with singular rapidity, and became, by the time he had been six months in London, a very remarkable and extremely interesting passion—a passion which, for those who had the advantage of seeing it in exercise, quickly assumed all the authority of genius.

It was a faculty altogether individual and one of the most original I have ever known. It consisted, in its simplest expression, in an extraordinary subtlety in putting himself in the place of the man—and quite as easily, when need was, of the woman—of letters; and it sprang from an intense and curious appreciation of the literary character and an odd, charmed, amused acceptance of the dominion of the book. Nothing could be quite ultimate for a spirit so humorous, but Wolcott Balestier found in the importunity of the book the elements of a kind of cheerful fatalism, a state of mind that went hand in hand, in the oddest way, with the critical instinct. To see the book through—almost even through the press—was a perpetual pastime to him, and one that varied, of course, according to what the book might be. It was far greater in some cases than in others; but in the free play of his ingenuity he could *faire un sort*, prepare a kind of respectable future for almost anything newly printed and published, take a peep from any point of view that passed muster as literary. In this way, in our scribbling hour, he multiplied immensely his relations with the pen-driving class, even in the persons of some of its most pathetic representatives, of whom he became, in the shortest space of time, the clever providence and the kindly adviser. Signs were not wanting from many of these after his death—signs of their mourning for him, the most trusted of friends. And all this, on the young man's part, in a spirit so disinterested and so sincerely sympathetic that one hardly knew what name to give to the genius of

the market when the genius of the market appeared in a form so human.

He had the greatest appetite for success, and had begun to be a man of business of the very largest conceptions, but I have never seen this character combined with so visible an indifference to the usual lures and ideals of commerce. As the faithful representative of others, he could only be jealous of their interests, but a high and imaginative talent for affairs could not well have been associated with less reverence for mere acquisition. He had in fact none at all—he seemed to me to care nothing for money. What he cared for was the drama of business—the various human game. To make money, to a certain point, would have been convenient to him, and if he proposed to do so it was simply because this meant freedom—freedom to arrive at a very different use of his time when (at no very distant day, as he hoped) the hour should strike. Much as he was absorbed in the literary affairs of other people, he was excusable for keeping a commodious chamber of his brain open to his own; and he had the most definite purpose of hammering away at the modern—the very modern novel—as soon as he should get out of the glare of the marketplace and be able to command the conditions. He had already given pledges in this direction; had published two boyish fictions before coming to England, and in the intervals of his busy first year in London had put together a long story much maturer and full of curious promise. An intimate personal alliance with Mr. Rudyard Kipling had led to his working in concert with that extraordinary genius—a lesson precious, doubtless, and wasted, like so many of his irrepressible young experiments—wasted, I mean, in the sense of its being a morning without a morrow.

Wolcott Balestier's death came too soon, in my judgment, to permit of a just calculation of what he might have done; there is only the limited quantity of surviving evidence that his talent was real and remarkably capable of growth—evidence confirmed, on the part of those who knew him, by the sense of his acuteness and his ambition. He was all for the novel of observation, the undiscourageable study of the actual; he professed an intense relish for the works of Mr. Howells, and there is little reason to doubt that, if he

had lived to give what was in him, the followers of some of the ancient ways would have had many a bone to pick with him. The prospect of picking such bones was, for himself, a thing to add zest to the existence he was not destined to enjoy. His imagination, so far as he had given a hint of it, was all American; and a long stay in the far West, a familiarity with mining camps and infant cities, had given, for the time at least, an irremediable special turn to it. He was prejudiced in favor of American humor—it was his only prejudice that I can remember; fortunately it is not one that is fatal to intellectual growth. He liked little raw, new places only one degree less than he liked London, where he had established himself in the heart of Westminster, under the Abbey towers, just within the old archway of that Dean's yard which makes a kind of provincial backwater, like the corner of a cathedral close, in a roaring "imperial" neighborhood. But when once it had begun to swing, his talent would probably have had many moods and seasons. I remember thinking (on first observing what dreams he had of becoming a literary artist) that, as the presumption is always against the duplication of a special gift, it was not particularly probable that the subtle secret of creation had been vouchsafed to a man who, in his natural mastery of affairs, might already account himself fortunately equipped. What community was there, in the same mind, between the noisy world of affairs and the hushed little chamber of literary art? That question was eventually answered—there could be none unless such a mind should be a rare exception. This was indeed the fact with Wolcott Balestier, and it made him, in my experience, unique.

I have known literary folk who were full, for themselves, of the commercial spirit, but I have in no other case known a commercial connection with literature to have had a twinship with an artistic one. Wolcott Balestier, however, was commercial, as I may say, for others; it was for himself that he cherished the hope of achieving some painted picture of life. Moreover, the narrower term seems invidious as applied to a part played so easily and gracefully, with such friendly personal perceptions. This function cost him nothing intellectually; it was too in-

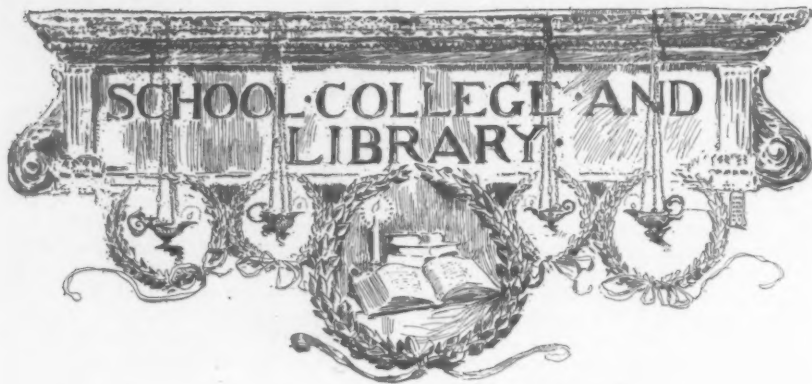
stinctive and, incidentally, as I have said, too suggestive. It had advantages from the point of view of what he intended when a better day should have begun; it meant perpetual contact with the world of men and women and innumerable opportunities for observation. In this he ironically exulted, and indeed it made him enviable. He had a particular aptitude for the personal part of affairs, for arranging things in talk and face to face. He had instincts and ideals of rapidity, and a talent for dispensing with the matter of course (which seemed to him flat and prosaic), calculated often to bewilder the children of a postponing clime. And it was given to him, moreover, to encounter the human, not to say the supposedly literary, spirit, bared of factitious graces, in the simple severity of some of its appetites. He saw many realities and had already learned not to blink many uglinesses. Young as he was he had perceived what was of the essence. He was a well of discretion, and it was charming and interesting in him that even when he was most humorously communicative his talk was traversed by little wandering airs of the unsaid; nevertheless he was not without nameless anecdotes and illustrations of this same tenacity of grasp; all the more striking that, in general, no man could be less prejudiced in favor of the publishing interest. Such an incident as the quick foundation of the "English Library"—an association for the larger diffusion on the continent of English and American books—not only was a remarkable example of his fertility of resource (his idea always became a fact as soon as he could personally represent it and act for it) but brought with it an extension of experience of the sort that was really most remunerative to him and as to which he could be independently and delightfully descriptive. It was partly on business connected with this happy undertaking and partly exactly to do nothing at all—to rest from high pressure and chronic responsibility—that he made, sadly unwell when he started, in November 1891, that excursion to Germany from which he was not to return. He had only once or twice in his life been gravely ill, but those who were fond of him were never persuaded by his gallantry of optimism about himself, reinforced as it was by a thoroughly consistent and characteristic

ingenuity in neglecting dull precautions, to think of his slender structure as really adequate to the service—the formidable service—of his generously restless spirit. It was not adequate, in fact, and the disparity made him touching; makes his present image so in memory, though he doubtless would have carried on the brave deception much longer had it not been for the miserable typhoidal infection—from an undiscoverable source—that he bore with him from London and to which, in happy unconsciousness, he succumbed.

It is vain to attempt to exclude the egotistical note from a memorial like the present, and the better course is frankly to enjoy the benefit of it. I may therefore mention that during the last year of his life in particular I saw him so often and so closely that, as I write, my page is overscored with importunate reminiscence and picture. These things are the possession of the private eye, but one would fain catch something of their meaning in one's words. A wet winter night in a windy Lancashire town, for instance—a formidable "first night" at a troubled provincial theatre to which he made a long and loyal pilgrimage for purposes of "support" at a grotesquely nervous hour—such an occasion comes back to me vividly, with the very quality of the support afforded (so lavish and eager and shrewd), with the pleasantness of the little commemorative inn supper, half histrionic and wholly confident, and with the dragged-out drollery of the sequel next day, our sociable, amused participation in a collective theatrical flitting, effected in pottering Sunday trains, besprinkled with refreshment-room impressions and terminating that night, at an all but inaccessible Birmingham, in

independent repose and relaxed criticism. He had taken, the summer before his death, a house on the Isle of Wight—on the south shore, well on the way to the Freshwater end—and I cannot withhold an emphasis of allusion to a couple of August days spent there with him. One of them had a rare perfection and made the purest medium for the high finish—as if it were a leaf out of an old-fashioned drawing book—of the little pencilled island. It was given all to a long drive to Freshwater, much of the way over the firm grass of the great downs, and a lunch there and a rambling, lazy lounge on the high cliffs (with the full sense of summer, for once, in a summerless year), and a still lazier return in the golden afternoon, amid all sorts of delicacies of effect of sea and land. He loved the little temporary home he had made on the edge of the sea and even the great wind storms of the early autumn, and no season of his life, probably, in spite of haunting illness, had given him more contented hours. Now he lies in the last place he could have dreamed of, the bristling alien cemetery, charmless and contracted, of the foreign city to which he had made his feverish way only to die. There was something in him so actively modern, so open to new reciprocities and assimilations, that it is not fanciful to say that he would have worked originally, in his degree, for civilization. He had the real cosmopolitan spirit, the easy imagination of strangeness surmounted. He struck me as a bright young forerunner of some higher common conveniences, some greater international transfusions. He had just had time to begin, and that is exactly what makes the exceeding pity of his early end.





BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

SCHOOL.

"Kind nature is the best."

LORD TENNYSON gives the best formula ever given for good manners, when he says:

"Kind nature is the best; those manners next
That fit us like a nature second-hand;
Which are indeed the manners of the great."

But what is true of good manners is true of all training, all knowledge. The great reformers in education have always been those who carried us back to the most natural methods: Rousseau, Pestalozzi, Froebel. What drives American reformers constantly back to Horace Mann in educational matters, is because his simple principles are at the bottom of all progress. Such maxims as "What is understood, interests; what interests is remembered" have affected all our teaching. The tendency of mere school organization indefinitely extended and elaborated is always to make everything formal and technical, so that the textbook becomes mere question and answer, to be pumped into the child's mind by main force and to be retained till the next examination day. After that, no matter. An accomplished woman who was many years ago a medal scholar in one of the best Boston schools told me that she was there furnished, on beginning the study of history, with a sheet of foolscap paper which she was expected to rule in four columns. When she

came to a date in the history it was to be written down and so with each in succession till there were sixteen solid columns of dates. These dates were committed to memory, and when she left the school she could begin any column at the top and say to the bottom or begin at the bottom and say to the top or begin in the middle and say either way, or both ways at the same time for aught I know—it does not make much difference—and when she had been out of school six months she had forgotten every date and was glad they were gone. In later years she began all over again to read history for herself and found it the most fascinating of all studies.

At a meeting held to discuss popular education I heard it deliberately asserted by a teacher of wide experience, who had been also a most successful school superintendent and a member of a state board of education, that the children in our public schools spend two-thirds of their time in putting into a more complicated shape things which they know perfectly well already. At the same meeting a lady of equal experience told a story of a little boy who was weighed to the earth by the problem, "If John has two red apples and Charles has two red apples how many red apples have they both?" He admitted that he knew perfectly well that two and two made four; but it was "the process" that was too much for him—to present this simple combination of red apples in precisely the conventional form prescribed in

his school. "Oh, Mrs. ———," he said, "it's the process that wears me out."

This it is—this terror of the process—which brings about those sudden attacks of apparent paralysis of all common sense with which every school examiner is familiar the moment he goes in the least outside of the prescribed course. No matter how kind and conciliatory he may be, or how gentle his approaches, it is easy for him at any time to throw a whole school into confusion by merely presenting a question in a perfectly simple form, sweeping away the prescribed approaches which have hitherto guided them. One of the most accomplished teachers and school examiners whom this country ever saw—the late Professor Alpheus Crosby of Dartmouth college, afterwards principal of the Salem, Massachusetts, Normal school—was never weary of insisting on this point, or of illustrating it from his own wide experience. He would say to a class, for instance, "Suppose you were to go out of the front door of this building and were to walk ten miles due North. Suppose you were then to turn round and walk three miles due South. How far would you then be from the school-house door?" He solemnly declared that he had asked questions like that in school after school without finding a single pupil to answer them; and that if a scholar did answer it was very likely to be the poorest scholar in the class, who, from being such, had kept his mind out of the ruts, so that it worked naturally and untrammelled. Another favorite question of his was this: "Suppose you walked along the globe until you came to the equator, would there be anything to climb over or to step over?" and he declared that nearly all children would answer "Yes."

Some allowance is to be made, no doubt, for the natural caution of pupils and the fear lest there may be a trap somewhere; but surely it should be one object in teaching to preserve that simplicity which does not fear a trap, or which will not imagine the existence of a trap where there is at most but empty air. It is to be noticed that these questions strike far deeper than any matter of mere knowledge and reach the action of the human mind itself. It is of comparatively little importance whether the child knows where Port Mahon or Cape Malabar is—two questions which I

have found uniformly puzzling, not to pupils merely but to teachers—but it is of the greatest importance that he should have his wits about him and have a brain that works in a simple and natural way. One of the most rational examiners of whom I ever heard was that admiral in one of Marryatt's novels who, when examining a midshipman for promotion, described with vivid vehemence some terrible complication of winds and waves, and continued: "And now, Mr. ———, supposing that at the very height of all this commotion of the elements the captain should suddenly send for you to the quarter-deck and should offer you a cigar, which end of it—mark me, sir!—which end would you put into your mouth?" The amazed boy could only stammer out, "The little end, sir, if it was a Havana; and either end the same, if it was a cheroot!" I quote from memory and, not being myself a midshipman, I may have got the ends of the cigar confused, but the principle is plain. To know whether your young officer habitually has his wits about him and can meet the unexpected is more important than to know whether he can club-haul a ship.

In the delightful William Henry Letters, by Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz, the little boy demurs at being sent to dancing school, as his maiden aunts desire, in order that he may learn how to enter a room. "I told 'em," he plaintively said, "that I didn't see anything so very difficult about entering a room; I told 'em, walk right in!" It is this charm of simplicity, this habit of doing a thing in the natural way, which much of the mechanism of our schools represses. Instead of walking right in to the truth, it must be administered in some artificial way. Everyone who visits schools may notice, for instance, that the boy who merely reads aloud his sum as propounded in the arithmetic, simply for the sake of knowing it, without the thought of elocution, will read it in a simple and natural way; but put that boy on the platform and give him "Spartacus the Gladiator" to declaim, and how instantly he will begin to mouth and rant! Not a tone of his voice, not a movement of his hand, will be natural; you rejoice when he is remanded to the arithmetic and becomes plain William Henry once more. A visitor once attend-

ing, by urgent solicitation, the graduating exercises of a school of elocution, was asked eagerly by the teacher for criticisms. "All I can say is," he said frankly, "that out of the twenty whom I have heard, there is only one whom I should be willing to have read to me if I were ill." This unexpected test evidently startled the teacher very much.

It is always to be borne in mind that, with whatever faults of method, the merits of our public schools are so very great that they will really bear any amount of criticism. All that their pupils learn, or do not learn, in the purely intellectual way is really secondary to the fundamental virtues—punctuality, obedience, order, patience, cleanliness, self-control, application—which even the poorest of these schools is unconsciously impressing, day after day, upon pupils who often have no other opportunity of learning the least of these good gifts. As a rule, our public schools teach these things better than any private schools. On the other hand, the public schools have defects growing out of their merits—les défauts de ses qualités. Their enormous size and number render it almost inevitable that they should become machines. Where a dozen different grammar schools are all aiming at the same annual examination, for instance, the chance for individuality in a teacher is reduced almost to a minimum; every hour, almost every word, must be brought to correspond with the same hour and word in the grammar school in the next ward. Only very rare teachers or very rare superintendents can infuse the oxygen of fresh life into a mechanism so enormous; and it needs the constant criticism of the best friends of the public-school system to keep it true to "kind nature's" methods.

THE COLLEGE.

The other day I happened to meet in Harvard square, Cambridge, Massachusetts, an old playmate whom I will designate as the Alderman. Every resident of that part of Cambridge will recognize him at once under that title, because in that small city it is still a title of honor; and although he has not been in office for half a dozen years, yet he was so thoroughly and truly an alderman that the title will hold to him while

he lives. I wished to appeal to him on a point whereon my convictions were clear, but on which his opportunities of observation were far better than mine, as he has crossed Harvard square at least a dozen times a day for half a century. "Alderman," I said abruptly, "how long is it since you saw a Harvard student intoxicated in Harvard square or anywhere in the streets of Cambridge?" He stopped and reflected. "I cannot tell," he said; "it is a great many years." "But," said I, "you and I can remember when the college was not one-sixth as large as it is now and when such a sight was not at all uncommon." "Indeed we can," he said, and went meditatively on his way.

As a matter of fact he and I could easily recall the period when the members of every graduating class reclined on the grass in the college yard every "Class Day," around buckets of punch, of which the passers-by were invited to partake; when the college military company marched up to Porter's hotel to dinner, and came back staggering; when there were organized bands of students who robbed the neighboring henroosts and orchards; when there were occasional pitched battles between Town and Gown, in which my friend the alderman, if tradition be correct, was apt to take a pretty robust part. All these things have as absolutely passed away as if they never existed; the most innocent of these practices would now be regarded as exceedingly bad form. In a collection of 2000 young men there is, of course, a proportion of vice, but it is unquestionably less palpable to the eye in the streets of Cambridge than when the whole number of undergraduates was less than 200.

What has caused this great change? Several causes have combined to produce it. First, the greater average age of the students, although this is really very misleading, as it is created largely by the admission to college of a few much older men. One undergraduate of thirty-five—and I have known such—will bring up the whole average of his class very materially, while yet he makes them actually no older. Then the withdrawal of the southern students reared under slavery takes away the most dissolute and turbulent class formerly to be found in the university. Still again, the increased facilities of inter-

course with Boston have shifted the centre of conviviality, and the fact that Cambridge is now persistently a "No license" city and that private clubs are occasionally raided by the police, assists in removing from Cambridge all unseemly demonstrations. But all these things are subordinate, as old residents are usually willing to admit, to that change in the policy of the government which may be defined in general as driving with a loosened rein.

It is an interesting fact in American education to know that this change was not wholly of home origin within Harvard university, but that it came up with the elective system just before the inauguration of President Eliot; and was, like the elective system, largely stimulated by the example of the University of Michigan. Probably no public address ever given at any American college had so formative an influence as the address on university reform delivered before the Harvard alumni on July 19, 1866, by the Reverend Frederick H. Hedge, D.D., and to be found in the *Atlantic Monthly* for September of the same year. In this remarkable address, laying aside all prejudices in favor of the institution in which his father had been a professor and he himself was destined to become one, Doctor Hedge distinctly asserted that, compared with the University of Michigan, then but twenty-five years old, Harvard had but the spirit and attitude of a preparatory school. Speaking of Michigan, he said, "It is the only seminary in the country whose liberal scope and cosmopolitan outlook satisfy the ideal of a great university. Compared with this our other colleges are all provincial." Then, speaking of the Harvard of that day, he said, "The college proper is simply a more advanced school for boys, not differing essentially in principle and theory from the public schools in all our towns. In these, as in those, the principle is coercion. Hold your subject fast with one hand and pour knowledge into him with the other. The professors are taskmasters and public officers, the president the chief of the college police." Then he fearlessly says, "I venture to suggest that the time has come when this whole system of coercion might, with safety and profit, be done away." This opinion, from one of the most eminent

scholars whom the college had produced, was uttered in July 1866. On the 19th of May 1869, nearly three years after, President Eliot became the head of the institution.

Whether the change in system thus instituted would have been successfully carried out under a leader less vigorous and determined, we never shall know. Under a really weak leader the whole attempt at a freer system might have been abandoned, like the excellent elective system introduced and abandoned fifty years ago. At any rate, the change has been made; the whole mutual relation of teacher and pupil has been altered by it and a tone of comparative manliness has taken the place of a schoolboy tone. Pranks still occur, as they should—no one wishes the spirit of joviality to be banished, if it could be—but they are, as a rule, more gentlemanly at least, than in the period of plundered henroosts and street fights. When they become serious they are dealt with, as they should be, by the public authorities; the old tradition of entire non-interference by the police with students having been utterly laid aside. Apart from this there are certain influences now at work which are wholly the growth of the new method, and which are more valuable than any coercion. One of these is the elective system itself, which, by providing a great variety of courses, enlists the real interest of a great many who could not be held to study by any prescribed curriculum. Another is the wholly different relation now existing between professors and students, who formerly represented entirely distinct and antagonistic communities, whereas they now melt into one another. I can remember when a student positively lost caste with his fellows by being seen walking with an instructor—he was held to be intriguing with the enemy's camp—whereas now, under the elective and especially under the so-called "seminary" system, it seems the most natural and intelligible thing; this being greatly facilitated by the number of young teachers now brought into the service. Still another influence, and perhaps the most important of all, is the prominence now given to athletics; but this must be described more in detail.

The interest in athletics has been studiously fostered at Harvard and doubtless

at other colleges, as a direct antidote to the temptations of a comparatively sedentary academical life. It has now reached such an extent and variety—what with boating, football, baseball, tennis, gymnastics, polo, bicycling, track-athletics and the rest—that it occupies the attention of a very large number of students in the intervals of study, and sometimes, no doubt, to a degree which interferes with study. Now the immense advantage of all this is that it enlists on the side of temperance and morality—during the greater part of the year, at least—the most popular and influential men in every class. It makes decency and sobriety in a manner fashionable, or at least respectable. If a young fellow declines even a glass of beer and a cigar, or goes home and goes to bed at ten o'clock, the immediate inference is not that he is a milkop, but that he is an athlete. This reaches, be it observed, not the hard students, who can rarely afford to give to athletics the needful time, but who are held to abstemiousness by that same restraint; but it reaches the very class who need it most—the rich men's sons, the men of comparative leisure, and those who, but for athletics, might be the leaders in dissipation. The prescription is an old one:

"*Multa tulit fecitque puer, sudavit et alsit,
Abstinuit venere et vino.*"

Of course the argument cannot be carried too far, and it would be idle to claim any particular moral elevation for prize-fighters; but no one can live in a community where the popular men are also, for whatever reason, the abstemious men without seeing that good comes from it. And it is a sufficient index of the exaggeration that has lately prevailed about the habits of certain college clubs, when we consider that the leading and most valued members of these clubs are generally, from whatever motive, rigorous in their personal self-control. He who does not know that young men of twenty are more easily reached by such examples than by coercion knows very little of their works and ways. There are, doubtless, temptations and excesses enough left; the point is that these are such as are extended to young men everywhere, and that they are less, on the whole, than in a stricter period.

THE LIBRARY.

While we have rejoiced, during the last half century, in the emancipation of American slaves and Russian serfs, we have still been keeping up the tradition of bondage in the cold little Siberia of a public library for thousands of innocent captives, in a prison garb of brown paper. The great library event of these days is not the vast accumulation of books, wonderful though that may be, but it is the changed conviction as to the freedom with which they may be used. The accumulation is doubtless wonderful enough. In my boyish days the Harvard College library divided with the Loganian library at Philadelphia the claim to being the largest collection in the country, each containing about 35,000 volumes. Now the new university at Chicago purchases at a single stroke, in Germany, a library of 280,000 volumes, while two or three other libraries, equally large, are already in process of formation in that amazing city. But the difference in the access given to these collections is far greater than the mere change in the collections themselves. Formerly a great library was a great convent, where the books were nuns, and only accessible through a grating, under the eye of a superior. When, in 1878, I visited the celebrated library at Blenheim, since scattered, I asked the housekeeper if it was not a good deal of trouble to dust the books. "Oh, no, sir," she replied, "no dust reaches them. That case at which you are standing has not been opened for ten years." This housekeeper's ideal of a library is very much the ideal which prevailed everywhere half a century ago. During my Harvard college days not a student could handle a book until it had been brought by an attendant, had been attired in brown paper and receipted for at the librarian's desk; and subscription libraries like the Athenæum in Boston—now so magnificently liberal—were held almost as closely confined.

The first symptom of change, within my own knowledge, was when the Harvard College library, on removal to Gore hall, placed perhaps 1000 volumes in the delivery room for direct handling by the student. This was about 1842, and yet I can remember that, when the Worcester, Massachusetts, Public library was

founded, about 1859, it was regarded as a rather risky experiment to put a few dozen dictionaries and cyclopædias where they could be handled by all. Even when the Cambridge Public library was removed in 1890 to the new building given it by Mr. Rindge, the librarians viewed "with fear and trembling," as they have since admitted, the proposal to put 2000 books of reference, including such books as the *Art Journal* and whole sets of such authors as Scott and Irving and Thackeray, within reach of all. With equal misgiving was received the proposal to strip the brown paper covers from all the books except fiction and "juveniles"—a compromise being made, perhaps mistakenly, there—in other words, to permit the nuns to be seen unveiled. Yet when we consider how little we know of a book until we have actually looked at it and fingered it—I can remember when all connoisseurs in books added the sense of smell also with recent English imprints—we can see what a drawback to intimacy it is when a work is asked for only by a number in a catalogue and then held with a brown paper cover between. "Books, sir," said the old bibliographer, "I give you my word of honor that Mr. — knows nothing whatever about books—except perhaps about their insides!" But the old-fashioned librarian went to the other extreme and permitted his customers, if they must read the books, to know nothing at all about their outsides.

One needs only to read the *Library Journals* to see what a change is sweeping over our libraries on all these points. As to covers, the whole story is perhaps best summed up by what a rural librarian said to me on the matter. "I observe," she said, "that if I give a farmer a library book with a paper cover, he throws it into the bottom of the wagon among the squashes; but if I give him one without a cover he puts it carefully under the cushion of the wagon." But as to freedom of access to books, this naturally excited most caution in free public libraries, where the custodians felt responsible to the town collectively, yet rather distrustful of the town individually. Not having to deal with a picked class, as in society libraries, they felt that they must exercise especial care. As a matter of fact the caution began at the wrong end, since it is

the picked class alone which is dangerous. Poor and ignorant readers may use a book clumsily, but they rarely steal or mutilate one; they have not the temptation. All experienced librarians know that the really dangerous visitor is the collector, the connoisseur, the student, the seeker after a rare pamphlet or an odd number. There are men who can be left unwatched in a bank safe, but not in an autograph collection. Then there is sometimes, no doubt, the poor student yielding to temptation, and there is sometimes, but more rarely, the professional thief. But these cannot be guarded against by any precautions, and a library may well undergo some losses for the inestimable advantage of a freer access to the books.

As a result of such reasoning, it is now a common thing in our public libraries to have a considerable collection of reference books open to the public. It is my belief that this is destined to go much further, and that the tendency is toward the admission of mature readers to the direct use of the main collection. The pioneer in this respect was probably the public library of a town in Rhode Island—a manufacturing town, be it observed, with a large foreign population—in which a library of 12,000 volumes was long since thrown open to the public for direct contact and handling of the books; and this, as the librarian reports, with no greater injury or loss than under the old discipline of restraint. The same plan has since been boldly applied in large cities like Cleveland, Ohio, and Minneapolis, Minnesota, with similar results. In Cleveland a new building was expressly arranged with a view to this use, having converging alcoves, so that one assistant's desk commands a view of several, and all who use the library can select their own books after as free inspection as at home. This does not at present include the alcoves containing fiction and "juveniles;" but one immediate result is to diminish the disproportionate use of those departments and to promote a better use of books. It is asserted by the librarian and trustees that the change brings with it no added loss of books and no increased expenditure for attendants. Akin to this is the practice, now steadily increasing, of placing all the newer books at the front, near the librarian's desk, so that the pub-

lic can keep informed, like the habitual visitors at bookstores, of the current literature. This is effected at the Cambridge public library by three revolving cases, one containing the very latest accessions, another those not quite so new, and a third—perhaps the most useful of all—containing selected children's books; so that the boys and girls who would otherwise spend an hour in laboriously calling for successive books by Oliver Optic, none of these being in, may find with surprise that there are other authors quite as attractive, of whom they have never even heard.

It is by such benevolent wiles, such common-sense practices, that we are to solve the vexed problem of improvement in the public reading. It is liable to the objection, if objection it be, that it involves a little confidence in human nature and in the intelligence of the masses. "Suspicion," says Sir Philip Sidney, "is the way to lose that we do fear to lose." An ounce of visible and generous confidence is worth a pound of iron bars.

A striking illustration of this has been the change, during thirty years, in the

condition of our schoolhouses. The old red schoolhouse, about which the stump speaker grows sentimental, was usually carved with jack-knives from doorsill to ceiling; the new building, costing a hundred times as much, goes unscathed. There is no added espionage, no increased terror of discipline, but a perpetual silent appeal to the good sense and good taste of the pupils. The excellent superintendent of the Cambridge, Massachusetts, public schools, Mr. Francis Cogswell, having occasion to read through the records of the school committee for many years back, told me that he was surprised to find how much time was occupied at the early meetings in devising defences against the pencils and knife-blades of the children. "Now," he said, "we have buildings costing more than the united buildings of the town then cost, and the school committee never has occasion to consider that matter for one instant." So with our public libraries; the time is coming when we shall be less timid, less half-hearted, in trusting the community with what is, after all, its own property.

HOPE.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

BLITHE portress at the gateways of the soul!
 Dear sycophant, that dost so fondly cling
 To even our worst of sorrows! Bark whose wing
 Dauntlessly voyages to illusion's goal,
 Heedless if it be shadow, if rock and shoal!
 White bird that carollest thine unwearying
 Trebles of song, like those by new-born spring
 Lured heavenward from some blossom-tinted knoll!

Ah, Hope, thou art sweet when mad seas glass wild skies,
 When war, pest, earthquake riots in bitter glee,
 Or yet when tyranny tortures and enslaves;
 But sweetest when thy shape phantasmal flies,
 A luminous dream named Immortality,
 Over the darkness of earth's myriad graves!





I HAVE been asked to say some words of introduction to a subject of which readers of this magazine will hear more from others; I mean that of mechanical flight.

Everyone will understand, I hope, at the outset, that the flight now spoken of is that of a machine, and not that of a man trying to support himself in the air by his own muscular effort; for the latter aim may never be reached, while the former has been partly realized already, and its possibilities are growing into certainties. Even while I write they are passing from the region of the vague into that of the definite, and from the ill-directed efforts of isolated, ignorant enthusiasts to the attention of physicists, and to that of men of science generally.

Ever since man has watched what nature has done in this way, and has seen the air occupied by her flying machines; from the days of *Dædalus* to our own, attempts have been made to imitate her, and to conquer for man this near and yet remote "kingdom of the air." Everyone knows how well nature has kept her secret. No one, from the beginning of time to this day, has yet made any heavy flying machine sustain itself as hers do; for what we are talking of is not primarily something which floats like the balloon in the air, by virtue of its levity, but rather something like the bird, far heavier than the air itself. Not all the resources of modern mechanism have yet enabled anyone so to sustain a weight equal to that of the smallest bird for a single minute, while the flying-machine projector has been, up to the very past year, the popular type of foolish, hopelessly ill-directed effort.

Men of science are themselves partly responsible for this, for the highest authorities, beginning with Sir Isaac Newton, have laid down "laws" (founded not on experiment, but on what seemed most plausible reasoning) which have been accepted on the authority of such great names and on account of this apparent reasonableness. It is within comparatively recent times only that there has been any serious doubt whether these dicta, which seemed so agreeable to common sense, were "laws" at all, or rather "fond things vainly invented," and it is only very lately indeed that a direct trial of the facts has proved them to be untrustworthy.

The dicta in question have nearly all tended to show that mechanical flight must demand such enormous power as to be practically impossible. The change which has come about so lately in the attitude of scientific men to the subject is due partly to the fact that a few among them, after questioning nature anew, have felt sure of their results. They have felt so sure that, even with the record of thousands of years of past failure in their view, they have still been willing to accept the odium of being classed with visionaries, for the sake of bringing forward new facts. These facts prove in substance that the great aerial highway (that road which goes to every spot on earth) may be opened to travel yet; even in our own time and for our own use, if we will consent to look on the newly gathered evidence impartially and then act wisely.

It has been said that those who ask attention to a new truth (and a new truth is always looked on with suspicion) find

that its public reception passes through three stages. In the first, its advocate is told that his so-called truth is opposed to all that is known, and absurd; in the second, that if proved true it would be useless; in the third (which is the stage where its ultimate success appears probable), that it has always been known and that no one needs to be told of it.

These successive stages often take a long time to traverse, and more than one discoverer has heard the first answer in his youth, and the last, only as the reward of his life's labor, in his old age. The cycle has been run through, however, with such unusual rapidity, in the case of the new truths we are now discussing, that it would almost appear to have passed through the first stage, to be passing through the second and to be entering on the third within the course of one revolving year, for even at the time this is written people are beginning to be impressed by the fact that there may be something in it, and some are beginning to draw the natural conclusion that if there is anything in it they must always have known it.

There can hardly be more useful work done, then, than that recently undertaken by Mr. Chanute, in directing popular attention to the nature of the evidence and in making common the idea that this is now an investigation where the first stages of truth's reception have already been passed, and hence, one which may be entered on without that fear of detriment to professional dignity which has kept some away till the odium of even investigating such a subject should have been borne by others.

The physicist and the engineer will find, then, a new profession here to occupy him later. This is not the occasion to enter into any explanations or details for the professional student, who must look for them elsewhere. The reader who wants to know about the novel ideas in general, not in detail, and who may have associated the new subject of aerodromics (the word suggests a running on the air in contradistinction to a floating in it) with the old one of ballooning, may be invited to remark that these are radically opposed to each other in principle. He may compare the ordinary balloon, in its relation to the air, to a log or a jelly fish in the water, inertly floating in its element, on

account of its being specifically lighter than its surroundings. The new "flying machine" type is to be compared rather to a skipping stone running over the water, just because of its intrinsic density and the velocity which this very density renders it possible to impress on it; or to the skater who passes safely, because swiftly, over thin ice which would not bear his own weight a moment if he stood still.

Thus, when

"Swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along
the main,"

it is not a poetical fancy only. Recent exact experiment has rendered it as certain as anything proved and tried can be, that if we only move fast enough, even thin air will resist sufficiently to sustain us. I cannot, in these merely introductory words, tell how this may be done, but it will doubtless be the privilege of readers here to find these interesting details described by others later.

It may be said now, however, that all intelligent efforts in this new direction aim at great swiftness by taking advantage of the inertia of the air, that is, of its indisposition to be suddenly displaced, a property long known to belong to it, but whose importance in this particular connection is just beginning to be recognized. The reader may see it utilized by nature in the flight of any bird, obviously in those that flap their wings, and less evidently, but with still more effect, in those which are said to "soar," that is, to sail on rigid, motionless pinions. This latter type, it will be observed, is not the familiar one of the sparrow, the crow, or any such bird which rapidly moves its wings; "soaring" implying progression on motionless pinions—a type rare in our northern states, where it is hardly popularly known at all, but familiar in the South, where the great vultures like the condor present it in its fulness, remaining on outstretched wing without a quiver of a feather for hours together, and rising at pleasure without apparent effort, as if in defiance of the laws of gravitation, till the observer almost doubts the evidence of his senses. Those who cannot see this with their own eyes may consult absolutely trustworthy observers, such as Darwin,

or better (because fuller), Mouillard, in that remarkable book *L'Empire de l'Air*, which can be commended as uniting in a rare degree exact observation to a most charming style.

We are far from having penetrated the whole of nature's secret here. While many "flying machines" are at this moment being built in entire ignorance of it, and the best in partial ignorance—for the wisest as yet know but a part of what remains to be learned—those are probably nearest success who have built so far on nature's plan as to use rigid supporting surfaces, but have wisely added a fund of power in a different form from hers—that of engines and propellers.

Mr. Maxim, whose name is widely known as that of a most successful inventor, is understood to have nearly completed, at Kent, in England, a flying machine on this principle, stretching over 100 feet from tip to tip of the so-called "wings." These are really comparatively rigid kite-like supporting planes, supplied with twin propellers like those of an ocean steamer, and actuated by engines of almost the nominal horse power of those belonging to the first Cunarders which crossed the Atlantic, and, in the writer's opinion, probably thus fitted with sufficient mechanical power to secure horizontal flight, if that power can only be rightly directed. With this machine Mr. Maxim expects to make an early attempt at artificial flight on the grandest scale. We will all wish him the success which the boldness of his conception and the skill of its mechanical execution deserve, for there is no one perhaps among actual constructors who can provide with more ingenuity and foreknowledge against every difficulty such as is ordinarily called "mechanical." When all this is done, however, doubtless he does not conceal from himself that there remain immense difficulties in guiding the machine if it once gets in the air. With the fullest confidence in the ultimate success of the principle of aerodynamics, we may yet call him a bold man who steps first from the solid earth in such a vehicle into the element above; all the more credit to him if he succeed!

In connection with what has just been said, the reader may note an important distinction. It is one thing to have sufficient power to fly, and another to be able

to use it; much as it is one thing to have strength enough to swim, and another to be able to do so, unless we have been taught how to use this strength in actual swimming. Although it may be certain that here, as elsewhere, "*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*," this first step is terribly hard to take, and the penalty of failure is immediate disaster; yet there is no doubt that plenty will be found to take this post of danger in the acquisition of the requisite initiatory skill. This is indispensable, and there is reason to believe that it could be acquired as easily as the skill to move on skates or on a bicycle, since a being as far below the intelligence of man as a young bird is, acquires it in an hour. The bird tests its power in actual flight and at the risk of falling, as man must come to do a little later, though for him a fall means under such circumstances something far more dangerous.

I repeat, then (for this is a fundamentally important fact), that it is not so much the power, as the skill to guide it, which we lack. It is already demonstrated that the power is actually here, in certain recent engines; but this "learning to guide it," however brief the process, is attended with such risk as will make the first who try to learn objects of deserved interest and a solicitude we should only bestow on those risking their lives, not out of fool-hardiness, but for a useful end.

Once more, then (for we cannot be too clear or too emphatic about this), it has been demonstrated that machines, even if they are built of the heavier metals, such as steel, can be sustained in the air with an expenditure of power certainly within our ability to command, and at a great speed, if they are guided rightly. What has not been demonstrated, is that we can guide such machines aright in the desired horizontal path and that we can descend with safety in them; and this is the next thing to do.

"All roads lead to Rome," it is said. Over our head is the road which may lead everyone everywhere, and which it is certain we have acquired in the last year or two the mechanical power to traverse, if we can only add to that power the requisite skill; and it now seems probable that this acquirement will be reached within the lifetime of the present generation.

It remains to be said that while the new

conditions on which this road is open insure that only very rapid travel can occur on it; it may happen that the risk will prove so great that this new mode of transit, under this seducing but most dangerous condition of immense rapidity, may be confined to the use of the very few, and devoted at first principally to the arts of war rather than those of peace. I do not mean that we need anticipate the vision of him who

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there
rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the
central blue;

for it is not necessary to resort to the poetical fancy of actual "airy navies," since there lies immediately before us a much more evident and practical use for the coming "Aerodrome" in warfare. It is plain, indeed, even to the unmilitary mind, that if each of two armies can send out to circle above the opposing camp such an "air-runner," whose speed makes it independent of the wind, and able to return to its place of departure with quick and sure intelligence of everything the enemy would conceal—it is plain that under such circumstances, and without the need of any new weapon, the art of war must be modified almost as radically

as the game of whist would be if each player were allowed to look into his opponent's hand before the cards were played.

I have permitted myself, here, to speak of the subject of artificial flight in its popular aspect, rather than in the technical one in which it presents itself to the scientific investigator. I have done so because it is by the hold which it is to take upon the popular interest and favor, largely through such means as this, that those men of science who already believe in its success may be aided in encountering the still lingering prejudice which once attached to the very name of "flying machine," and because this prejudice will be surely revived if the first reports of actual attempts at mechanical flight are those of failure. This, be it said, is a more than possible contingency, for it would be indeed little less than miraculous if the way to success were not taught by failures at first, here as elsewhere.

Whatever the effect on the scientific student, however—who, after all, will probably seek his special aliment further afield—the general reader may, I hope, find here later what may have for him the interest of a very fairy tale of science; and what is better still, one whose actual realization he may hope to live to see and to personally enjoy.

ART.

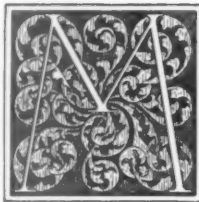
BY LILLA CABOT PERRY.

WOULD'ST know the artist? Then go seek
Him in his labors. He may strive
That nature's voice alone should speak
From page or canvas to the heart;
Yet is it passionately alive
With his own soul! Of him 'tis part!
This happy failure, this is art.



THE PASSING OF SISTER BARSETT.

BY SARAH ORNE JEWETT.



R. S. MERCY CRANE was of such firm persuasion that a house is meant to be lived in, that during many years she was never known to leave her own neat two-storied

dwelling place on the Ridge road. Yet she was very fond of company, and in pleasant weather often sat in the side doorway looking out on her green yard, where the grass grew short and thick and was undisfigured even by a path toward the steps. All her faded green blinds were securely tied together and knotted on the inside by pieces of white tape; but now and then, when the sun was not too hot for her carpets, she opened one window at a time for a few hours, having pronounced views upon the necessity of light and air. Although Mrs. Crane was acknowledged by her best friends to be a peculiar person and very set in her ways, she was much respected, and one acquaintance vied with another in making up for her melancholy seclusion by bringing her all the news they could gather. She had been left alone many years before by the sudden death of her husband from sunstroke, and though she was by no means poor, she had, as someone said, "such a pretty way of taking a little present that you couldn't help being pleased when you gave her anything."

For a lover of society, such a life must have had its difficulties at times, except that the Ridge road was more travelled than any other in the township, and Mrs. Crane had invented a system of signals to which she always resorted in case of wishing to speak to some one of her neighbors.

The afternoon was wearing late one day toward the end of summer, and Mercy Crane sat in her doorway dressed in a favorite old-fashioned light calico and a small shoulder shawl figured with large palm leaves. She was making some tatting of a somewhat intricate pattern; she

believed it to be the prettiest and most durable of trimmings, and having decorated her own wardrobe in the course of unlimited leisure, she was now making a few yards apiece for each of her more intimate friends, so that they might have something to remember her by. She kept glancing up the road as if she expected some one, but the time went slowly by, until at last a woman appeared to view, walking fast and carrying a large bundle in a checked handkerchief.

Then Mercy Crane worked steadily for a short time without looking up, until the desired friend was crossing the grass between the dusty road and the steps. The visitor was out of breath and did not respond to the polite greeting of her hostess until she had recovered herself to her satisfaction. Mrs. Crane made her the kind offer of a glass of water or a few peppermints, but was answered only by a shake of the head, so she resumed her work for a time until the silence should be broken.

"I have come from the house of mourning," said Sarah Ellen Dow at last, unexpectedly.

"You don't tell me that Sister Barsett—"

"She's left us this time, she's really gone," and the excited newsbringer burst into tears. The poor soul was completely overwrought; she looked tired and wan, as if she had spent her forces in sympathy as well as hard work. She felt in her great bundle for a pocket handkerchief, but was not successful in the search, and finally produced a faded gingham apron with long, narrow strings, with which she hastily dried her tears. The sad news appealed also to Mercy Crane, who looked across to her apple trees and could not see them for a dazzle of tears in her own eyes. The spectacle of Sarah Ellen Dow going home with her humble work-a-day possessions, from the house where she had gone in haste only a few days before, to care for a sick person well known to them both, was a very sad sight.

"You sent word yesterday that you should be returnin' early this afternoon, and would stop. I presume I received the

message as you gave it?" asked Mrs. Crane, who was tenacious in such matters; "but I do declare I never looked to hear she was gone."

"She's been failin' right along sence yisterday about this time," said the nurse. "She's taken no notice to speak of, and been eatin' the vally o' nothin' I may say, since I went there a-Tuesday. Her sisters both come back yisterday, an', of course, I was expected to give up charge to them. They're used to sickness, an' both havin' such a name for bein' great housekeepers!"

Sarah Ellen spoke with bitterness, but Mrs. Crane was reminded instantly of her own affairs. "I feel condemned that I ain't begun my own fall cleanin' yet," she said, with an ostentatious sigh.

"Plenty o' time to worry about that," her friend hastened to console her.

"I do desire to have everything decent about my house," resumed Mrs. Crane. "There's nobody to do anything but me. If I was to be taken away sudden myself, I shouldn't want to have it said afterwards that there was wisps under my sofy or—there! I can't dwell on my own troubles with Sister Barsett's loss right before me. I can't seem to believe she's really passed away; she always was saying she should go in some o' these spells, but I deemed her to be troubled with narves."

Sarah Ellen Dow shook her head. "I'm all nerved up myself," she said brokenly. "I made light of her sickness when I went there first, I'd seen her what she called dreadful low so many times; but I saw her looks this morning and I begun to believe her at last. Them sisters o' hers is the master for unfeelin' hearts. Sister Barsett was a-layin' there yesterday, an' one of 'em was a settin' right by her tellin' how difficult 'twas fer her to leave home, her niece was goin' to graduate to the high school, an' they was goin' to have a time in the evening and all the exercises promised to be extry in-

teresting. Poor Sister Barsett knew what she said an' looked at her with contempt, and then she give a glance at me and closed up her eyes as if 'twas for the last time. I know she felt it."

Sarah Ellen Dow was more and more excited by a sense of bitter grievance. Her rule of the afflicted household had evidently been interfered with; she was not accustomed to be ignored and set aside at such times. Her simple nature and



"SHE FELT IN HER GREAT BUNDLE FOR A POCKET HANDKERCHIEF."

uncommon ability found satisfaction in the exercise of authority, but she had now left her post feeling hurt and wronged, besides knowing something of the pain of honest affliction.

"If it hadn't been for esteemin' Sister Barsett as I always have done, I should have told 'em no, an' held to it, when they asked me to come back an' watch tonight. 'Tain't for none o' their sakes, but Sister Barsett was a good friend to me in her

way." Sarah Ellen broke down once more and felt in her bundle again hastily, but the handkerchief was again elusive, while a small object fell out upon the doorstep with a bounce.

"'Tain't nothin' but a little taste-cake I spared out o' the loaf I baked this mornin'," she explained with a blush. "I was so shoved out that I seemed to want to turn my hand to somethin' useful an' feel I was still doin' for Sister Barsett. Try a little piece, won't you, Mis' Crane? I thought it seemed light an' good."

They shared the taste-cake with serious enjoyment, and pronounced it very good indeed when they had finished and shaken the crumbs out of their laps. "There's nobody but you shall come an' do for me at the last if I can have my way about things," said Mercy Crane impulsively. She meant it for a tribute to Miss Dow's character and general ability, and as such it was meekly accepted.

"You're a younger person than I be, an' less wore," said Sarah Ellen, but she felt better now that she had rested, and her conversational powers seemed to be refreshed by her share of the little cake. "Doctor Bangs has behaved real pretty, I can say that," she continued presently in a mournful tone.

"Heretofore, in the sickness of Sister Barsett, I have always felt to hope certain that she would survive; she's recovered from a sight o' things in her day. She has been the first to have all the new diseases that's visited this region. I know she had the spinal mergetis months before there was any other case about," observed Mrs. Crane with satisfaction.

"An' the new throat troubles, all of 'em," agreed Sarah Ellen, "an' has made trial of all the best patent medicines, and could tell you their merits as no one else could in this vicinity. She never was one that depended on herbs alone, though she considered 'em extremely useful in some cases. Everybody has their herb, as we know, but I'm free to say that Sister Barsett sometimes done everything she could to kill herself with such rovin' ways o' dosin'. She must see it now she's gone an' can't stuff down no more invigorators." Sarah Ellen Dow burst out suddenly with this as if she could no longer contain her honest opinion. "Sister Barsett never knowed no other way to make her-

self o' consequence in this community except with her ailments, an' when one thing would cease to draw attention she'd 'tend right to workin' up the particulars of another. I may seem to you unfeelin', but now she's gone I see that side o' her character in its true light."

"There, there! you're all worked up," answered placid Mercy Crane, looking more interested than ever.

"An' she was dreadful handy to talk religion to other folks, but I've come to a realizin' sense that religion is somethin' besides opinions. She an' Elder French has been mostly o' one mind, but I don't know's they've got hold of all the religion there is."

"Why, why, Sarah Ellen!" exclaimed Mrs. Crane, but there was still something in her tone that urged the speaker to further expression of her feelings. The good creature was much excited, her face was clouded with disapproval.

"I ain't forgettin' nothin' about their good points either," she went on in a more subdued tone, and suddenly stopped.

"Preachin' 'll be done away with soon or late; preachin' o' Elder French's kind," announced Mercy Crane after waiting to see if her guest did not mean to say anything more. "I should like to read 'em out that verse another fashion: 'Be ye doers o' the word, not preachers only,' would hit it about right; but there, it's easy for all of us to talk. In my early days I used to like to get out to meetin' regular, because sure as I didn't I had bad luck all the week. I didn't feel pacified 'less I'd been half a day, but I was out all day the Sabbath before Mr. Barlow died as he did. So you mean to say that Sister Barsett's really gone?"

Mrs. Crane's tone changed to one of real concern, and her manner indicated that she had put the preceding conversation behind her with decision.

"She was herself to the last," instantly responded Miss Dow. "I see her put out a thumb an' finger from under the spread an' pinch up a fold of her sister Deckett's dress, to try an' see if 'twas all wool. I thought 'twan't all wool myself, an' I know it now by the way she looked. She was a very knowin' person about materials; we shall miss poor Mis' Barsett in many ways, she was always the one to consult with about matters o' dress."

"She passed away easy at the last, I hope?" asked Mrs. Crane with interest.

"Why, I wan't there, if you'll believe it!" exclaimed Sarah Ellen, flushing and looking at her friend for sympathy. "Sister Barsett revived up the first o' the afternoon and they sent for Elder French. She took notice of him and he exhorted quite a spell and then he spoke o' there being need of air in the room, Mis' Deckett havin' closed every window, an' she asked me of all folks if I hadn't better step out; but Elder French come too, an' he was very reasonable an' had a word with me 'bout Mis' Deckett and Mis' Peak an' the way they was workin' things. I told him right out how they never come near when the rest of us was havin' it so hard with her along in the spring, but now they thought she was re'lly goin' to die they come settlin' down like a pair o' old crows in a field to pick for what they could get. I just made up my mind they should have all the care if they wanted it; it didn't seem as if there was anything more I could do for Sister Barsett, an' I set there in the kitchen within call an' waited, an' when I heard 'em sayin', 'There, she's gone, she's gone!' and Mis' Deckett a-weepin', I put on my bunnit and stepped myself out into the road. I felt to repent after I had gone but a rod, but I was so worked up, an' I thought they'd call me back an' then I was put out because they didn't, and so here I be. I can't help it now." Sarah Ellen was crying again; she and Mrs. Crane could not look at each other.

"Well, you set an' rest," said Mrs. Crane kindly and with the merest shadow of disapproval. "You set an' rest an' by an' by if you'd feel better you could go back an' just make a little stop an' inquire about the arrangements. I wouldn't harbor no feelin's if they be inconsiderate folks. Sister Barsett has often deplored their actions in my hearing an' wished she had sisters like other folks. With all her faults she was a useful person an' a good neighbor," mourned Mercy Crane sincerely. "She was one that always had somethin' interestin' to tell, an' if it wan't for her dyin' spells an' all that sort o' nonsense she'd make a figger in the world, she would so. She walked with an air always, Mis' Barsett did; you'd asked who she was if you hadn't known, as she

passed you by. How quick we forget the outs about anybody that's gone, but I always feel grateful to anybody that's friendly, situated as I be. I shall miss her, runnin' over. I can seem to see her now coming over the rise in the road. But don't you get in a way of takin' things too hard, Sarah Ellen! You've worked yourself all to pieces since I saw you last; you're gettin' to be as lean as a meetin' house fly. Now you're comin' in to have a cup o' tea with me an' then you'll feel better. I've got some new molasses gingerbread that I baked this mornin'."

"I do feel beat out, Mis' Crane," acknowledged the poor little soul, glad of a chance to speak, but touched by this unexpected mark of consideration. "If I could ha' done as I wanted to I should be feelin' well enough, but to be set aside an' ordered about, where I'd taken the lead in sickness so much, an' knew how to deal with Sister Barsett so well! She might be livin' now perhaps—"

"Come, we'd better go in, 'tis gettin' damp," and the mistress of the house rose so hurriedly as to seem bustling. "Don't dwell on Sister Barsett and her foolish folks no more; I wouldn't if I was you."

They went into the front room, which was dim with the twilight of the half-closed blinds and two great syringa bushes that grew against them. Sarah Ellen put down her bundle and bestowed herself in the large, cane-seated rocking chair. Mrs. Crane directed her to stay there awhile and rest, and then come out into the kitchen when she got ready.

A cheerful clatter of dishes was heard at once upon Mrs. Crane's disappearance. "I hope she's goin' to make one o' her nice shortcakes, but I don't know's she'll think it quite worth while," thought the guest humbly. She desired to go out into the kitchen, but it was proper behavior to wait until she should be called. Mercy Crane was not a person with whom one could venture to take liberties. Presently Sarah Ellen began to feel better. She did not often find such a quiet place or the quarter of an hour of idleness in which to enjoy it, and was glad to make the most of this opportunity. Just now she felt tired and lonely. She was a busy, unselfish, eager-minded creature by nature, but

now, while grief was sometimes uppermost in her mind and sometimes a sense of wrong, every moment found her more peaceful, and the great excitement little by little faded away.

"What a person poor Sister Barsett was to dread growing old so she couldn't get about. I'm sure I shall miss her as much as anybody," said Mrs. Crane, suddenly opening the kitchen door and letting in an unmistakable and delicious odor of shortcake that revived still more the drooping spirits of her guest. "An' a good deal of knowledge has died with her," she added, coming into the dark room and seeming to make it lighter.

"There, she knew a good deal, but she didn't know all, especially o' doctorin'," insisted Sarah Ellen from the rocking chair, with an unexpected little laugh. "She used to lay down the law to me as if I had neither sense nor experience, but when it came to her bad spells she'd always send for me. It takes everybody to know everything, but Sister Barsett was of an opinion that her information was sufficient for the town. She was tellin' me the day I went there how she disliked to have old Mis' Doubleday come and visit with her, an' remarked that she called Mis' Doubleday very officious. 'Went right down on her knees an' prayed,' says she. 'Anybody would have thought I was a heathen!' But I kind of pacified her feelin's, an' told her I supposed the old lady meant well."

"Did she give away any of her things? Mis' Barsett, I mean," inquired Mrs. Crane.

"Not in my hearin'," replied Sarah Ellen Dow. "Except one day, the first of the week, she told her oldest sister, Mis' Deckett—'twas that first day she rode over—that she might have her green quilted petticoat; you see, 'twas a rainy day an' Mis' Deckett had complained o' feelin' thin. She went right up an' got it and put it on an' wore it off, an' I'm



"BUT ELDER FRENCH COME TOO AN' HE WAS VERY REASONABLE."

sure I thought no more about it until I heard Sister Barsett groanin' dreadful in the night. I got right up to see what the matter was, an' what do you think but she was wantin' that petticoat back, and not thinking any too well o' Nancy Deckett for takin' it when 'twas offered. 'Nancy never showed no sense o' propriety,' says Sister Barsett; I just wish you'd heard her go on!"

"If she had felt to remember me," continued Sarah Ellen, after they had laughed a little, "I'd full as soon have some of her nice crockery ware. She told me once, years ago, when I was stopping to tea with her and we were havin' it real friendly, that she should leave me her Britannia teaset, but I ain't got it in writin' and I can't say she's ever referred to the matter since. It ain't as if I had a home o' my own to keep it in, but I should have thought a great deal of it for her sake," and the speaker's voice faltered. "I must say that with all her virtues she never was a first-class housekeeper, but I wouldn't say it to any but a friend. You never eat no preserves o' hers that wa'n't

commencin' to work, and you know as well as I how little forethought she had about putting away her woollens. I sat behind her once in meetin' when I was stoppin' with the Tremletts and so occupied a seat in their pew, an' I see between ten an' a dozen moth millers come workin' out o' her fitch-fur tippet. They was flutterin' round her bonnet same's 'twas a lamp. I should be mortified to death to have such a thing happen to me."

"Every housekeeper has her weak point; I've got mine as much as anybody else," acknowledged Mercy Crane with spirit, "but you never see no moth millers come workin' out o' me in a public place."

"Ain't your oven beginning to get over-het?" anxiously inquired Sarah Ellen Dow, who was sitting more in the draught and could not bear to have any accident happen to the supper. Mrs. Crane flew to a shortcake's rescue, and presently called her guest to the table.

The two women sat down to deep and brimming cups of tea.

Sarah Ellen noticed with great gratification that her hostess had put on two of the best teacups and some citron-melon preserves. It was not an every-day tea. She was used to hard fare, poor, hard-working Sarah Ellen, and this handsome social attention did her good. Sister Crane rarely entertained a friend, and it would be a pleasure to speak of this tea-drinking for weeks to come.

"You've put yourself out quite a considerable for me," she acknowledged. "How pretty these cups is! you oughtn't to use 'em so common or for me. I wish I had a home I could really call my own to ask you to, but 'tain't never been so I could. Sometimes I wonder what's goin' to become o' me when I get so I'm past work. Takin' care o' sick folks and bein' in houses where there's a sight goin' on and everybody in a hurry kind of wears on me now I'm most a-gittin' in years. I was wishin' the other day that I could get with some comfortable kind of a sick person where I could live right along quiet as other folks do, but folks never sends for me 'less they're drove to it. I ain't laid up anything to really depend upon."

The situation appealed to Mercy Crane, well to do as she was and not burdened with responsibilities. She stirred uneasily in her chair but could not bring her-

self to the point of offering Sarah Ellen the home she coveted.

"Have some hot tea?" she insisted in a matter of fact tone, and Sarah Ellen's face, which had been lighted by a sudden eager hopefulness, grew dull and narrow again.

"Plenty, plenty, Mis' Crane," she said sadly, "'tis beautiful tea—you always have good tea," but she could not turn her thoughts from her own uncertain future. "None of our folks has ever lived to be a burden," she said presently in a pathetic tone, putting down her cup. "My mother was thought to be doing well until four o'clock and was dead at ten. My Aunt Nancy come to our house well at twelve o'clock and died that afternoon; my father was sick but ten days. There was dear sister Betsey, she did go in consumption, but 'twan't an expensive sickness."

"I've thought sometimes about you, how you'd get past rovin' from house to house one o' these days. I guess your friends will stand by you." Mrs. Crane spoke with unwonted sympathy, and Sarah Ellen's heart leaped with joy.

"You're real kind," she said simply. "There's nobody I set so much by. But I shall miss Sister Barsett, when all's said an' done. She's asked me many a time to stop with her when I wasn't doin' nothin'. We all have our failin's, but she was a friendly creature. I sha'n't want to see her laid away."

"Yes, I was thinkin' a few minutes ago that I shouldn't want to look out an' see the funeral go by. She's one o' the old neighbors. I s'pose I shall have to look, or I shouldn't feel right afterward," said Mrs. Crane mournfully. "If I hadn't got so kind of housebound," she added with touching frankness, "I'd just as soon go over with you an' offer to watch this night."

"'Twould astonish Sister Barsett so I don't know but she'd return." Sarah Ellen's eyes danced with amusement; she could not resist her own joke, and Mercy Crane herself had to smile.

"Now I must be goin' or 'twill be dark," said the guest, rising and sighing after she had eaten her last crumb of gingerbread. "Yes, thank ye, you're real good, I will come back if I find I ain't wanted. Look what a pretty sky there

is!" and the two friends went to the side door and stood together in a moment of affectionate silence, looking out toward the sunset across the wide fields. The country was still with that deep rural stillness which seems to mean the absence of humanity. Only the thrushes were singing far away in the walnut woods beyond the orchard, and some crows were flying over and cawed once loudly, as if they were speaking to the women at the door.

Just as the friends were parting, after most grateful acknowledgments from Sarah Ellen Dow, someone came driving along the road in a hurry and stopped.

"Who's that with you, Mis' Crane?" called one of their near neighbors.

"It's Sarah Ellen Dow," answered Mrs. Crane. "What's the matter?"

"I thought so, but I couldn't rightly see. Come, they are in a peck o' trouble up to Sister Barsett's, wonderin' where you be," grumbled the man. "They can't do nothin' with her; she's drove off everybody an' keeps a screechin' for you. Come, step along, Sarah Ellen, do!"

"Sister Barsett!" exclaimed both the women. Mercy Crane sank down upon

the doorstep, but Sarah Ellen stepped out upon the grass all of a tremble, and went toward the wagon. "They said this afternoon that Sister Barsett was gone," she managed to say. "What did they mean?"

"Gone where?" asked the impatient neighbor. "I expect 'twas one of her spells. She's come to; they say she wants somethin' hearty for her tea. Nobody can't take one step till you get there neither."

Sarah Ellen was still dazed; she returned to the doorway where Mercy Crane sat shaking with laughter. "I don't know but we might as well laugh as cry," she said in an aimless sort of way. "I know you too well to think you're going to repeat a single word. Well, I'll get my bonnet an' start; I expect I've got considerable to cope with, but I'm well rested. Good night, Mis' Crane, I certain did have a beautiful tea whatever the future may have in store."

She wore a solemn expression as she mounted into the wagon in haste and departed, but she was far out of sight when Mercy Crane stopped laughing and went into the house.



"I GUESS YOUR FRIENDS WILL STAND BY YOU," SAID MRS. CRANE.



PROFESSOR LOUNSBURY, in his delightful *Life of Cooper*, speaks feelingly of the "infinite capacity of the human mind to withstand the introduction of knowledge." I doubt whether even a college professor becomes more sadly and profoundly impressed with the truth of this statement than does a civil service commissioner. The spoils system of making appointments to and removals from office is so wholly and unmixedly evil, is so emphatically un-American and undemocratic, and is so potent a force for degradation in our public life that it is difficult to believe that any intelligent man of ordinary decency who has looked into the subject can be its advocate. On the other hand, the merit system, which we are striving to put in its place, has been proved by actual trial to work so well that it is difficult to understand how there can be any serious opposition thereto, or, indeed, how it can fail to receive the zealous support of every citizen who has sense enough to see what is best for the country, and patriotism enough to wish to see that best adopted.

The two systems are now working side by side in our government service. About a fourth of the offices under the federal government are administered in accordance with the provisions of the civil service law. The remaining three-fourths are administered as they all were until within the last nine years—that is, in accordance with that most pernicious maxim, To the victor belong the spoils. In a nutshell, the spoils or patronage theory is that public office is primarily designed for partisan plunder, and that the victorious party is entitled to loot the departments at Washington, the navy yards, the post-offices, the custom houses, and the like, on

precisely the same grounds that entitled Tilly's veterans to the loot of Magdeburg. Politicians holding this view act on the principle, first, that adherence to the opposite party, or to no party, is of itself a disqualification for office, no matter what the incumbent's efficiency may be, and that therefore a clean sweep of all subordinate offices should be made after a change of administration; and second, that the first question in making a new appointment should be as to the services the appointee has rendered, or can render, to some big party chief or organization of the victorious faction, with, as a secondary matter, an inquiry into the man's fitness to hold the position he seeks. The better class of politicians, who are in the majority, usually insist that the appointee shall not only be an influential party worker, but also a fairly capable public servant; and deviate from this rule only when the man's partisan, factional or personal services have been very great indeed. The more disreputable politicians—such as are to be found swarming in many of the lower wards of New York, for instance—consider this attitude of mind an unworthy concession to business principles, and pay heed solely to questions of political expediency (even of criminal political expediency) in making their appointments.

A New York congressman once recommended to a friend of mine, who was then an assistant secretary of the treasury, the appointment to the secret service of the treasury of a noted local heeler. An investigation showed that among the other incidents of the aforesaid heeler's varied career he had been indicted for murder, and had got off on a technicality; but when this was pointed out the congressman declined to recognize it as a matter

that even called for explanation, waving it aside with the remark: "Oh, that was several years ago; I tell you, sir, Mick is one of the most influential men in the deestrick today."

Now the merit theory, on the other hand, is that a man appointed to office should be appointed not with the idea of benefiting the fortunes of any political chief or faction, but with the idea of performing the work, for the whole public, which the whole public is taxed to pay for, and that he should be appointed because he has shown in common sense tests, in open, fair competition, that he is of all the candidates who have come forward the one who is presumably best fitted to perform the duties of the place sought. This method is the one now actually followed in dealing with over 30,000 places under the federal government, and its workings have been tested in these places during several years. As might reasonably have been expected, the grade of public servants obtained under the new system is decidedly superior to that obtained under the old.

But this improvement in the government service is not the chief thing at which civil service reformers aim. Our chief aim is to better the conditions of public life. We believe that the thorough and radical introduction of the reformed or merit system of making appointments will measurably improve the public service; but, above all, that it will immeasurably raise the tone of politics. It may be doubted if any other one cause is so potent as is the spoils system among the forces that work for the degradation of our political life.

The spoils system in politics has as distinct a tendency to drive the best men from public life as a debased and dishonest currency has to drive the most honest men out of financial life. It puts a premium upon the arts of the party trickster and factional manipulator; and it is doubly dangerous because it lends itself especially to the work of caucuses, primaries and nominating conventions, and thus accomplishes its most rapid work of degradation within the party itself. The offices, or rather the expectation and hope of receiving them, have a certain weight in the election itself; but their chief importance comes in connection with pulling the wires for the nominations and for party control. As

the result of ten years' careful study of and active participation in partisan politics, I unhesitatingly state my belief that the main use to which the offices are put is the gaining of factional or personal supremacy within the party, not the overthrow of the opposite party. The most bitter factional fights which have ever come to my knowledge in which public officers participated were those between two wings of the same party, and as often as not for the control of a delegation from a state where that party was in an absolutely hopeless minority, and where, in consequence, the "patronage" formed the only object which the contestants had in view at all. A typical spoils politician is fond of loudly asserting that he is a genuine party man of the straitest sect; whereas, as a matter of fact, he is not, properly speaking, a party man at all, and is of little or no use in a fight for the whole party as such, though a real and very noxious power in the factional battles which determine its leadership and control. He does not intend to use the patronage, save secondarily, against the opposite party. What he seeks to do with it is to whip his factional rivals.

To abolish the spoils system is to take a long step toward breaking the power of that most harmful body, the bread-and-butter brigade of professional politicians. To do this would immeasurably benefit each party by minimizing in its councils the weight of those particularly sordid and unlovely beings who tread the lowest and most devious political paths as a means of livelihood. When once it was done, a congressman, for instance, would be chosen because of his views on such public questions as protection and free trade, the free coinage of silver, the policy of building an efficient navy, etc.; and not because he had the low and unscrupulous cunning necessary to enable him to manipulate the fourth-class postoffices of his district in his own interest.

As a matter of fact, the arguments in favor of the merit system and against the spoils system are not only convincing, but they are absolutely unanswerable. The present civil service commission has now been in office for three years. During that time it has been no small part of our duty to do battle with the opponents of the system in every possible way, and it has

been necessary for us to read and meet every argument they have advanced. It is the simple truth that during the entire three years I have never known a single argument advanced against the system by any one of its foes which was so much as entitled to respectful consideration by a fair-minded and intelligent man. This is a strong statement. I make it deliberately, as the result of three years' experience at Washington.

There are, of course, defects and shortcomings in the merit system. We do not for a moment pretend that it is perfect. We only assert that it is a great improvement upon the old spoils system, and that as a matter of fact in every instance where it has been tried in good faith it has worked well. We are ourselves constantly endeavoring to discover and correct any defects that may exist; yet it is noteworthy that not one of our opponents in congress or in the public press during the last three years has succeeded in touching a single weak point in the system. They have lacked even the capacity to find out the few actual shortcomings.

Almost without exception the attacks of these opponents come under three heads. First, some of them impugn the honesty and good faith of those administering the law. This method is resorted to, of course, only by men of the baser sort; their diatribes represent merely their way of expressing dissatisfaction, exactly as a pickpocket vents his chagrin by becoming abusive when arrested by a policeman. The second method is to attack the details of the administration of the law, and, notably, to insist that we ask improper or ridiculous questions. All of the attacks of this kind agree in one point: that is, the alleged statements of fact upon which they are based are simply untrue. Sometimes these statements are made by persons in high official position or by papers of standing. In such a case we always write to the individual or paper making the accusations, stating that they are absolutely false and challenging their substantiation. In no single instance has any individual even attempted to substantiate his accusations, for the very good reason that in no single instance have they possessed or could they possess even the slightest and most unsubstantial basis in fact. The third and most ordinary meth-

od of assault is for the speaker or writer to avoid specific statements and go into involved declamation, composed in equal parts of loose rhetoric and stale misrepresentation. This is the favorite method of our ordinary assailants, because of the trivial mental labor it involves.

In the departmental service at Washington the great bulk of the employees come under the provisions of the civil service act, and inasmuch as these positions are under the direct supervision of the commission itself, it is here that the law works best and that its workings can be most satisfactorily observed. There are some ten thousand of these places at Washington. So satisfactorily does the law work that almost without exception every cabinet officer, even though he may take office opposed to it, becomes its ardent advocate long before the close of his term. Under the old system a very large portion of the time of every cabinet officer was taken up by considering the claims of individuals for appointment or retention in the service. Be it understood that the claims thus considered were not the claims for particular efficiency in doing the work. What the cabinet officer was obliged to weigh was the amount of political backing and influence each candidate could command. The late lamented Secretary Windom, who occupied the position of Secretary of the Treasury both before and after the law came into effect, and was therefore peculiarly competent to pass judgment upon its merits, gave it on all occasions the most hearty support. He told me that one of the most painful portions of his public life was that succeeding his first appointment to the treasury. For three months after he took office, every day that he came down to the department he found his antechamber crowded by a nervous host of unfortunates, mainly women, who either feared that they were going to be turned out, or else desired an appointment; and he mentioned as a curious fact that all of the people who did not come to him aided by powerful "influence" invariably urged their appointment or retention on the grounds of mercy and charity, hardly ever alluding to their own efficiency or capacity to do the governmental work in the best manner.

Under the old system, if a man wished a government clerkship at Washington,

his first duty was to obtain the support of such of the more prominent politicians of his locality as were influential with the administration. To do this it was generally requisite, directly or indirectly, to bring pressure to bear upon them. They in their turn brought pressure to bear upon the appointing power in Washington. One of the silly fictions of the spoils advocates is that under the old system the appointing officers themselves made the appointments. They did nothing of the sort. The appointments were made for them by outside politicians, often of a very disreputable kind; and they did not dare to resist the demands of these outsiders. In the railway mail service, for instance, the appointments were divided among the different congressmen and senators of the dominant party according to a perfectly definite and fixed ratio; the nominal appointing officers had little to do save see that the division was fair.

The senator or representative who finally agreed to obtain or try to obtain a place for the would-be government clerk always found himself in competition with others. Each congressman, of course, had many more applications made to him for places than he had any hope of obtaining. He had to exercise some choice among these men themselves; and often the would-be appointees came to Washington to press their own claims. The congressman would, of course, try to put off the least influential or least determined of the applicants with nothing but fair words; and to get places for any he was obliged to use every possible means to bring pressure upon the heads of the departments. It was by no means necessary that he should always be in sympathy with the party in power. It was enough if he could make the appointing officers either afraid of him or desirous of placating him. The Chairman of the Appropriations committee of the House, for instance, who had the power of the purse-strings over the departments, was always able to get a great number of appointments under the old system, if he so desired, no matter what party was in power.

After the candidates had thus been themselves weeded out by the congressmen or local politicians, who threw out all but those having the strongest "pull," they were still further weeded out by the appointing officer, who, in his turn, threw

out all those who were not presented by politicians whom it was to his interest to please. If vacancies existed, well and good; if not, they could be created. Of course each officer in creating a vacancy preferred to turn out an incompetent man; but he could not afford to pay heed to this preference if the incompetent man had political influence. In consequence, every clerk was kept always in a state of anxious uncertainty, and was obliged to keep up relations with some powerful politician, under penalty of having his position jeopardized.

In short, under the old system, a man who desired a place at Washington had first to convince some local party leader that he could himself be of service in advancing that leader's fortunes. He then had to give up several weeks or several months to pushing and supervising the intrigues by means of which he finally got a place in the departments. He often had to stay in Washington two or three months before he could accomplish his purpose, and in too many cases he only did accomplish it finally at the expense of some poor fellow who was already in the departments, but who no longer had influence sufficient to insure his retention. The scramble for office was very keen, and this, of course, meant that nine-tenths of the people that sought it did not get it at all. They abandoned their work that they might come on to Washington; they spent their money and became thoroughly demoralized and unsettled, only to go back finally with a bitter sense of shame at having failed to gain the coveted prize. The career of the average political office-seeker is no less pitiful than it is shameful. In Bret Harte's striking story of *The Office Seeker* a vivid picture will be found of the degradation and heart-break which are almost necessary attendants upon the old system of a greedy, selfish scramble for plunder.

Thanks to the adoption of the merit system, all this has been completely changed. The business of obtaining government employment in Washington has been put upon the same clean, healthy basis that marks the business of getting employment in any big private enterprise. If a man wishes to try for a government position now, all he has to do is to write to the commission for informa-

tion. He then enters some examination which is held near the place where he lives, and is therein tested fairly and in a perfectly common sense way as to his capacities for performing the peculiar duties incident to the position sought. If he does not pass well, then he fails to get the position, for he does not deserve it. If he does pass well compared to the others in the examination, and if it is a position for which there is any demand, he is almost certain to get it. He does not have to bother himself about any outside influence whatsoever; it will be entirely useless to him. All he does is to stay at home and go about his work without any disturbance, and to wait until he receives a notification from Washington of his appointment. Once in, he has not the slightest fear of having his place declared vacant in order that some outsider with political backing may be put into it. If he does his duty he is protected, and he knows it. He can look at a change of administration with absolute indifference. In the old days, on the contrary, the work at each department was diminished in efficiency to the extent often of a third prior to a change of administration, consequent purely upon the nervousness and anxiety of the unfortunate clerks about their future prospects.

No class of employees or of applicants for office has been so greatly benefited by the change as the class of respectable women. It is degradation enough even for a man to be obliged to seek office as a favor from some politician to whom he is expected to render favors in return, and to pass hours of his time every day for weeks at a stretch in that most irksome and galling of occupations, dancing attendance in the antechambers of the temporarily great; but the degradation is threefold greater in the case of women. The old system put a premium on such qualities as brazen importunity and total lack of delicacy and refinement, for it was only the persistent and pushing who could force their claims upon the reluctant attention of overworked appointing officers. In other words, it bettered a woman's chances very much in an inverse ratio to her real desirability. She had to implore outside help to get into office, and appeal for sympathy and support to every

influential personage to keep her in once she got it. It is hardly necessary to point out the field for abuse this development of the old spoils system opened. Now, on the contrary, a woman who is in office is in no danger whatsoever of being turned out unless she fails in the performance of her official work; and a woman who is seeking employment has absolutely nothing to do save to show that she is well qualified for the position she seeks. There is a very keen competition for the positions usually filled by women in the government departments, a far keener competition than among men. In consequence, only a small percentage of the women that take the examinations get places; but the very severity of this competition insures the selection of the fittest and totally eliminates all personal and political considerations from the choice.

The civil service law has worked unexpected benefits in more than one way. For instance, it has proved a real boon to the better-educated colored people. Under the spoils system the negro never got his share of the appointments, and too often the loudest-mouthed among his political friends showed themselves almost as reluctant to give him office as were his political foes. The civil service law, however, guarantees him just and impartial treatment. He has to show his capacity in comparison with other men of his own race and of the white race alike. If he does better than they he gets the appointment, and that is all there is about it. During the last three years the colored people of the country have received very nearly their share of the classified offices in Washington. Those most apt to be successful are, naturally, the graduates of the higher colored academies and other institutions of learning. As everyone knows, the careers open to educated people of the colored race are lamentably few in number, and it is a source of real pleasure to be able to say that the civil service law has added another to the list of those in which an educated colored man can look for honorable advancement if his work deserves it.

The particularly gratifying feature of the working of the law at Washington during the last three years has been the fact that we have really almost attained

our ideal as regards non-partisanship. Practically all political considerations have been eliminated from the questions of making appointments to and removals from office in the classified departmental service. It always takes time to instil into the mind of the average citizen confidence that the law is being honestly observed and that politics really have nothing to do with it; but this happy result has been nearly reached as regards the departmental force at Washington. This has been shown by what has taken place in the southern states during the last three years. Several hundred appointments have been made from these states through the commission during this period. About a quarter of these were colored men. The remaining three-fourths were, in the great majority of cases, native-born southern whites; and from information which has reached the commission through various channels since their appointment, almost in every case, especially from the South Atlantic and Gulf states, these whites have belonged politically to the party opposed to the administration at Washington. Doubtless this has been the case with many of the men appointed from the north also, but it has happened that less definite information has been furnished the commission on this point. Every state and every section of the country has had exact and impartial justice meted out to it in the matter of appointments; and indeed, owing to the fact that three years ago most of the southern states were behindhand in their quotas compared to the northern ones, the people of the former have, relatively to their total number, stood a better chance for getting appointments in Washington during the past three years than the people of the latter, and this wholly without regard to their political affiliations.

Of course, every conceivable variety of individual drifts into the examinations. Many ward heelers come in, it being particularly difficult to convince these gentry that their political influence really will not avail them anything. They usually pass low or fail, and in consequence see the appointments given to men without political backing; and they naturally go away and rail at the "schoolastic" and "improper" nature of the questions asked, their complaints being taken up

and repeated by the spoils newspapers and spoils politicians, sometimes in sheer ignorance, more often from malevolence.

Often, however, the men and women who fail in the examinations are really good, worthy people, cursed with the desire to get into a service for which they are not fitted. It is perfectly astounding to see the people who gravely come forward and offer themselves as clerks and copyists. Every batch of examinations yields a few candidates whose papers look like specimen extracts from Artemus Ward's writings.

There was one particularly delicious letter which we received from a man whom I have ever since sincerely wished to meet. He had evidently regarded the formal notice of the place where he could be examined as a personal invitation, and when he was unable to keep the appointment thought that politeness required him to explain his absence. His letter runs as follows:

October 6, 1890.

To the comischer of
Sivel Sirves

My Dear Brother. I am very sorry that I could not Meet you on the day you said but gentlemen, i am glad of the cause that Kept me way. let me tell you Mrcomischer, i hav Bin mard 5 years, an tel The Other Day, me an my Wife hav bin the onley mbrs en ow Famle. well Sir on the Da before youre Exammenashun, My Wife Had a kupple ov tuins gest Think of it MrComischer, and of corse i couldnt go off and leve Her an them.

i Just stade home an we had a sellabration—an I Invited all my frends to diner i wish you had bin thare. i Hope I can be thare next time Mr. Comischer

Very trly yores

Now, I have not the least doubt that that man is a good citizen, husband and parent. I am very much pleased with his happiness and I wish I could have been present at the "sellabration." My only regret is that his large way of looking at the technicalities of chirography and orthography seems to indicate that he is too strongly tinged with the spirit of extreme individualism to be fitted for so narrowly conventional an employment as that of government clerk.



A MATHEMATICAL TEST.

SIMIAN SPEECH AND SIMIAN THOUGHT.

BY RICHARD L. GARNER.

THE reader who has heard of my studies in the language of monkeys, without having heard how they were carried on, may care to have me describe some of the means I have employed, and state the results which have rewarded my efforts. The hope that this knowledge may bring the public into closer sympathy with my work, and aid others in like studies, is my motive in preparing the following paper.

To work out the infinite details of the great problem of simian speech requires much time, patience and labor, and the announcement of new facts cannot be at the pleasure of one who is seeking them. One cannot go into a menagerie and select and interview a monkey, and discover new words or interpret new sounds at will. In my special field of study there is no literature to aid me or to suggest a single experiment; I am left to my own resources of invention in varying my experiments, in finding new means and applying new tests. I have not even a co-worker with whom to compare notes.

I.

I have spent much time during the past winter among the monkeys in the New York and Washington collections, and have made some very novel and curious experiments, the results of which are in certain cases quite conclusive.

I wished to ascertain whether monkeys have any choice in colors or not, and I find beyond doubt they have, and as a rule, that bright green seems to be their first choice, and white is the second; in a few instances white seems to be the favorite color. I will relate some of the means employed to ascertain this fact.

I take a piece of pasteboard, and on it place a few bright colored bits of candy, which I offer a monkey to eat, and watch to see whether he will select a certain color or not. I generally use two colors at a time, and change their places until I can determine which he prefers. Then, for the one which he cares least for, I substitute a third color, and continue thus until I exhaust the list of bright colors. Then I change the order of the colors and

change the things used, until by an almost infinite number of these tests his choice is ascertained. I sometimes use little pieces of bright colored ribbon, little bells of different colors, balls and toys, and I find as a result that the choice is generally a bright green and next to that white. I sometimes use artificial flowers, and find, as a rule, that monkeys will select a flower with green leaves about it. It may be that they associate this color with some green food which they are fond of, and consequently that they are influenced by it in selecting other things. I kept a cup for a monkey to drink milk from; on the sides of it were some brilliant flowers and green leaves, and the monkey would quit drinking the milk to play with the flowers on the cup.

One test I made was to take a board about two feet long, and lay a few pieces of white and pink candies in four places along it. The monkey took the white from each pile before touching the pink at all, except that once from one pile he took one piece of the pink. Another test was to take a white paper ball and a pink one, and offer one with each hand and change hands with the colors; in nearly every instance the monkey would select the white.

These experiments were mostly confined to the capuchin tribe, but a few were made with the macaque.

II.

To test the powers of the simians in mathematics I resort to many means. I take in one hand a little platter containing one nut or one small bit of something to eat, such as a piece of apple or carrot cut in a cube, and in the other hand a similar platter with two or three such articles of the same size and color, and holding them just out of reach, and changing them from hand to hand, observe that the monkey will generally try to reach the one containing the greater number. He readily discerns which platter contains one and which contains the two or three pieces. I was long in doubt whether he distinguished by number or by quantity, and my belief was that it was only by quantity. I first determined that he could tell singular from plural, by making the one piece larger, and sometimes differently shaped, and from his choice of these I

quite satisfied my own mind that he could distinguish by number. I next set out to find how far in numerals his acquirements would reach, and after a great number of indecisive trials, I fell upon this plan. I took a little square wooden box, and made a hole in one side large enough for the monkey to get his hand out with a marble in it, and I put into the box three marbles of the same size and color, and gave it to the monkey and allowed him to take out the marbles and play with them. I then put them back in the box and allowed him again to take them out, and this I repeated many times, so as to impress the mind of the monkey with the number of marbles in the box. I then concealed one of the marbles and returned two to the box, but on taking them from the box he evidently missed the absent one, and felt in the box and then rose up and looked where he was sitting, and put his hand back in the box again and looked around him; but failing to find it he began playing again with the two. He soon became quite content with the two, and I abstracted one of them; and when he failed to find it he began a search and seemed quite unwilling to proceed with the one. He would put it back in the box and take it out again as if in the hope that he might find the lost one. I helped him to look for it, and of course soon found the two missing ones. When he learned that I could find his lost marbles, he would appeal to me as soon as he missed them. This I repeated until I felt quite sure of the ability of my subject to count three; and I then increased the number of marbles to four. When I abstracted one of them he seemed to miss it, or at least to be in doubt, but presently went on with his play and did not worry himself about it; yet he rarely failed to show that he was aware something was wrong.

As monkeys readily distinguish the larger of two pieces of food, and, regardless of the laws of good breeding, usually select it, I am quite sure that I am justified in saying that they possess the first principles of mathematics as dealing with numbers and quantity; they possess the first rudiment of art, as dealing with color, and I think perhaps the experiment which I shall describe below will show that they possess the germ from which music is born.

III.

I took three little bells and suspended them at the ends of three strings, which I tied together. The bells were alike except that from two of them I had removed the clappers. I dropped these bells through the meshes of the cage about a foot apart, and attracted the attention of the monkey to the one that had the clapper by ringing it myself. He began playing with it, and as soon as he became quite absorbed in it, I attracted him to another part of the cage with some food, and while his attention was thus diverted, I changed the positions of the bells by quickly withdrawing them and dropping them through other meshes. On his return he would generally go to the place he had left, and of course get a bell with no clapper in it; he would drop it and take another, and so on until he found the one with the clapper, which showed that the sound was a part of the attraction. I have repeated to monkeys many musical records on the phonograph, but frequently they showed no sign of appreciation; at other times they displayed some interest. It may be, however, that music as we understand it is somewhat too high for them. Musical sounds seem to attract them and afford them pleasure.

I do not think that monkeys have any names for numbers. I think that they distinguish them more as we distinguish forms, as round, square, triangular or star-shaped, but they evidently assign to numbers a difference in values. This idea appears to be very much clearer to some monkeys than it is to others, as I think also a choice of colors is.

IV.

Some months ago I described the word used by a capuchin which means food, and after a long and careful study of the sound I used the literal formula *wh-oo-w* to represent it. I hesitated for a long time before committing myself, as I was fully aware of the difficulty of spelling a word with letters, when the sound itself was almost like the note of a flute. Since that time I have used every means at my command to test the correctness of my formula, and have at last succeeded in doing so in a novel, but quite cer-

tain way. I discovered that a change of the length of the sound waves, produced by a change of speed in the phonograph, gave a very correct idea of the fundamental sound. I therefore made a good, clear record of this sound while the cylinder on my phonograph was revolving at its highest rate of speed. I then reduced the speed to the slowest rate at which I could obtain an audible vibration, and thus lengthened the sound waves until I could detect the slightest shades of variation in them. I was rewarded with an almost faultless analysis of the sound, and could trace the slightest change of tension in the vocal cords of the monkey while he was uttering it. At the same time I could trace out the defects in my own efforts to imitate him. I failed to get a record of the sound which I had translated as drink, and which I have expressed by the letters *ch-eu-w*, giving the *ch* a guttural value as in the German word *ich*, blending the *eu* something like the same letters in French, and closing with a vanishing *w* as in the first word described above. The rhesus monkeys' word for food I have represented by the letters



C
"DODO."

nqu-u-uw. I have subjected that sound to the phonographic tests, and find that I have used about the best literal formula that our alphabet can furnish. But many of the sounds of these little creatures cannot be represented by letters found in any alphabet.

V.

I have heard the whiteface cebus use a word for food corresponding in value to those described in the dialects of the capuchin and the rhesus, but I am not able to give the faintest idea of the sound by any combination of letters, nor to utter it myself. I recorded it on the phonograph more than a year ago, but only within a few weeks have hit upon its meaning, and I have differentiated two other sounds of this species, but they are utterly unlike any sounds made by any other monkeys of the same genus. I have not secured a record of this peculiar sound on the phonograph, nor have I ever found its phonetic equivalent in any other simian dialect; but in one single instance I have heard a capuchin imitate it very closely. It was then my belief that he had acquired it from the whiteface, and on investigation I found that he had occupied a cage with a whiteface for about four years.

Another sound made by this species, which I have fairly well determined upon, is that of apprehension of remote danger, such as an approaching footstep or some unusual sound. His cry for imminent danger is very much like that of the capuchin.

While the whiteface belongs to the same genus as the capuchin, they differ in mental calibre as widely as the highest Caucasian differs from the lowest negro; but in this case the colors are the reverse of those in the races of men. I have seen a few fairly intelligent whitefaces and a great many very stupid capuchins, some of which seem never to become reconciled to their new surroundings, nor do they show ability to learn any new thing, while others at once become familiar and talkative as well as tractable. To strike an average from a great number of each kind, however, separates them very widely in brain power.

I have learned the sound which means food in the dialect of the sooty mangaby monkey, but I have not been able to

record it so as to study it thoroughly. It is very nearly represented by wuh-uh-uh, uttered as a guttural and with a marked tremolo. The sound is low in pitch and the syllables are uttered in rapid succession. When this monkey is disturbed the sound seems to be about an octave higher, but to be the same in form. I have been unable to study this species thoroughly, as they talk but little.

The spider monkeys make a sound somewhat resembling that of the sooty mangaby, but much less distinct. I have caught one sound from them by ear, and I have been able to attract their attention by it in Philadelphia and Atlanta, but I am uncertain about its meaning. I have at times suspected that it means food, but further efforts indicate that it is a term of friendship or endearment, as on several occasions I have caused spider monkeys to utter it to their images in a mirror. I have made the sound successfully a great many times with spider monkeys in the Washington and New York collections. I had almost concluded that this species was nearly dumb until I saw one enraged at a green monkey in an adjacent cage, when she raised her voice to a very high key, and uttered several sounds of great volume and significance.

VI.

I have elsewhere asserted, without detail, that I had found a sound which I thought meant pain, and another which seemed to allude in some way to the state of the weather. From a great number of recent observations I am inclined to modify those opinions, since I find reason to believe that the sounds are used as general expressions of complaint. My attention was first arrested by the little capuchin in Chicago in the autumn of 1890, when I was the immediate object of his address, and I succeeded in getting a good record of these sounds, but unfortunately the cylinders of the phonograph were broken in shipping them home. The monkey had been quite sick, and had not fully recovered. It was a stormy morning. I went to the building at day-break in order to be alone with the monkeys, and upon my entering the house the keeper told me how sick the monkey had been since I left him the day before. On



IN THE LOOKING GLASS.

approaching his cage I began to caress him. Very soon he raised himself quite erect, and placing both hands on his side, pressed and rubbed it, and uttered a sound in a low, piping voice. The sound itself was pathetic and, accented by his gesture, it was really very touching. A hard gust of wind and rain would dash against the window, whereupon the monkey would leave me, rush to the window, look out and utter another and quite different sound, and then, returning to me, would renew his plaintive speech with great earnestness. This he continued until another gust called him to the window. I noticed that each time he went he used the same sound, and sometimes stood an instant at the window, turning his head toward me and repeating the sound, evidently addressing the remark to me. Then, returning, he would resume his tale of woe. I secured a fine record of his conversation, and on a subsequent visit I repeated this record to him from the phonograph.* On this occasion the weather was fair, but when the phonograph repeated those parts of his speech which he had uttered at the window he, in nearly every instance, would go and look out, while at the other part of the record he evinced little interest, and, in fact, seemed rather to avoid the phonograph.

About a year later I became quite intimate with a feeble little monkey in the Washington collection of whose speech I also made a good record. On repeating it to two others of the same species, each showed a slight uneasiness, which I thought at the time might arise from their knowing that another monkey was in trouble. Since I returned to New York

I have found a little monkey of the same species making a similar speech to his keeper almost every hour of the day, using exactly the same gestures and, to my ear, uttering the same sound. I asked the keeper to go into the cage. We entered it together and in a few minutes Dodo had ventured to climb up on the side of the cage near her keeper, who caressed her and then took her in his arms. In an instant the monkey put her slender little arms around the neck of the keeper affectionately, like an injured child. It was with some

difficulty that we could loosen the warm embrace of the little simian, which climbed up the second time with much more assurance, and putting her arms again around the keeper's neck buried her head under the man's chin, continuing her pitiful sounds. Oh, what a tale she told! I could not translate the text literally, but anyone could understand its import. The poor little creature begged not to be left in that great prison with all those big, bad monkeys who domineered over her so cruelly. Another monkey in the same cage makes the same speech to his keeper but in a much less demonstrative manner.

This is one of the most impressive things that I have seen any monkey do, and yet I must confess that up to this time I have been able to give it only a very free translation, but I am gradually learning the meanings of the sounds concealed perhaps in their specific quality or modelling. In other words, may it not be that all our senses are strung like a harp, and tuned to a certain tension, so that any sound in unison with any chord will cause that chord to vibrate in response? May not our range of emotions and sensations have tones and semitones like musical scales, and thus each multiple of any fundamental tone will be affected? so that our sympathies and affections are the chords, and our aversions and contempt the discords of this great psychic lute.

I cannot forget, in my intercourse with these little creatures, how many times I have caught the spirit of their tones, when no ray of their meaning as mere words of speech dawned upon me. As a rule every act of a monkey is attended by a sound and every sound by an act. To another monkey of the same species the

sound always has a meaning. Doubtless there are cases in which acquired words or shades of dialect may not be clear, but with few exceptions monkeys talk with one another as men do—not on many subjects nor in many words, but with a language of sounds.

Recently I have had some cause to believe that simians have a few specific terms in their vocabulary, such as a word for monkey and another for banana. I am now experimenting with these sounds. For example, when I show a monkey his image in a mirror he frequently utters a certain cry, especially if he has been kept away from other monkeys for a long time; and my object is to ascertain whether that sound means monkey or not. If I find he uniformly uses it on seeing another monkey or his own image in a glass, I shall conclude that such is its meaning unless I can find the word used in some other way. So far I have heard it used in many cases where the image is seen in the glass, and it is always uttered in a low, soft tone; but when kept with others the monkey chatters to his image and shows less surprise at seeing it than when kept alone. I have noticed that if a monkey is fed upon milk and bread for some time without receiving any bananas, when a banana is shown him he seems to use a sound which is slightly different from the common sound for food, and this has caused me to inquire whether monkeys have not a specific sound for banana.

I regard as one of the most important as well as the most unmistakable of all my discoveries in the simian speech the negative sign of shaking the head from side to side. Of the intent of this sign I do not entertain a doubt, and the many tests to which I have subjected it compel me to accept the results as final. In one case where I tried to induce a monkey to allow me to take him in my hands from the hands of his master he would shake his little head at each separate effort on my part and make a peculiar sound like a suppressed cluck. I tried to coax him with

nuts and bananas, but at each offer he would respond with the same sound and a shake of the head. I had taught another monkey to drink milk from a bottle by sucking it through a rubber nipple, and after he had satisfied his thirst I would try to force the bottle to his lips. He would invariably respond by this same shake of the head and a similar sound. I tried this method with three or four monkeys and secured the same results in every case. It is best to have the monkey confined in a very small cage, otherwise he will simply turn away and get out of your reach when you press him to take anything which he does not want. In another case a monkey was confined in a very small cage so that I could catch him easily to handle and tame him. When I would put my hand into the cage to catch him he would shake his head and accompany the motion by a pleading sound which was so touching that I could hardly obtain my own consent to persecute the little prisoner by compelling him to submit to my caresses. I found that the little rogue, McGinty, in Central Park would invariably do the same thing when I went into the cage to put my hands on him. While I remained outside he seemed absolutely devoted to me, and permitted me to caress him; but the instant I entered the cage and reached out my hand for him he would crouch in a corner and every time that I extended my hand for him he would shake his head negatively and utter this peculiar clucking sound.

I have repeated many of these tests over and over and tried many others with the same results, and I conclude that when a monkey shakes his head in this way and utters a faint sound with it as a sign of negation, and always uses it in the same way and confirms the sign by a positive act of refusal, he means "no," just as much so as when a human being shakes his head from side to side and mutters "umh-ugh," which we agree means "no." I can see no difference whatever in the meanings, and very little in the manner of speaking.

Among the great barriers to a popular belief in the theory of simian speech is the religious sentiment of our race, and the fact that most of the dogmas of philology have long been fixed. But I main-



A PLEA FOR SYMPATHY.

tain that now the time has come when some of those old ideas must be reconsidered. Whatever may be the final outcome of my theory of speech, one thing is evident, that we shall know more truth than we did before, and I shall feel that my labors are rewarded if I may have added one spark to the great glowing fire of truth.

The few words of simian speech which I have been able to master might have been learned with one-hundredth part of the labor if they could have been reduced to letters and thus anchored in the mind in such a way that they could be recalled and compared to other sounds; but when they can be grasped only by an arbitrary effort of the memory, with no unit of value with which to compare them, it is like finding a course without bearings. And this brings us to another difficulty which will confront us as we progress in the study of the sounds of the lower animals. We have not in our human speech the phonetic equivalents of these sounds, and in order to aid the voice in uttering any one of them we must supply an element which was not in the sound we really heard; and in supplying this coefficient we use that sound which flows and blends with greatest ease into the vowel element, and thus arrive at a different result. An attempt to express in letters the first utterance of an infant's voice will serve to show the difficulty, and yet this is, by comparison, one of the easiest to bring within the compass of letters, being made by human vocal organs with all the advantages of heredity.

While amusing some monkeys with a small mirror, I dropped it by accident beside the cage in which there was a green monkey. The glass was broken into small pieces. Quick as thought the green monkey grabbed the largest piece and got it into her cage. The fragment was about an inch by an inch and a half in size. She caught a glimpse of her image in the glass and her conduct was like that of a crazy monkey. She peeped into the fragment of mirror, which she seemed to

regard as a hole in something which separated her from another monkey. She held it up over her head at arm's length, laid it down on the floor, held it against the wall and twisted herself in every kind of a pose, to get a better peep at that mysterious companion. When the glass was reversed she seemed much perplexed and sometimes would jump and turn herself entirely around as if to untangle the mystery. For a time I tried in vain to get the glass away from her and succeeded only after considerable labor and by the help of the keeper.



A TALE OF WOE.

"McGinty," the little capuchin, tries to find the image behind the glass. He reaches behind it with his little black hands, peeps over and under the mirror, pats the glass with his fingers, kisses and caresses it, and grins with delight. Often he tries to turn the glass round to look on the back of it, and when he finds no monkey there he works his eyebrows and utters a sound that reminds me of a child who says "Gone," when in play something is concealed to make the child believe it is lost. Then suddenly he turns the glass back, and peeps and chatters and pecks at it, as if to say, "There it is! I found it!" "Micky" eyes it earnestly and doubtfully. He utters a low sound in an undertone, and frowns and scowls as though he thinks the new monkey an intruder. Another capuchin looks at himself in the glass without winking an eye or betraying a sign of emotion, except to caress the image by pressing his lips to the glass in perfect silence. "Dodo" seems afraid of the glass. This may be due, however, to her fear of the other inmates of her cage. "Uncle Remus," the whiteface, goes through a series of facial contortions with all the gravity of a rural judge. The little baby macaque, which was born in Central Park, tries to engage the image in a romp, reaches for it in the glass, clucks and then jumps playfully to its perch, and looks back to see if the image follows; then returns to the glass and makes the experiment anew, while the baby's father looks on with a suspicious

scowl, and on a few occasions has pulled the baby away, and expressed his opinion with a very ominous growl.

It may seem to the reader almost like a fairy tale when I say that I have talked with many monkeys which have understood me. It must not be supposed that the conversation was a connected one, such as I could carry on with a man; but I have ascertained from them that they wanted food or drink; I have been warned by them of the approach of danger, and this, sometimes, in almost a perfect whisper; I have been answered by them on the subject of food and drink almost as promptly and explicitly as a human being could answer. In many of these cases my knowledge of the desire of my subject was as perfect as could have been conveyed to me by any vehicle of human thought; and since these sounds discharge every function of speech I cannot see wherein they are not speech.

Here is a faint glimpse through the gates of speech into that broad field of life and thought which lies without the confines of our care, but into which may some day be borne the sunshine of human mercy. No prophet now can tell what close relations may yet be established between the human race and those inferior forms which fill some place in the design and execute some function in the economy of nature. Knowledge of the language of animals might work some changes in our conduct if we were made aware of it, but would not create new

facts. It might tend to lessen man's selfishness and to restrain his cruelty, but would not bring about a state of facts which did not before exist. I am assured by no less an authority than Mr. Frank Cushing, the white chief of the Zufii Indians, that this people are aware of a language among all animals, and that their skill in hunting depends largely upon their knowledge of the language of the game they hunt, as they can thus tell when the game is about to be warned of danger or when assured of safety, and they can tell by this means when it is best to shoot.

It is not a new thing to believe in some vague way that animals can understand each other, but it is still said that this is not speech. If animals of a given species have a certain sound which always means a certain thing, and one animal utters the sound intending it to carry to another mind an idea which then is in his own, and such a sound is heard and understood and finally obeyed, what more could human speech accomplish?

I do not mean to say that any simian possesses a form of speech which approximates the lower types of human language, but it is no farther removed than are the mental attributes of an animal from corresponding faculties in man. It is no more impossible to learn the speech of the lower animals than it is for them to learn the speech of man, and while their speech is crude it is refined in its accuracy of shading and its unerring brevity.





BY MURAT HALSTEAD.

THERE is famine in the most gigantic of empires—a tragedy of want in Russia more horrible than war. No other country so extensive is so absolutely in the power of one man. If imperialism anywhere has supreme advantages it must be in the land where people are perishing for lack of food. As their liberties are swallowed up in the conventions of order, it is natural they should look to their master when, in their dark, unguided way, they would account for the calamity by which they are stricken. What has happened that the soil does not yield subsistence? What have been the engagements of labor that food is not forthcoming? By whose fault do the people perish? Why is "the righteous forsaken and his seed begging bread"?

There is a responsibility resting upon the Great White Czar of which it is impossible that he should be insensible. The one thing that can be said for him is the confession of weakness that the imperial system is stronger than anyone; that after all the czar is but the chief of serfs, the victim of circumstances that subjugate his will and paralyze his energies. The defence must be that the habit of government and the character of the empire are beyond the strength of man. The system is condemned by the conditions, and as long as the only alternative is impossible revolution, there is an insuperable barrier to progress. The people are neither philosophers nor historians and, forced into irresponsibility, must associate their misfortunes with the authorities, in proportion according to rank. That this is fair is indisputable and that it must be influential is inevitable.

When Napoleon III., with infatuation and without information, made war with Germany and was overpowered because unprepared, those who should have been his subordinates were charged with the catastrophe; but the easy answer to all representations that the emperor was not the author of the national misfortune was: "He has had France for twenty years." The personal defence of the fallen man was that the system was at fault. The imperial machine was corrupt and weak and he had not the ability to reform it. Emperors who have not created their empires have not the strength to rise above systems, and the process of creation submits them to rings that are incompatible with good government and as burdensome as a dynasty.

Whatever there is that is of value in the imperial form of government should appear in Russia, because the emperors have for three generations been in many respects the best of their class. Possessing in an unusual degree manly qualities, they have had the limitations of their education and position, a fortune that neither the highest placed nor the humblest of the race can escape; but they have been earnest, resolute and, according to their lights, honest men, and have believed that serving the country was helping themselves. Individually their respectability has been indisputable.

This only serves to mark more definitely the poignancy of the misfortune of the mighty nation whose dominions comprise more than half of Europe and Asia and look out upon the Arctic and Pacific oceans and the Black and Baltic seas. The emperor is the proprietor, and in no other

country so advanced in civilization is the sovereign so potential. It is this imposing individuality in the government, this concentration of capacity, that increases the exposure to disaster when the cyclones of human passion assail the structure of the state. The lesson is that there is not so much space to pass over between the elements of anarchy and the forces of imperialism as, under the republican form, interposes between disorderly influences and popular conservatism. It is the way of emperors to run on the tracks laid for them until, like locomotives, they are worn out or derailed. The paths of republican advance offer steady footing and assurance that all gains may be held, because the caprice of persons ceases to control the movements of masses, and the aggregation of understanding in a multitude is likely to be better approved by the trials of experience than the intuitions of an intelligence trained in the conceit of an authority that rests upon a superstition. It is the imperial system of Russia to maintain an enormous army. Magazine muskets are ordered by the million. Is this for the general welfare, or the aggrandizement of the few placed far above the many, or especially for the one exalted over all?

The last invasion of Russia was eighty years ago and Napoleon's retreat from Moscow will serve for centuries as a sufficient warning. Russia does not need a multitudinous military force for defence. Aside from her imperialism, she has no requirements for 1,000,000 armed and drilled men. No conquest of territory, save that of Turkey in Europe, would help the geographical position of the empire; and when she had conquered Turkey, and her troops were within sight of the undefended walls and towers of Constantinople, the politics of Europe did not permit that she should retain the conquest, though it was the expression of the ambition of centuries and the apparent accomplishment of the manifest destiny of a higher civilization.

The large military force not needed for defence is, therefore, a failure in aggression. The bulk of Russia makes her invulnerable. Mankind is impoverished by the maintenance of armies equal in numbers to the armed and servile nations of antiquity, and more than in any other

age wasting in costly non-productive equipment and energies taken from the field and forge and desk and shop to squander in manoeuvres that glitter afar, but do not clothe the naked or feed the hungry. We can hardly conceive that if the soldiers of Russia had been in the fields instead of in camps there could have happened a year so lean that there was no corn for the people. The disarmament of the military nations is a necessity, unless war is to be the chief occupation of man and there is to be evolved the conditions of a slow return to barbarism. Russia, secure in her immensity, safe as our own republic as against foreign foes, is the one of the empires that could afford, irrespective of the action of others, to disarm. One-fourth of the forces she has under arms would be ample for the enforcement of order, and diminution of the corrupt military aristocracy would be unqualified gain. The emperor might ten years ago have sent home to till the soil hundreds of thousands of the soldiers who are a vain show, and their product might have made the land plenteous.

The prevention of famine and the promotion of the public credit would have strengthened the empire at home and abroad far beyond all the myriads who could be drawn out in array for battle. The imperial policy has been the maintenance of the army and borrowing money at high rates, squandering labor and gold upon an establishment that makes no return except in its contribution to the demoralization and profligacy of the few and the general discouragement that results in the sharpest misery of the many.

The Emperor of Russia is the only man with the open opportunity and certain power to turn the nations toward peace, and perhaps it is because he has not understood his advantage that he has not exercised his prerogative. With the money and work that might have been saved from the army there could have been constructed lines of communication, pervading the districts that are destitute and so remote as to seem almost inaccessible, and the improvements in agriculture possible under imperial patronage, and with the use of the general resources, might have made the land blossom; for when men have the courage of industry

and the virtue of thrift the riches of nature are not withheld.

The famine is a crime chargeable largely to the form of government that takes from men the incentives to exertion, discourages the intelligence that is prescient and executive and cultivates a fatal submissiveness. Associated with personal government must be popular incapacity, which, under the pressure of militarism, becomes a heavy indifference.

It is the unhappiness of Russia that between the emperor and the people there is a privileged class that has the taint of corruption. The imperial integrity and the honesty of the masses are separated by a class that uses the higher authority to prey upon the lower industry, and in this region of favoritism communication is imperfect and the truth is obscured. Those in touch with the emperor are, there is reason to fear, unfaithful to their obligation to the toiling millions who have the labor of the land to accomplish and the suffering to endure. The emperor occasionally breaks through the non-conducting stratum of the aristocracy, asserts his will and has his way; but he cannot do it continuously, because he is but a man, and the task he has undertaken would be fit for the gods. The system which he has inherited is around him like an atmosphere, and grasps him with a mechanism that is irresistible. He discovers a corrupt contractor and closes his career with a word; he finds an investigation he has ordered embarrassed by a selfish interest; a department of affairs held like a fortress against actual examination, and he thrusts aside those who dare to obstruct his wholesome purpose of reform. These are but incidents. The great mischief goes on. The emperor cannot get close to his people. A new and hateful agency of separation in the name of liberty executes the wish of the oppressors, who are enabled at once to wear out the imperial energy and darken the understanding of the multitude. Nihilism is the assassin of reform, and dynamite the agent of barbarism. It was the fate of the emperor's father, the emancipator of the serfs, to be murdered in the name of freedom; and there is the added disability, that rational consideration for the personal safety of the head of the state makes the intercourse between the

supreme executive and the populace, that would mitigate the evils of the one-man power by its direct application, impossible. The anarchist ambushed among the innocent and the stupidly malicious, armed with high explosives that at a touch annihilate, prohibit the application of the good-will of an emperor who would gladly do well.

This warfare upon imperialism is deadly, merciless, forces the evil of the system to the utmost development, with the desperate design that, made intolerable, it must be destroyed. Educational evolution is not allowed. Revolution is required as the first and only remedy. Russia is colossal and her destinies are commensurate with her proportions. We may be sure, whatever happens within her borders, through what forms the changes that are certain shall come, that there is no growth in good government to be depended upon that is not the slow reflection of the established character of the people. That is the eternal truth behind the broken but persistent advance of the generations.

What shall the politics of the famine be? is a question of appalling magnitude. It overshadows the earth. There is no land where the fate of Russia will not be influential. We do not anticipate that that country is suddenly to become volcanic with revolution, like France a hundred years ago. She is so huge she cannot rush into sudden and universal combustion. There may be conflagrations that would consume communities not so expanded, but the Russian fires will burn themselves out without reaching explosives to shatter the massive structure.

The first appearance in the Russian policy that can be traced to the famine is that it aids in the preservation of the peace of Europe. There is imperial recognition that the gravity of the calamity commands the devotion of all who are fed for the relief of the famishing. The order prohibiting the exportation of rye was unfortunate, because the grain dealers occupied the time allowed before the enforcement of the regulation in throwing a great quantity of the breadstuff of the poor beyond the frontier, where it has miserably rotted. There never was a more distressing illustration of the impolicy of arbitrary intermeddling with the automatic laws of commerce. That

which was meant as a prevention aggravated the very evil sought to be prevented. The true conservatism of the food supply would have been in the freedom of trade. The action of the government was hasty, and the shippers responded with a panic. Evidently the emperor has not been unmindful of the seriousness of the situation, and we hear no more rumors of war. Before the impending disaster had unmistakably announced itself, the news from Russia was, so far as it did not refer to the persecution of the Hebrews, of new rifles and loans to be devoted to warlike preparations. The French fleet was ostentatiously entertained in the Baltic, Czar and Kaiser did not meet, there were intrigues in the Balkans, and threatenings that the treaty of Berlin should be made a dead letter, like the treaty of Paris. Russia was irritated and, finding an ally in France, was ready for the reconstruction of Europe by force. There is a change and it is peaceable. It is to be greatly desired this shall outlast the period of privation; that the emperor may get nearer the people by providing, when the bitter winter is over, for peace, rather than war; that the sense of responsibility and the instinct of self-preservation and the feeling of common humanity may combine to divert his mind from foreign aggression to domestic enterprise. We can hardly expect him to disarm, or even materially reduce the army; for the abuse of a military horde, looking to activities beyond the frontiers, has the sanction of ancient tradition and continuous custom. But he may consent not to go on with accelerating velocity in ruinous competition. He can afford to let Germany and France, Austria and Italy, finish the race. The system of which he is alike monarch and servant can survive a year of scarcity, but not the fashion of famine. The duty

of the hour is to meet a demand that is the more formidable, because it is simple as coming to the forks of a road under the necessity of marching on without a halt. The too great officialism of Russia has been absorbed in the things abroad rather than at home. This must be changed from within or without. If the correct movement is made within, there may be progress with peace. If it comes from without the circle, then the resistance needed to overcome arrogance may take the terrible shape of civil war. The great empire needs to follow the example of the great republic whose territories touch her own in the waters of the Pacific. We do not expect republicanism to be the immediate result in Russia, though we hold she is better prepared for that than monarchical sympathizers comprehend; but the secret of the certain development of the empire in health, and the prosperity that enhances enlightenment and gains liberty without the cost of bloodshed is, that the Washingtonian admonition to avoid "entangling alliances," that vital forces shall not be wasted beyond the borders, shall be accepted by the system of imperialism.

In the meantime the sympathy of the people of the United States for the people of Russia, expressed in ships loaded with our abundance, contributed by the humane and generous, countenanced by the authorities and applauded by all the masses, and speeding them to the help of those engaged in the relief of the famishing, is an achievement of good will that will be recognized as far greater than any stroke of diplomacy in the international universal politics that rises above the estimation of people by their forms of government, and founds the friendship of nations in the kindness of common humanity.

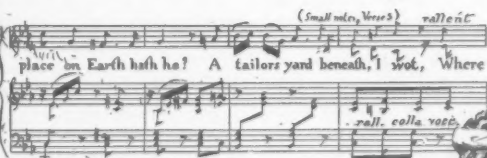
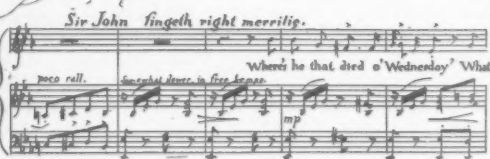


Falstaff's Song.

Poem by Edmund Clarence Stedman.

Music by Dudley Buck.

Where's he that died o' Wednesday?
What place on earth hath he?
A tailor's yard beneath, I wot,
Where worms approaching be;
For the wight that died o' Wednesday
Just laid the light below,
Is dead as the varlet turned to clay
A score of years ago.



Where's he that died o' Sabba'day?
Good Lord, I'd not be he!
The best of days is foul enough
From this world's fare to flee;
And the saint that died o' Sabba'day
With his grave-turf yet to grow,
Is dead as the sinner brought to pray
A hundred years ago.



Strange it seems when one first discovers it, that Shakespeare put no ballad, tavern-catch, or other song in the mouth of pewee-clinking Sir John. But he certainly left us a most tempting refrain for one.

Where's he that died o' yeller day?
 What better chance had he
 To clink the can and tols the pot
 When this night's junkets be?
 For the lad that died o' yesterday
 Is just as dead - O ho! -
 As the scurvy knave men laid away
 A thousand years ago.

Tempo

worms approaching be? For the wight that died o' Wednesday, just

Tempo

meno rit

laid the light be - low, Is dead as the varlet, turned to

Tempo (Chor. all)

clay A score of years a - go, A score

No. 7. 2. *No. 3.*

score of years a - go. *D.C.* thousand year a - go

And.





BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

"WHOEVER wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the study of Addison," said Doctor Johnson a many years ago, and Doctor Johnson's own style, elaborate if not artificial, and orotund if not polysyllabic, might no doubt have been improved if the writer of the Rambler had given more of his days and nights to the study of the chief writer of the Spectator. Doctor Johnson's advice is still quoted often, perhaps it is still followed sometimes. Yet it is outworn and not for today. We have nowadays better weapons than the Brown Bess Johnson appreciated so highly—breech-loading rifles incomparably superior to the smooth-bore he praises. Owing in part, no doubt, to the influence of Addison and to the advice of Johnson, we have had writers of late whose style is easier than Addison's, more graceful, more varied, more precise. Set a page of one of Addison's little apoloques beside a page of one of Hawthorne's tales and note how much more pellucid Hawthorne's style is, how much more beautiful, how much more distinguished. Contrast one of Addison's criticisms with one of Matthew Arnold's and observe not only how much more com-

plete is the terminology of the art now than it was when the Spectator was appearing twice a week, but also how much more acute and how much more flexible the mind of the later critic than the mind of the earlier.

Compare Addison's essays with those which Mr. George William Curtis has recently collected into a volume, *From the Easy Chair*, and you will see no reason to adopt any theory of literary degeneracy in our day. We are all of us the heirs of the ages, no doubt, but it is in an unusual degree that Mr. Curtis is the inheritor of the best traditions of the English essay. He is the direct descendant of Addison, whose style is overrated, of Steele, whose morality is humorous, of Goldsmith, whose writing was angelic, and of Irving, whose taste was pretty. Mr. Curtis recalls all of these, yet he is like none of them. Humorous as they are and charming, he is somewhat sturdier, of a more robust fibre, with a stronger respect for plain living and high thinking, with a firmer grasp on the duties of life.

For the most part these essays of Mr. Curtis's are pleasant papers of reminiscence, of gentle moralizing and of kindly satire; but he is a swift and a careless

reader who does not detect the underlying preachment which is at the core of most of them. Mr. Curtis is not content to scourge lightly the snobbery and the vulgarity which cling to the fringe of fashion and sometimes get nearer to the centre of society, he also sets up a high standard of morality in public life. The divorce between Politics and Society—in the narrower meaning of the words—is not wholesome for either party. Mr. Curtis reminds us that "good government is one of the best things in the world," and that the wise man "knows that good things of that kind are not cheap." This is a quotation from the highly instructive and permanently pertinent paper on Honesty at the Caucus, which begins with the assertion that "a man who is easily discouraged, who is not willing to put the good seed out of sight and wait for results, who desponds if he cannot obtain everything at once, and who thinks the human race lost if he is disappointed, will be very unhappy if he persists in taking part in politics. There is no sphere in which self-deception is easier."

There are but few essays with a political intention in this delightful little book. The rest are papers mainly about people, about Edward Everett in 1862, and about Emerson Lecturing, and about Dickens Reading, and about Robert Browning in Florence, and about Wendell Phillips at Harvard, and about A Little Dinner with Thackeray, and about Thoreau, who had "a staccato style of speech, every word coming separately and distinctly as if preserving the same cool isolation in the sentence that the speaker did in society." Not a few of them have to do with the players of the past, with the vocalists who are now but memories of dead and gone delight, with the performers on musical instruments—Thalberg and other Pianists, At the opera in 1864, Jenny Lind. Was the gentle Jenny Lind really a vocalist or was she only a singer of songs unforgettable now because she sang them? As we read these reminders of past delights we find ourselves wondering how Jenny Lind would please the denizens of certain Un-musical Boxes at the Metropolitan Opera house, "who have an insatiable desire to proceed with their intellectual cultivation by audible conversation during the performance."

In the thick of the tussle of life here in this huge city of ours, where strident voices fill the market-place, the mellow note of the essayist is heard distinctly as he leans back in his Easy Chair, modulating every syllable with exquisite felicity. And perhaps the author of the Potiphar Papers is in his way quite as characteristic of New York as any of the more self-seeking notoriety who din into our ears the catalogue of their merits. In a great city there is room for all, for the boss and the heeler and the tough, as well as for the Tatler, the Spectator, the Idler, the Rambler and the Citizen of the World.

* * *

A citizen of the world Mr. Curtis is, beyond all question, really cosmopolitan; and, as Colonel Higginson told us a dozen years ago, "to be really cosmopolitan a man must be at home even in his own country." When Colonel Higginson came to New York last year to deliver before the Nineteenth Century club the lecture on The New World and the New Book which gives its title to his latest collection of essays, this epigram was quoted by the president of the club in introducing the speaker of the evening. It is perhaps now the best known of Colonel Higginson's many sharp sayings; it is better known probably than his assertion that the American has "a drop more of nervous fluid" than the Englishman—an assertion which Matthew Arnold failed to understand but did not fail to denounce. No doubt it is hard for a writer as witty as Colonel Higginson to find one or two of his acute sentences quivering in the public memory, while others as well aimed fall off idly. But it is with the epigram as with the lyric; we shoot an arrow in the air, it falls to earth we know not where; and we can rarely foretell which shaft is going to split the willow wand.

Colonel Higginson need not be ashamed to go down to posterity as the author of one phrase, for many a writer is saved from oblivion by a single apothegm; nor need he be afraid of this fate, for there are "good things" a-plenty in this new volume, and some of them are certain to do good service in international combat and to go hustling across the Atlantic again and again. There is an arsenal of epigram in the little essay called Weapons of Precision; and it is pleasant to see that their effective range is

more than 3000 miles. At that distance they have already wounded Mr. Andrew Lang and forced from him a cry of pain. So sensitive did Mr. Lang show himself to these transatlantic darts that he allows himself to reveal his ignorance of Colonel Higginson's work, of the Peabody Museum at Yale and of various other men and things in America, a knowledge of which was a condition precedent to debate on the question.

This question is very simple: Is there such a man as an American? Has he ever done anything justifying his existence? Or is he simply a second-rate, expatriated Englishman, a colonist who is to say ditto forever and a day? If we are only debased duplicates of the Poor Islanders, then our experiment here is a failure and our continued existence is not worth while. If we are something other than English, then it may be as well to understand ourselves and to throw off any lingering bond of colonialism. This is what Colonel Higginson's book was intended to help us to do. "Nothing is farther," he has said in his preface, from his "wish to pander to any petty national vanity, his sole desire being to assist in creating a modest and reasonable self-respect. The civil war bequeathed to us Americans, twenty-five years ago, a great revival of national feeling; but this has been followed in some quarters, during the last few years, by a curious relapse into something of the old colonial and apologetic attitude." No doubt this attitude is not characteristic of the best; it is to be seen only in the east—chiefly in New York and in Boston—chiefly among the half educated, for the man of wide culture looks for light rather to Paris and Berlin than to London.

Colonel Higginson proves abundantly, with a cloud of witnesses, that one of the differences between the American and the Englishman is the former's greater quickness. We are lighter and swifter in our appreciation of humor, for example. Indeed, it is amusing to observe that we speak of the English as obtuse in humor, just as they speak of the Scotch. I think that Colonel Higginson succeeds also in showing that there is greater fineness of taste in literature and in art in America; at least we do not take our dime novels seriously, while in England the leading

weekly reviews really consider the stories of the "Duchess" and of Mr. Farjeon.

Of course "the added drop of nervous fluid" must be paid for somehow; in all international comparisons the great law of compensations holds good. Recently a leading American scientist told me that he thought there was, in American scientific work, a lack of the energy he had observed in the English. It was of pure science he was speaking; as far as applied science is concerned, there seems to be no lack of energy visible in the United States. That this criticism is just I cannot deny, having no wish to fall into the pitfall of discussing a subject of which I have no knowledge whatever. But if there is a possible loss of energy, there is an indisputable gain in mental flexibility, in openness of mind. There are Philistines in the United States, as there are in Great Britain, a many of them on both sides of the Atlantic; but between the British Philistine and the American there is an essential difference. The British Philistine knows not the light and he hates it and he refuses to receive it. The American Philistine knows not the light, but he is not hostile and he is not only ready to receive it, but eager. This is a difference which goes to the root of the matter.

I have delayed so long over the subject of Colonel Higginson's book that I have now no space to speak of its style or of its separate chapters. Weapons of Precision I have already praised; it is a protest against vulgarity of style—against the bludgeon and the boomerang as arms of debate; it is a series of swift, rapier-like thrusts, to be considered by all who think that our language is inferior to the French in point and in brilliancy. Indeed, the whole book may be commended to those who can enjoy style and wit and learning and a knowledge of the world and a wisdom derived from men as well as from books. Especially may the essays on the Shadow of Europe, on the Perils of American Humor, on the Evolution of an American and on the Trick of Self-Depreciation be recommended to all who are downcast about the position of literature and of the arts in these United States or about the United States as a nation. These essays are tonic and stimulant; and if their Americanism may seem to some aggressive, this is a failing which might become

more common than it is without becoming dangerous—if it were always characterized by knowledge as wide as Colonel Higginson's and by wit as keen.

* * *

To no one may I venture to recommend Colonel Higginson's book more urgently than to Miss Agnes Repplier, who has sent forth a second volume of her entertaining magazine articles grouped under the excellent title of *Points of View*. Miss Repplier is very clever and very colonial. Although a Philadelphian, she has apparently never heard of the Declaration of Independence. From the company she keeps it is perhaps not an unfair inference to suggest that she seems to be sorry that she is not herself a Poor Islander. She is a well-read woman, with all literature open before her, yet she quotes almost altogether from the minor contributors to the contemporary British magazines; and we feel that if birds of a feather flock together we have here in the eagle's nest by some mischance hatched a British sparrow.

Miss Repplier's subjects are excellent—A Plea for Humor, Books that Have Hindered Me, Literary Shibboleths, Fiction in the Pulpit and the like; and she discusses them with ready humor and feminine individuality. She quotes abundantly and often aptly—and apt quotation is a difficult art. But the writers from whom she quotes most frequently are rarely worthy of that compliment. Bagehot had the gift of the winged phrase and a quotation from his masculine prose is always welcome. But a glance down the list of the others from whom she quotes will show that she mischooses often. She lacks the sense of literary perspective; and for her one writer is apparently as good as another—so long as he is a contemporary Englishman.

There is no index to Miss Repplier's book, but I have found amusement in making out a hasty list of those from whom she quotes. I do not vouch for its completeness or for its absolute accuracy, but it will serve to show that she is more at home in Great Britain than in the United States and that her mind travels more willingly in the little compartments of a British railway carriage than in the larger parlor cars of her native land. Besides Bagehot she cites Mr. Lang, Mr. Birrell, Mr. Shorthouse, Mr. Frederic Har-

rison, Mr. Radford, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. George Saintsbury, Mr. Gosse, Mr. James Payn, Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Pater, Mr. Froude, Mr. Oscar Wilde and Miss "Vernon Lee." There is also one quotation from Doctor Everett and one more from Doctor Holmes, or perhaps two. But there is nothing from Lowell, than whom a more quotable writer never lived. In like manner we find Miss Repplier discussing the novels and characters of Miss Austen and of Scott, of Dickens, of Thackeray and of George Eliot, but never once referring to the novels or characters of Hawthorne. Just how it was possible for any clever American woman to write nine essays in criticism, rich in references and quotations, without once happening on Lowell or on Hawthorne, is to me inexplicable.

Colonialism is scarcely an adequate explanation for this devotion to the first-rate, second-rate and third-rate writers of a foreign country to the neglect of the first-rate writers of her own. Perhaps the secret is to be sought rather in Miss Repplier's lack of literary standards. In literature as in some other things a woman's opinion is often personal and accidental; it depends on the way the book has happened to strike her; the angle of reflection is equal to the angle of incidence. Miss Repplier fails to apprehend the distinction between the authors who are to be taken seriously and the writers who are not to be taken seriously—between the man of letters who is somebody and the scribbler who is merely, in the French phrase, *quelconque*—nobody in particular. There is no need to go over the list of the persons from whom Miss Repplier quotes and with whose writings she seems to have an equal familiarity; certain names on it are those of comic personalities not to be accorded the compliment of serious criticism.

Despite Miss Repplier's reliance on those British authors who have come to America to enlighten us with lectures in words of one syllable—to borrow a neat phrase of Colonel Higginson's—her *Points of View* are well chosen and the outlook from them is pleasant. She writes brightly always and often brilliantly. She does herself injustice by her deference to those whom she invites to her board, for she is better company than her guests. Her criticism one need not fully agree with to call it generally sensible and well put

and sometimes necessary. Perhaps her best pages contain her protest against critical shams and literary affectations. She has no patience with the man who, while really liking Mr. Haggard's tales of battle, murder and sudden death, absurdly pretends to a preference for Tolstoi and Ibsen and George Meredith, whom his soul abhors. She has pleasant humor in her remark that those who read Robert Elsmere nowadays would think it wrong to enjoy Tom Jones, while the people who enjoyed Tom Jones—when it first came out—would have thought it wrong to read Robert Elsmere; and "that the people who, wishing to be on the safe side of virtue, think it wrong to read either, are scorned greatly as lacking true moral discrimination."

* * *

A bias in favor of one's own countrymen is absurd when it leads us to accept native geese for swans of Avon; but even then it is more creditable than a bias in favor of foreigners. So it is to be hoped that some of Miss Repplier's Philadelphia friends will take her to Independence Hall next Fourth of July and show her the bell that proclaimed liberty throughout the land. Then, on their way home, they might drop into a bookstore and make Miss Repplier a present of Colonel Higginson's *The New World* and the *New Book*, and of Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge's *Studies in History* (wherein is to be found a most acute account of Colonialism in America), and also that volume of Lowell's prose which contains the famous essay *On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners*.

There is no paper quite as pungent as this in the new volume containing Lowell's *Latest Literary Essays and Addresses*, which his literary executor, Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, has edited, and in which we find the essays on Gray and Landor and Walton, on Milton's *Areopagitica* and on Shakespeare's *Richard III.*, with the felicitous and scholarly and practical address delivered to the Modern Language association. Lowell was ever a standing rebuke to the spirit of colonialism. His was a stalwart Americanism, sturdy enough to withstand the climate of London. He knew that English literature was his portion by right of birth and he held the English lan-

guage as a heritage from his forefathers. How well he could use this inheritance the British learned during his long stay among them. Once an ambassador was said to be a man sent abroad to lie for the good of his country, but we have changed all that. At least, the American minister to Great Britain is sent abroad to make after-dinner speeches for the good of his country. How fine these speeches were when Lowell was the American minister in London, how witty, how intellectual, how varied, only those of us know who had the luck to hear them.

Not all of these addresses have been collected as yet and of many no notes exist, probably. The speech which Lowell made at the dinner given to Mr. Henry Irving, in London, before the distinguished actor paid his first visit to America, and which I had the good fortune to hear, was very summarily condensed in the next morning's papers. But the speech he made four years ago, when the Incorporated Society of Authors gave a dinner to him and to the other American men of letters then in London, was taken down in full and is to be found at length in the report issued by the society. And the speech made at the banquet held here in New York to celebrate the centenary of the constitution was recorded in the newspapers. Probably a diligent search would rescue not a few other addresses which it would be a pity not to preserve.

Certain of his writings ought also to be collected, and I had hoped to see in this volume of *Latest Literary Essays* the scholarly and humorous paper, *Avaunt, Thou Spell!* which Lowell contributed anonymously to the *Atlantic* of December 1890. There are a host of his other papers, essays and reviews in the *Atlantic* and the *North American Review* and in the *Nation*. There are his memoirs of Poe and Marvell and of other poets. There is the brief *Apology* for a Preface contributed two or three years ago to a cheap reprint of one of his volumes of essays issued in London.

To speak adequately of the latest volume of Lowell's collected works now before me, incomplete as it is, would take more pages than I can give to the whole of this essaylet. It must be enough to say that it is a book no lover of what is best in modern letters can go without.



"UNDER THE TREE WAS A BENCH AND ON THE BENCH WERE TWO ELDERLY MEN."

ASAPH.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

ABOUT a hundred feet back from the main street of a village in New Jersey there stood a very good white house. Halfway between it and the sidewalk was a large chestnut tree, which had been the pride of Mr. Himes, who built the house, and was now the pride of Mrs. Himes, his widow, who lived there.

Under the tree was a bench and on the bench were two elderly men, both smoking pipes, and each one of them leaning forward with his elbows on his knees. One of these, Thomas Rooper by name, was a small man with gray side whiskers, a rather thin face and very good clothes.

His pipe was a meerschaum, handsomely colored, with a long amber tip. He had bought that pipe while on a visit to Philadelphia during the great Centennial Exposition; and if anyone noticed it and happened to remark what a fine pipe it was, that person would be likely to receive a detailed account of the circumstances of its purchase, with an appendix relating to the Main building, the Art building, the Agricultural building and many other salient points of the great Exposition which commemorated the centennial of our national independence.

The other man, Asaph Scantle, was of

a different type. He was a little older than his companion, but if his hair were gray it did not show very much, as his rather long locks were of a sandy hue and his full face was clean shaven, at least on Wednesdays and Sundays. He was tall, round-shouldered, and his clothes were not good, possessing very evident claims to a position on the retired list. His pipe consisted of a common clay bowl with a long reed stem.

For some minutes the two men continued to puff together as if they were playing a duet upon tobacco pipes, and then Asaph, removing his reed from his lips, remarked, "What you ought to do, Thomas, is to marry money."

"There's sense in that," replied the other, "but you wasn't the first to think of it."

Asaph, who knew very well that Mr. Rooper never allowed anyone to suppose that he received suggestions from without, took no notice of the last remark, but went on: "Lookin' at the matter in a friendly way, it seems to me it stands to reason that when the shingles on a man's house is so rotten that the rain comes through into every room on the top floor, and when the plaster on the ceilin' is tumblin' down more or less all the time and the window sashes is all loose, and things generally in a condition that he can't let that house without spendin' at least a year's rent on it to git it into decent order, and when a man's got to the time of life——"

"There's nothin' the matter with the time of life," said Thomas; "that's all right."

"What I was goin' to say was," continued Asaph, "that when a man gits to the time of life when he knows what it is to be comfortable in his mind as well as his body, and that time comes to sensible people as soon as they git fairly growed up, he don't want to give up his good room in the tavern and all the privileges of the house and go to live on his own property and have the plaster come down on his own head and the rain come down on the coverlet of his own bed."

"No, he don't," said Thomas; "and what is more he isn't goin' to do it. But what I git from the rent of that house is what I have to live on; there's no gittin' around that pint."

"Well, then," said Asaph, "if you don't marry money, what are you goin' to do? You can't go back to your old business."

"I never had but one business," said Thomas. "I lived with my folks until I was a good deal more than growed up; and when the war broke out I went as sutler to the regiment from this place; and all the money I made I put into my property in the village here. That's what I've lived on ever since. There's no more war, so there's no more sutlers, except away out West where I wouldn't go; and there are no more folks, for they are all dead; and if what Mrs. McJimsey says is true, there'll be no more tenants in my house after the 1st of next November. For when the McJimseys go on account of want of general repairs, it is not to be expected that anybody else will come there. There's nobody in this place that can stand as much as the McJimseys can."

"Consequently," said Asaph, deliberately filling his pipe, "it stands to reason that there ain't nothin' for you to do but marry money."

Thomas Rooper took his pipe from his mouth and sat up straight. Gazing steadfastly at his companion, he remarked, "If you think that is such a good thing to do, why don't you do it yourself? There can't be anybody much harder up than you are."

"The law's agin' my doin' it," said Asaph. "A man can't marry his sister."

"Are you thinkin' of Marietta Himes?" asked Mr. Rooper.

"That's the one I'm thinkin' of," said Asaph. "If you can think of anybody better, I'd like you to mention her."

Mr. Rooper did not immediately speak. He presently asked: "What do you call money?"

"Well," said Asaph, with a little hesitation, "considerin' the circumstances, I should say that in a case like this about \$1500 a year, and a first-rate house, with not a loose shingle on it and not a crack anywhere, and a good garden and an orchard, and two cows and a piece of meadow land on the other side of the creek, and all the clothes a woman need have, is money."

Thomas shrugged his shoulders. "Clothes!" he said. "If she marries she'll go out of black, and then she'll have



"THEY WAS SAYIN' DOWN AT THE TAVERN YESTERDAY."

to have new ones, and lots of 'em. That would make a big hole in her money, Asaph."

The other smiled. "I always knowed you was a far-seein' feller, Thomas; but it stands to reason that Marietta's got a lot of clothes that was on hand before she went into mournin', and she's not the kind of woman to waste 'em. She'll be twistin' 'em about and makin' 'em over to suit the fashions, and it won't be like her to be buyin' new colored goods when she's got plenty of 'em already."

There was now another pause in the conversation and then Mr. Rooper remarked: "Mrs. Himes must be gettin' on pretty well in years."

"She's not a young woman," said Asaph; "but if she was much younger she wouldn't have you, and if she was much older you wouldn't have her. So it strikes me she's just about the right pint."

"How old was John Himes when he died?" asked Thomas.

"I don't exactly know that; but he was a lot older than Marietta."

Thomas shook his head. "It strikes me," said he, "that John Himes had a hearty constitution and hadn't ought to

died as soon as he did. He fell away a good deal in the last years of his life."

"And considerin' that he died of consumption, he had a right to fall away," said Asaph. "If what you are drivin' at, Thomas, is that Marietta isn't a good housekeeper and hasn't the right sort of notions of feedin', look at me. I've lived with Marietta just about a year, and in that time I have gained forty-two pounds. Now, of course, I ain't unreasonable, and don't mean to say that you would gain forty-two pounds in a year, 'cause you ain't got the frame and bone to put it on; but it wouldn't surprise me a bit if you was to gain twenty, or even twenty-five pounds in eighteen months, anyway; and more than that you ought not to ask, Thomas, considerin' your height and general build."

"Isn't Marietta Himes a good deal of a freethinker?" asked Thomas.

"A what?" cried Asaph. "You mean an infidel?"

"No," said Thomas, "I don't charge nobody with nothin' more than there's reason for; but they do say that she goes sometimes to one church and sometimes to another, and that if there was a Catholic church in this village she would go to

that. And who's goin' to say where a woman will turn up when she don't know her own mind better than that?"

Asaph colored a little. "The place where Marietta will turn up," said he warmly, "is on a front seat in the kingdom of heaven; and if the people that talk about her will mend their ways, they'll see that I am right. You need not trouble yourself about that, Thomas. Marietta Himes is pious to the heel."

Mr. Rooper now shifted himself a little on the bench and crossed one leg over the other. "Now look here, Asaph," he said, with a little more animation than he had yet shown, "supposin' all you say is true, have you got any reason to think that Mrs. Himes ain't satisfied with things as they are?"

"Yes, I have," said Asaph. "And I don't mind tellin' you that the thing she's least satisfied with is me. She wants a man in the house; that is nateral. She wouldn't be Marietta Himes if she didn't. When I come to live with her I thought the whole business was settled; but it isn't. I don't suit her. I don't say she's lookin' for another man, but if another man was to come along, and if he was the right kind of a man, it's my opinion she's ready for him. I wouldn't say this to everybody, but I say it to you, Thomas Rooper, 'cause I know what kind of a man you are."

Mr. Rooper did not return the compliment. "I don't wonder your sister ain't satisfied with you," he said, "for you go ahead of all the lazy men I ever saw yet. They was sayin' down at the tavern yesterday, only yesterday, that you could do less work in more time than anybody they ever before saw."

"There's two ways of workin'," said Asaph. "Some people work with their hands and some with their heads."

Thomas grimly smiled. "It strikes me," said he, "that the most headwork you do is with your jaws."

Asaph was not the man to take offence readily, especially when he considered it against his interest to do so, and he showed no resentment at this remark. "'Tain't so much my not makin' myself more generally useful," he said, "that Marietta objects to; though, of course, it could not be expected that a man that hasn't got any interest in property would

keep workin' at it like a man that has got an interest in it, such as Marietta's husband would have; but it's my general appearance that she don't like. She's told me more than once she didn't so much mind my bein' lazy as lookin' lazy."

"I don't wonder she thinks that way," said Thomas. "But look here, Asaph, do you suppose that if Marietta Himes was to marry a man he would really come into her property?"

"There ain't nobody that knows my sister better than I know her, and I can say, without any fear of bein' contradicted, that when she gives herself to a man the good-will and fixtures will be included."

Thomas Rooper now leaned forward with his elbows on his knees without smoking, and Asaph Scantle leaned forward with his elbows on his knees without smoking. And thus they remained, saying nothing to each other, for the space of some ten minutes.

Asaph was a man who truly used his head a great deal more than he used his hands. He had always been a shiftless fellow, but he was no fool, and this his sister found out soon after she asked him to come and make his home with her. She had not done this because she wanted a man in the house, for she had lived two or three years without that convenience and had not felt the need of it. But she heard that Asaph was in very uncomfortable circumstances, and she had sent for him solely for his own good. The arrangement proved to be a very good one for her brother, but not a good one for her. She had always known that Asaph's head was his main dependence, but she was just beginning to discover that he liked to use his head so that other people's hands should work for him.

"There ain't nobody comin' to see your sister, is there?" asked Thomas suddenly.

"Not a livin' soul," said Asaph, "except women, married folk and children. But it has always surprised me that nobody did come; but just at this minute the field's clear and the gate's open."

"Well," said Mr. Rooper, "I'll think about it."

"That's right," said Asaph, rubbing his knees with his hands. "That's

right. But now tell me, Thomas Rooper, supposin' you get Marietta, what are you goin' to do for me?"

"For you?" exclaimed the other. "What have you got to do with it?"

"A good deal," said Asaph. "If you get Marietta with her \$1500 a year, and it wouldn't surprise me if it was \$1800, and her house and her garden and her cattle and her field and her furniture, which I didn't mention before, with not a leg loose nor a cushion scratched, you will get her because I proposed her to you, and because I backed you up afterward. And now then, I want to know what you are goin' to do for me?"

"What do you want?" asked Thomas.

"The first thing I want," said Asaph, "is a suit of clothes. These clothes is disgraceful."

"You are right there," said Mr. Rooper. "I wonder your sister lets you come around in front of the house. But what do you mean by clothes; winter clothes or summer clothes?"

"Winter," said Asaph, without hesitation. "I don't count summer clothes. And when I say a suit of clothes, I mean shoes and hat and underclothes."

Mr. Rooper gave a sniff. "I wonder you don't say overcoat," he remarked.

"I do say overcoat," replied Asaph. "A suit of winter clothes is a suit of clothes that you can go out into the weather in without missin' nothin'."

Mr. Rooper smiled sarcastically. "Is there anything else you want?" he asked.

"Yes," said Asaph decidedly, "there is. I want a umbrella."

"Cotton or silk?"

Asaph hesitated. He had never had a silk umbrella in his hand in his life. He was afraid to strike too high and he answered, "I want a good stout gingham."

Mr. Rooper nodded his head. "Very good," he said. "And is that all?"

"No," said Asaph, "it ain't all. There is one more thing I want and that is a dictionary."

The other man rose to his feet. "Upon my word," he exclaimed, "I never before saw a man that would sell his sister for a dictionary. And what you want with a dictionary is past my conceivin'."

"Well, it ain't past mine," said Asaph. "For more than ten years I have wanted a dictionary. If I had a dictionary I could



"ASAPH STOOD THINKING."

make use of my head in a way that I can't now. There is books in this house, but amongst 'em there is no dictionary. If there had been one, I'd been a different man by this time from what I am now, and like as not Marietta wouldn't have wanted any other man in the house but me."

Mr. Rooper stood looking upon the ground; and Asaph, who had also arisen, waited for him to speak. "You are a graspin' man, Asaph," said Thomas. "But there is another thing I'd like to know:

if I give you them clothes, you don't want them before she's married?"

"Yes, I do," said Asaph. "If I come to the weddin', I can't wear these things. I have got to have them first."

Mr. Rooper gave his head a little twist. "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," said he.

"Yes," said Asaph; "and there's different cups and different lips. But what's more, if I was to be best man, which would be nateral, considerin' I'm your friend and her brother, you wouldn't want me standin' up in this rig. And that's puttin' it in your own point of view, Thomas."

"It strikes me," said the other, "that I could get a best man that would furnish his own clothes; but we will see about that. There's another thing, Asaph," he said abruptly, "what are Mrs. Himes's views concernin' pipes?"

This question startled and frightened Asaph. He knew that his sister could not abide the smell of tobacco and that Mr. Rooper was an inveterate smoker.

"That depends," said he, "on the kind of tobacco. I don't mind sayin' that Marietta isn't partial to the kind of tobacco I smoke. But I ain't a moneyed man and I can't afford to buy nothin' but cheap stuff. But when it comes to a meerschaum pipe and the very finest Virginia or North Carolina smoking tobacco, such as a moneyed man would be likely to use——"

At this moment there came from the house the sound of a woman's voice, not loud, but clear and distinct, and it said "Asaph."

This word sent through Mr. Rooper a gentle thrill such as he did not remember ever having felt before. There seemed to be in it a suggestion, a sort of prophecy, of what appeared to him as an undefined and chaotic bliss. He was not a fanciful

man, but he could not help imagining himself standing alone under that chestnut tree and that voice calling "Thomas."

Upon Asaph the effect was different. The interruption was an agreeable one in one way, because it cut short his attempted explanation of the tobacco question; but in another way he knew that it meant the swinging of an axe, and that was not pleasant.

Mr. Rooper walked back to the tavern in a cogitative state of mind. "That Asaph Scantle," he said to himself, "has got a headpiece, there's no denying it. If it had not been for him I do not believe I

should have thought of his sister; at least not until the McJimses had left my house, and then it might have been too late."

Marietta Himes was a woman with a gentle voice and an appearance and demeanor indicative of a general softness of disposition, but beneath this mild exterior there was a great deal of firmness of purpose. Asaph had not seen very much of his sister since she had grown up and married; and when he came to live with her he thought that he was going to have things pretty much

his own way. But it was not long before he entirely changed his mind.

Mrs. Himes was of moderate height, pleasant countenance and a figure inclined to plumpness. Her dark hair, in which there was not a line of gray, was brushed down smoothly on each side of her face, and her dress, while plain, was extremely neat. In fact, everything in the house and on the place was extremely neat, except Asaph.

She was in the bright little dining room which looked out on the flower garden, preparing the table for supper, placing every plate, dish, glass and cup with as much care and exactness as if a civil engi-



"THAT GAL BETSEY."

neer had drawn a plan on the tablecloth with places marked for the position of each article.

As she finished her work by placing a chair on each side of the table, a quiet smile, the result of a train of thought in which she had been indulging for the past half hour, stole over her face. She passed through the kitchen, with a glance at the stove to see if the tea kettle had begun to boil, and going out of the back door, she walked over to the shed where her brother was splitting kindling wood.

"Asaph," said Mrs. Himes, "if I were to give you a good suit of clothes, would you promise me that you would never smoke when wearing them?"

Her brother looked at her in amazement. "Clothes!" he repeated.

"Mr. Himes was about your size," said his sister, "and he left a good many clothes, which are most of them very good and carefully packed away, so that I am sure there is not a moth hole in any one of them. I have several times thought, Asaph, that I might give you some of his clothes; but it did seem to me a desecration to have the clothes of such a man, who was so particular and nice, filled and saturated with horrible tobacco smoke which he detested. But now you are getting to be so awful shabby, I do not see how I can stand it any longer. But one thing I will not do, I will not have Mr. Himes's clothes smelling of tobacco as yours do, and not only your own tobacco but Mr. Rooper's."

"I think," said Asaph, "that you are not exactly right just there. What you smell about me is my smoke. Thomas Rooper never uses anything but the finest scented and delicate brands. I think that if you come to get used to his tobacco smoke you would like it. But as to my takin' off my clothes and puttin' on a different suit every time I want to light my pipe, that's pretty hard lines, it seems to me."

"It would be a good deal easier to give up the pipe," said his sister.

"I will do that," said Asaph, "when you give up tea. But you know as well as I do that there's no use of either of us a-tryin' to change our comfortable habits at our time of life."

"I kept on hoping," said Mrs. Himes, "that you would feel yourself that you

were not fit to be seen by decent people, and that you would go to work and earn at least enough money to buy yourself some clothes. But as you don't seem inclined to do that, I thought I would make you this offer. But you must understand that I will not have you smoke in Mr. Himes's clothes."

Asaph stood thinking, the head of his axe resting upon the ground, a position which suited him. He was in a little perplexity. Marietta's proposition seemed to interfere somewhat with the one he had made to Thomas Rooper. Here was a state of affairs which required most careful consideration. "I've been arrangin' about some clothes," he said presently, "for I know very well I need 'em; but I don't know just yet how it will turn out."

"I hope, Asaph," said Marietta quickly, "that you are not thinking of going into debt for clothing, and I know that you haven't been working to earn money. What arrangements have you been making?"

"That's my private affair," said Asaph, "but there's no debt in it. It is all fair and square—cash down, so to speak; though, of course, it's not cash, but work. But, as I said before, that isn't settled."

"I am afraid, Asaph," said his sister, "that if you have to do the work first you will never get the clothes, and so you might as well come back to my offer."

Asaph came back to it and thought about it very earnestly. If by any chance he could get two suits of clothes, he would then feel that he had a head worth having. "What would you say," he said presently, "if when I wanted to smoke I was to put on a long duster—I guess Mr. Himes had dusters—and a nightcap and rubbers? I'd agree to hang the duster and the cap in the shed here and never smoke without putting 'em on." There was a deep purpose in this proposition, for, enveloped in the long duster, he might sit with Thomas Rooper under the chestnut tree and smoke and talk and plan as long as he pleased, and his companion would not know that he did not need a new suit of clothes.

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Himes; "you must make up your mind to act perfectly fairly, Asaph, or else say you will not accept my offer. But if you don't accept it, I

can't see how you can keep on living with me."

"What do you mean by clothes, Marietta?" he asked.

"Well, I mean a complete suit, of course," said she.

"Winter or summer?"

"I hadn't thought of that," Mrs. Himes replied, "but that can be as you choose."

"Overcoat?" asked Asaph.

"Yes," said she, "and cane and umbrella, if you like, and pocket-handkerchiefs too. I will fit you out completely and shall be glad to have you looking like a decent man."

At the mention of the umbrella another line of perplexity showed itself upon Asaph's brow. The idea came to him that if she would add a dictionary he would strike a bargain. Thomas Rooper was certainly a very undecided and uncertain sort of man. But then there came up the thought of his pipe, and he was all at sea again. Giving up smoking was almost the same as giving up eating. "Marietta," said he, "I will think about this."

"Very well," she answered, "but it's my opinion, Asaph, that you ought not to take more than one minute to think about it. However, I will give you until tomorrow morning, and then if you decide that you don't care to look like a respectable citizen, I must have some further talk with you about our future arrangements."

"Make it tomorrow night," said Asaph. And his sister consented.

The next day Asaph was unusually brisk and active; and very soon after breakfast he walked over to the village tavern to see Mr. Rooper.

"Hello!" exclaimed that individual, surprised at his visitor's early appearance at the business centre of the village. "What's started you out? Have you come after them clothes?"

A happy thought struck Asaph. He had made this visit with the intention of feeling his way towards some decision on the important subject of his sister's proposition and here a way seemed to be opened to him. "Thomas," said he, taking his friend aside, "I am in an awful fix. Marietta can't stand my clothes any longer. If she can't stand them she can't stand me, and when it comes to that, you

can see for yourself that I can't help you."

A shade settled upon Mr. Rooper's face. During the past evening he had been thinking and puffing and puffing and thinking until everybody else in the tavern had gone to bed, and he had finally made up his mind that, if he could do it, he would marry Marietta Himes. He had never been very intimate with her or her husband, but he had been to meals in the house, and he remembered the fragrant coffee and the light, puffy, well-baked rolls made by Marietta's own hands; and he thought of the many differences between living in that very good house with that gentle, pleasant-voiced lady and his present life in the village tavern.

And so, having determined that without delay he would, with the advice and assistance of Asaph, begin his courtship, it was natural that he should feel a shock of discouragement when he heard Asaph's announcement that his sister could not endure him in the house any longer. To attack that house and its owner without the friendly offices upon which he depended was an undertaking for which he was not at all prepared.

"I don't wonder at her," he said sharply, "not a bit. But this puts a mighty different face on the thing what we talked about yesterday."

"It needn't," said Asaph quietly. "The clothes you was goin' to give me wouldn't cost a cent more today than they would in a couple of months, say; and when I've got 'em on Marietta will be glad to have me around. Everything can go on just as we bargained for."

Thomas shook his head. "That would be a mighty resky piece of business," he said. "You would be all right, but that's not sayin' that I would; for it strikes me that your sister is about as much a bird in the bush as any flyin' critter."

Asaph smiled. "If the bush was in the middle of a field," said he, "and there was only one boy after the bird, it would be a pretty tough job. But if the bush is in the corner of two high walls, and there's two boys, and one of 'em's got a fishnet what he can throw clean over the bush, why, then the chances is a good deal better. But droppin' figgers, Thomas, and speakin' plain and straightforward, as I always do—"



"MADAM, I WILL NOT ASK YOU TO GIVE ME AN ANSWER NOW."

"About things you want to git," interrupted Thomas.

"About everything," resumed Asaph. "I'll just tell you this: if I don't git decent clothes now, today, or perhaps tomorrow, I have got to travel out of Marietta's house. I can do it and she knows it. I can go back to Drummondville and git my board for keepin' books in the store and nobody there cares what sort of clothes I wear. But when that happens, your chances of gittin' Marietta goes up higher than a kite."

To the mind of Mr. Rooper this was most conclusive reasoning; but he would not admit it and he did not like it. "Why don't your sister give you clothes?" he said. "Old Himes must have left some."

A thin chill like a needleful of frozen thread ran down Asaph's back. "Mr. Himes's clothes!" he exclaimed. "What in the world are you talkin' about, Thomas Rooper? 'Tain't likely he had many 'cept what he was buried in, and what's left, if there is any, Marietta would no more think of givin' away than she would of hangin' up his funeral wreath for the canary bird to perch on. There's a room up in the garret where she keeps his special things, for she's awful particular,

and if there is any of his clothes up there I expect she's got 'em framed."

"If she thinks as much of him as that," muttered Mr. Rooper.

"Now don't git any sech ideas as them into your head, Thomas," said Asaph quickly. "Marietta ain't a woman to rake up the past, and you never need be afraid of her rakin' up Mr. Himes. All of the premises will be hern and yourn except that room in the garret, and it ain't likely she'll ever ask you to go in there."

"The Lord knows I won't want to!" ejaculated Mr. Rooper.

The two men walked slowly to the end of a line of well-used, or, rather, badly used, wooden armchairs which stood upon the tavern piazza, and seated themselves. Mr. Rooper's mind was in a highly perturbed condition. If he accepted Asaph's present proposition he would have to make a considerable outlay with a very shadowy prospect of return.

"If you haven't got the ready money for the clothes," said Asaph, after having given his companion some minutes for silent consideration, "there ain't a man in this village what they would trust sooner at the store for clothes," and then after a pause he added, "or books, which, of course, they can order from town."

At this Mr. Rooper simply shrugged his shoulders. The question of ready money or credit did not trouble him.

At this moment a man in a low phaeton, drawn by a stout gray horse, passed the tavern.

"Who's that?" asked Asaph, who knew everybody in the village.

"That's Doctor Wicker," said Thomas.

"He lives over at Timberley. He 'tended John Himes in his last sickness."

"He don't practise here, does he?" said Asaph. "I never see him."

"No; but he was called in to consult." And then the speaker dropped again into cogitation.

After a few minutes Asaph rose. He knew that Thomas Rooper had a slow-working mind and thought it would be well to leave him to himself for awhile. "I'll go home," said he, "and 'tend to my chores, and by the time you feel like comin' up and takin' a smoke with me under the chestnut tree, I reckon you will have made up your mind, and we'll settle this thing. Fer if I have got to go

back to Drummondville, I spose I'll have to pack up this afternoon."

"If you'd say pack off instead of pack up," remarked the other, "you'd come nearer the facts, considerin' the amount of your personal property. But I'll be up there in an hour or two."

When Asaph came within sight of his sister's house he was amazed to see a phaeton and a gray horse standing in front of the gate. From this it was easy to infer that the doctor was in the house. What on earth could have happened? Was anything the matter with Marietta? And if so, why did she send for a physician who lived at a distance, instead of Doctor McIlvaine, the village doctor? In a very anxious state of mind Asaph reached the gate, and irresolutely went into the yard. His impulse was to go to the house and see what had happened; but he hesitated. He felt that Marietta might object to having a comparative stranger know that such an exceedingly shabby fellow was her brother. And, besides, his sister could not have been overtaken by any sudden illness. She had always appeared perfectly well, and there would have been no time during his brief absence from the house to send over to Timberley for a doctor.

So he sat down under the chestnut tree to consider this strange condition of affairs. "Whatever it is," he said to himself, "it's nothin' suddint and it's bound to be chronic and that'll skeer Thomas. I wish I hadn't asked him to come up here. The best thing for me to do will be to pretend that I have been sent to git somethin' at the store and go straight back and keep him from comin' up."

But Asaph was a good deal quicker to think than to move, and he still sat with brows wrinkled and mind beset by doubts. For a moment he thought that it might be well to accept Marietta's proposition and let Thomas go; but then he remembered the conditions, and he shut his mental eyes at the prospect.

At that moment the gate opened and in walked Thomas Rooper. He had made up his mind and had come to say so; but the sight of the phaeton and gray horse caused him to postpone his intended announcement. "What's Doctor Wicker doin' here?" he asked abruptly.

"Dunno," said Asaph, as carelessly as

he could speak. "I don't meddle with household matters of that kind. I expect it's somethin' the matter with that gal Betsey that Marietta hires to help her. She's always wrong some way or other so that she can't do her own proper work, which I know, havin' to do a good deal of it myself. I expect it's rickets, like as not. Gals do have that sort of thing, don't they?"

"Never had anything to do with sick gals," said Thomas, "or sick people of any sort, and don't want to. But it must be somethin' pretty deep-seated for your sister to send all the way to Timberley for a doctor."

Asaph knew very well that Mrs. Himes was too economical a person to think of doing such a thing as that, and he knew also that Betsey was as good a specimen of rustic health as could be found in the county. And therefore his companion's statement that he wanted to have nothing to do with sick people had for him a saddening import.

"I settled that business of yourn," said Mr. Rooper, "pretty soon after you left me. I thought I might as well come straight around and tell you about it. I'll make you a fair and square offer. I'll give you them clothes, though it strikes me that winter goods will be pretty heavy for this time of year; but it will be on this condition: if I don't get Marietta, you have got to give 'em back."

Asaph smiled.

"I know what you are grinnin' at," said Thomas; "but you needn't think that you are goin' to have the wearin' of them clothes for two or three months and then give 'em back. I don't go in for any long courtships. What I do in that line will be short and sharp."

"How short?" asked Asaph.

"Well, this is Thursday," replied the other, "and I calculate to ask her on Monday."

Asaph looked at his companion in amazement. "By George!" he exclaimed, "that won't work. Why, it took Marietta more'n five days to make up her mind whether she would have the chicken house painted green or red, and you can't expect her to be quicker than that in takin' a new husband. She'd say No just as certain as she would now if you was to go in and ask her right before

the doctor and Betsey. And I'll just tell you plain that it wouldn't pay me to do all the hustlin' around and talkin' and argyin' and recommendin' that I'd have to do just for the pleasure of wearin' a suit of warm clothes for four July days. I tell you what it is, it won't do to spring that sort of thing on a woman, especially when she's what you might call a trained widder. You got to give 'em time to think over the matter and to look up your references. There's no use talkin' about it; you must give 'em time, especially when the offer comes from a person that nobody but me has ever thought of as a marryin' man."

"Humph!" said Thomas. "That's all you know about it."

"Facts is facts, and you can't git around 'em. There isn't a woman in this village what wouldn't take at least two weeks to git it into her head that you was really courtin' her. She would be just as likely to think that you was tryin' to git a tenant in place of the McJimseys. But a month of your courtin' and a month of my workin' would just about make the matter all right with Marietta, and then you could sail in and settle it."

"Very good," said Mr. Rooper, rising suddenly. "I will court your sister for one month; and if on the 17th day of August she takes me, you can go up to the store and git them clothes; but you can't do it one minute afore. Good mornin'."

Asaph, left alone, heaved a sigh. He did not despair; but truly, fate was heaping a great many obstacles in his path. He thought it was a very hard thing for a man to get his rights in this world.

Mrs. Himes sat on one end of a black hair-covered sofa in the parlor, and Doctor Wicker sat on a black hair-covered chair opposite to her and not far away. The blinds of the window opening upon the garden were drawn up; but those on the front window, which commanded a view of the chestnut tree, were down. Doctor Wicker had just made a proposal of marriage to Mrs. Himes, and at that moment they were both sitting in silence.

The doctor, a bluff, hearty-looking man of about forty-five, had been very favorably impressed by Mrs. Himes when he first made her acquaintance, during her husband's sickness, and since that time he

had seen her occasionally and had thought about her a great deal. Latterly letters had passed between them, and now he had come to make his declaration in person.

It was true, as her brother had said, that Marietta was not quick in making up her mind. But in this case she was able to act more promptly than usual, because she had in a great measure settled this matter before the arrival of the doctor. She knew he was going to propose and she was very much inclined to accept him. This it was which had made her smile when she was setting the table the afternoon before, and this it was which had prompted her to make her proposition to her brother in regard to his better personal appearance.

But now she was in a condition of nervous trepidation and made no answer. The doctor thought this was natural enough under the circumstances, but he had no idea of the cause of it. The cause of it was sitting under the chestnut tree, the bright sunlight, streaming through a break in the branches above, illuminating and emphasizing and exaggerating his extreme shabbiness. The doctor had never seen Asaph, and it would have been a great



"THE GATE OPENED AND IN WALKED THOMAS ROOPER."

shock to Marietta's self-respect to have him see her brother in his present aspect.

Through a crack in the blind of the front window she had seen Asaph come in and sit down, and she had seen Mr. Rooper arrive and had noticed his departure. And now, with an anxiety which made her chin tremble, she sat and hoped that Asaph would get up and go away. For she knew that if she should say to the doctor what she was perfectly willing to say then and there, he would very soon depart, being a man of practical mind and pressing business; and that, going to the front door with him, she would be obliged to introduce him to a prospective brother-in-law whose appearance, she truly believed, would make him sick. For the doctor was a man, she well knew, who was quite as nice and particular about dress and personal appearance as the late Mr. Himes had been.

Doctor Wicker, aware that the lady's perturbation was increasing instead of diminishing, thought it wise not to press the matter at this moment. He felt that he had been, perhaps, a little over-prompt in making his proposition. "Madam," said he, rising, "I will not ask you to give me an answer now. I will go away and let you think about it and will come again tomorrow."

Through the crack in the window blind Marietta saw that Asaph was still under the tree. What could she do to delay the doctor? She did not offer to take leave of him, but stood looking upon the floor. It seemed a shame to make so good a man go all the way back to Timberley and come again next day, just because that ragged, dirty Asaph was sitting under the chestnut tree.

The doctor moved toward the door, and as she followed him she glanced once more through the crack in the window blind and, to her intense delight, she saw Asaph jump up from the bench and run around to the side of the house. He had heard the doctor's footsteps in the hallway and had not wished to meet him. The unsatisfactory condition of his outward appearance had been so strongly impressed upon him of late that he had become a little sensitive in regard to it when strangers were concerned. But if he had only known that his exceedingly unattractive garments had prevented his sister from making a

compact which would have totally ruined his plans in regard to her matrimonial disposition and his own advantage, he would have felt for those old clothes the respect and gratitude with which a Roman soldier regarded the shield and sword which had won him a battle.

Down the middle of the garden, at the back of the house, there ran a path, and along this path Asaph walked meditatively, with his hands in his trousers pockets. It was a discouraging place for him to walk, for the beds on each side of him were full of weeds, which he had intended to pull out as soon as he should find time for the work, but which had now grown so tall and strong that they could not be rooted up without injuring the plants which were the legitimate occupants of the garden.

Asaph did not know it, but at this moment there was not one person in the whole world who thought kindly of him. His sister was so mortified by him that



"ASAPH CONTINUED TO WALK UP AND DOWN THE PATH."

she was in tears in the house. His crony, Thomas, had gone away almost angry with him, and even Betsey, whom he had falsely accused of rickets, and who had often shown a pity for him simply because he looked so forlorn, had steeled her heart against him that morning when she found he had gone away without providing her with any fuel for the kitchen fire.

But he had not made a dozen turns up and down the path before he became aware of the feeling of Marietta. She looked out of the back door and then walked rapidly toward him. "Asaph," said she, "I hope you are considering what I said to you yesterday, for I mean to stick to my word. If you don't choose to accept my offer, I want you to go back to Drummondville early tomorrow morning. And I don't feel in the least as if I were turning you out of the house, for I have given you a chance to stay here and have only asked you to act like a decent Christian. I will not have you here disgracing my home. When Doctor Wicker came today, and I looked out and saw you with that miserable little coat with the sleeves halfway up to the elbows and great holes in it which you will not let anybody patch, because you are too proud to wear patches, and those wretched faded trousers, out at the knees, and which have been turned up and hemmed at the bottom so often that they are six inches above your shoes, and your whole scarecrow appearance, I was so ashamed of you that I could not keep the tears out of my eyes. To tell a respectable gentleman like Doctor Wicker that you were my brother was more than I could bear; and I was glad when I saw you get up and sneak out of the way. I hate to talk to you in this way, Asaph, but you have brought it on yourself."

Her brother looked at her a moment. "Do you want me to go away before breakfast?" he said.

"No," answered Marietta, "but immediately afterward." And in her mind she resolved that breakfast should be very early the next morning.

If Asaph had any idea of yielding he did not intend to show it until the last moment, and so he changed the subject. "What's the matter with Betsey?" said he. "If she's out of health you'd better get rid of her."

"There's nothing the matter with Bet-

sey," answered his sister. "Doctor Wicker came to see me."

"Came to see you!" exclaimed her brother. "What in the world did he do that for? you never told me that you were ailin'. Is it that sprain in your ankle?"

"Nonsense," said Marietta. "I had almost recovered from that sprain when you came here. There's nothing the matter with my ankle, the trouble is probably with my heart."

The moment she said this she regretted it, for Asaph had such a good head, and could catch meanings so quickly.

"I'm sorry to hear that, Marietta," said Asaph. "That's a good deal more serious."

"Yes," said she. And she turned and went back to the house.

Asaph continued to walk up and down the path. He had not done a stroke of work that morning, but he did not think of that. His sister's communication saddened him. He liked Marietta, and it grieved him to hear that she had anything the matter with her heart. He knew that that often happened to people who looked perfectly well, and there was no reason why he should have suspected any disorder in her. Of course, in this case, there was good reason for her sending for the very best doctor to be had. It was all plain enough to him now.

But as he walked and walked and walked, and looked at the garden and looked at the little orchard and looked at the house and the top of the big chestnut tree, which showed itself above the roof, a thought came into his mind which had never been there before—he was Marietta's heir. It was a dreadful thing to think of his sister's possible early departure from this world; but after all, life is life, reality is reality, and business is business. He was Marietta's only legal heir.

Of course he had known this before, but it had never seemed to be of any importance. He was a good deal older than she was, and he had always looked upon her as a marrying woman. When he made his proposition to Mr. Rooper the thought of his own heirship never came into his mind. In fact, if anyone had offered him ten dollars for said heirship he would have asked fifteen and would have after-

ward agreed to split the difference and take twelve and a half.

But now everything had changed. If Marietta had anything the matter with her heart, there was no knowing when all that he saw might be his own. No sooner had he walked and thought long enough for his mind to fully appreciate the altered aspects of his future than he determined to instantly thrust out Mr. Rooper from all connection with that future. He would go and tell him so at once.

To the dismay of Betsey, who had been watching him, expecting that he would soon stop walking about and go and saw some wood with which to cook the dinner, he went out of the front gate and strode rapidly into the village. He had some trouble in finding Mr. Rooper, who had gone off to take a walk and arrange a conversation with which to begin his courtship of Mrs. Himes, but he overtook him under a tree by the side of the creek. "Thomas," said he, "I have changed my mind about that business between us. You have been very hard on me, and I'm not goin' to stand it. I can get the clothes and things I need without makin' myself your slave and workin' myself to death and, perhaps, settin' my sister agin me for life by tryin' to make her believe that black's white, that you are the kind of husband she ought to have, and that you hate pipes and never touch spirits. It would be a mean thing for me to do and I won't do it. I did think you were a generous-minded man with the right sort of feeling for them as wanted to be your friends, but I have found out that I was mistook, and I'm not goin' to sacrifice my sister to any such person. Now that's my state of mind plain and square."

Thomas Rooper shrunk two inches in height. "Asaph Scantle," he said, in a voice which seemed also to have shrunk, "I don't understand you. I wasn't hard on you. I only wanted to make a fair bargain. If I'd got her I'd paid up cash on delivery. You couldn't expect a man to do more than that. But I tell you, Asaph, that I am mighty serious about this. The more I have thought about your sister the more I want her. And when I tell you that I've been a-thinkin' about her pretty much all night you may

know that I want her a good deal. And I was intendin' to go tomorrow and begin to court her."

"Well, you needn't," said Asaph. "It won't do no good. If you don't have me to back you fip you might as well try to twist that tree as to move her. You can't do it."

"But you don't mean to go agin me, do you, Asaph?" asked Thomas ruefully.

"'Tain't necessary," replied the other. "You will go agin yourself."

For a few moments Mr. Rooper remained silent. He was greatly discouraged and dismayed by what had been said to him, but he could not yet give up what had become the great object of his life. "Asaph," said he, presently, "it cuts me to the in'ards to think that you have gone back on me; but I tell you what I'll do, if you will promise not to say anything agin me to Mrs. Himes, and not to set yourself in any way between me and her, I'll go along with you to the store now and you can git that suit of clothes and the umbrella, and I'll tell 'em to order the dictionary and hand it over to you as soon as it comes. I'd like you to help me, but if you will only promise to stand out of the way and not hinder, I'll do the fair thing by you and pay in advance."

"Humph!" said Asaph. "I do believe you think you are the only man that wants Marietta."

A pang passed through the heart of Mr. Rooper. He had been thinking a great deal of Mrs. Himes and everything connected with her, and he had even thought of that visit of Doctor Wicker's. That gentleman was a widower and a well-to-do and well-appearing man; and it would have been a long way for him to come just for some trifling rickets in a servant girl. Being really in love, his imagination was in a very capering mood, and he began to fear that the doctor had come to court Mrs. Himes. "Asaph," he said quickly, "that's a good offer I make you. If you take it, in less than an hour you can walk home looking like a gentleman."

Asaph had taken his reed pipe from his coat pocket and was filling it. As he pushed the coarse tobacco into the bowl, he considered. "Thomas," said he, "that ain't enough. Things have changed, and it wouldn't pay me. But I won't be hard on you. I'm a good friend of yours and

I'll tell you what I'll do. If you will give me now all the things we spoke of between us—and I forgot to mention a cane and pocket handkerchiefs—and give me, besides, that meerschaum pipe of yours, I'll promise not to hinder you, but let you go ahead and git Marietta if you kin. I must say it's a good deal for me to do, knowin' how much you'll git and how little you'll give, and knowin', too, the other chances she's got if she wanted

you to remember that Marietta's very dear to me."

This touched Mr. Rooper, whose heart was sensitive as it had never been before. "Come along, Asaph," he said. "You shall have everything, meerschaum pipe included. If anybody but me is goin' to smoke that pipe I'd like it to be my brother-in-law." Thus, with amber-tipped guile, Mr. Rooper hoped to win over his friend to not only not hinder, but to help him.

As the two men walked away, Asaph thought that he was not acting an unfraternal part toward Marietta, for it would not be necessary for him to say or do anything to induce her to refuse so unsuitable a suitor as Thomas Rooper.

About fifteen minutes before dinner—which had been cooked with bits of wood which Betsey had picked up here and there—was ready, Asaph walked into the front yard of his sister's house attired in a complete suit of new clothes, thick and substantial in texture, pepper-and-salt in color, and as long in the legs and arms as the most fastidious could desire. He had on a new shirt and a clean collar, with a handsome black silk cravat tied in a great bow, and a new felt hat was on his head. On his left arm he carried an overcoat, carefully folded with the lining outside, and in his right hand an umbrella and a cane. In his pockets were half a dozen new handkerchiefs and the case containing Mr. Rooper's Centennial meerschaum.

Marietta, who was in the hallway when he opened the front door, scarcely knew him as he approached. "Asaph!" she exclaimed. "What has happened to you? Why, you actually look like a gentleman!"

Asaph grinned. "Do you want me to go to Drummondville right after breakfast tomorrow?" he asked.

"My dear brother," said Marietta, "don't crush me by talking about that. But if you could have seen yourself as I saw you, and could have felt as I felt, you would not wonder at me. You must



"ASAPH WALKED INTO THE FRONT YARD OF HIS SISTER'S HOUSE."

'em; but I'll do it for the sake of friendship."

"My meerschaum pipe!" groaned Mr. Rooper. "My Centennial Exhibition pipe!" His tones were so plaintive that for a moment Asaph felt a little touch of remorse. But then he reflected that if Thomas really did get Marietta the pipe would be of no use to him, for she would not allow him to smoke it. And, besides, realities were realities and business was business. "That pipe may be very dear to you," he said, "Thomas, but I want

forget all that. I should be proud now to introduce you as my brother to any doctor or king or president. But tell me how you got those beautiful clothes."

Asaph was sometimes beset by an absurd regard for truth, which much annoyed him. He could not say that he had worked for the clothes, and he did not wish his sister to think that he had run in debt for them. "They're paid for, every thread of 'em," he said. "I got 'em in trade. These things is mine, and I don't owe no man a cent for 'em; and it seems to me that dinner must be ready."

"And proud I am," said Marietta, who never before had shown such enthusiastic affection for her brother, "to sit down to the table with such a nice-looking fellow as you are."

The next morning Mr. Rooper came into Mrs. Himes's yard and there beheld Asaph in all the glory of his new clothes sitting under the chestnut tree smoking the Centennial meerschau pipe. Mr. Rooper himself was dressed in his very best clothes, but he carried with him no pipe.

"Sit down," said Asaph, "and have a smoke."

"No," replied the other, "I am goin' in the house. I have come to see your sister."

"Goin' to begin already?" said Asaph.

"Yes," said the other, "I told you I was going to begin today."

"Very good," said his friend, crossing his pepper-and-salt legs, "and you will finish the 17th of August. That's a good reasonable time."

But Mr. Rooper had no intention of courting Mrs. Himes for a month. He intended to propose to her that very morning. He had been turning over the matter in his mind and for several reasons had come to this conclusion. In the first place, he did not believe that he could trust Asaph, even for a single day, not to oppose him. Furthermore, his mind was in such a turmoil from the combined effect of the constantly present thought that Asaph was wearing his clothes, his hat and his shoes, and smoking his beloved pipe, and of the perplexities and agitations consequent upon his sentiments toward Mrs. Himes, that he did not believe he could bear the mental strain during another night.

Five minutes later Marietta Himes was sitting on the horse-hair sofa in the parlor with Mr. Rooper on the horse-hair chair opposite to her and not very far away, and he was delivering the address which he had prepared.

"Madam," said he, "I am a man that takes things in this world as they comes and is content to wait until the time comes for them to come. I was well acquainted with John Himes. I knowed him in life and I helped lay him out. As long as there was reason to suppose that the late Mr. Himes—I mean that the grass over the grave of Mr. Himes had remained unwithered, I am not the man to take one step in the direction of his shoes, nor even to consider the size of 'em in connection with the measure of my own feet. But time will pass on in nater as well as in real life; and while I know very well, Mrs. Himes, that certain feelin's towards them that was is like the leaves of the oak tree and can't be blowed off even by the fiercest tempests of affliction, still them leaves will wither in the fall and turn brown and curl up at the edges, though they don't depart, but stick on tight as wax all winter until in the springtime they is pushed off gently without knowin' it by the green leaves which come out in real life as well as nater."

When he had finished this opening Mr. Rooper breathed a little sigh of relief. He had not forgotten any of it, and it pleased him.

Marietta sat and looked at him. She had a good sense of humor and, while she was naturally surprised at what had been said to her, she was greatly amused by it, and really wished to hear what else Thomas Rooper had to say to her.

"Now, madam," he continued, "I am not the man to thrash a tree with a pole to knock the leaves off before their time. But when the young leaves is pushin' and the old leaves is droppin' (not to make any allusion, of course, to any shrivellin' of proper respect), then I come forward, madam, not to take the place of anybody else, but jest as the nateral consequence of the seasons, which everybody ought to expect; even such as you, madam, which I may liken to a hemlock-spruce which keeps straight on in the same general line of appearance without no reference to the fall of the year, nor winter nor summer.



"ASAPH SCANTLE, YOU HAVE BROKE YOUR WORD; YOU HINDERED."

And so, Mrs. Himes, I come here today to offer to lead you agin to the altar. I have never been there myself, and there ain't no woman in the world that I'd go with but you. I'm a straightforward person, and when I've got a thing to say, I say it, and now I have said it. And so I set here awaitin' your answer."

At this moment the shutters of the front window, which had been closed, were opened, and Asaph put in his head. "Look here, Thomas Rooper," he said, "these shoes is pegged. I didn't bargain for no pegged shoes; I wanted 'em sewed; everything was to be first class."

Mr. Rooper, who had been leaning forward in his chair, his hands upon his knees, and his face glistening with his expressed feelings as brightly as the old-fashioned but shining silk hat which stood on the floor by his side, turned his head, grew red to the ears, and then sprang to his feet. "Asaph Scantle," he cried, with extended fist, "you have broke your word; you hindered."

"No, I didn't," said Asaph sulkily; "but pegged shoes is too much for any man to stand." And he withdrew from the window, closing the shutters again.

"What does this mean?" asked Mrs. Himes, who had also risen.

"It means," said Thomas, speaking with difficulty, his indignation was so great, "that your brother is a person of tricks and meanders beyond the reach of common human calculation. I don't like

to say this of a man who is more or less likely to be my brother-in-law, but I can't help sayin' it, so entirely upset am I at his goin' back on me at such a minute."

"Going back on you?" asked Mrs. Himes. "What do you mean? What has he promised?"

Thomas hesitated. He did not wish to interrupt his courtship by the discussion of any new question, especially this question. "If we could settle what we have been talkin' about, Mrs. Himes," he said, "and if you would give me my answer, then I could git my mind down to commoner things. But swingin' on a hook as I am, I don't know whether my head or my heels is uppermost, or what's revolv'in' around me."

"Oh, I can give you your answer quickly enough," she said. "It is impossible for me to marry you, so that's all settled."

"Impossible is a big word," said Mr. Rooper. "Has anybody else got afore me?"

"I am not bound to answer that question," said Marietta, slightly coloring; "but I cannot accept you, Mr. Rooper."

"Then there's somebody else, of course," said Thomas, gazing darkly upon the floor. "And what's more, Asaph knew it; that's just as clear as daylight. That's what made him come to me yesterday and go back on his first bargain."

"Now then," said Mrs. Himes, speaking very decidedly, "I want to know

what you mean by this talk about bargains."

Mr. Rooper knit his brows. "This is mighty different talk," he said, "from the kind I expected when I come here. But you have answered my question, now I'll answer yours. Asaph Scantle, no longer ago than day before yesterday, after hearin' that things wasn't goin' very well with me, recommended me to marry you, and agreed that he would do his level best, by day and by night, to help me git you, if I would give him a suit of clothes, an umbrella and a dictionary."

At this Mrs. Himes gave a little gasp and sat down.

"Now, I hadn't no thoughts of tradin' for a wife," continued Thomas, "especially in woollen goods and books, but when I considered and turned the matter over in my mind, and thought what a woman you was, and what a life there was afore me if I got you, I agreed to do it. Then he wanted pay aforehand, and that I wouldn't agree to, not because I thought you wasn't wuth it, but because I couldn't trust him if anybody offered him more before I got you. But that ain't the wust of it; yesterday he come down to see me and went back on his bargain, and that, after I had spent the whole night thinkin' of you and what I was goin' to say. And he put on such high-cockalorum ains that I, bein' as soft as mush around the heart, jest wilted and agreed to give him everything he bargained for if he would promise not to hinder. But he wasn't satisfied with that and wouldn't come to no terms until I'd give him my Centennial pipe, what's been like a child to me this many a year. And when he saw how disgruntled I was

at sich a loss, he said that my pipe might be very dear to me but his sister was jest as dear to him. And then, on top of the whole thing he pokes his head through the shutters and hinders jest at the most ticklish moment."

"A dictionary and a pipe!" ejaculated poor Marietta, her eyes fixed upon the floor.

"But I'm goin' to make him give 'em all back," exclaimed Thomas. "They was the price of not hinderin', and he hindered."

"He shall give them back," said Marietta, rising, "but

you must understand, Mr. Rooper, that in no way did Asaph interfere with your marryin' me. That was a matter with which he did have and could have nothing to do. And now I wish you could get away without speaking to him. I do not want any quarrelling or high words here, and I will see him and arrange the matter better than you can do it."

"Oh, I can git away without speakin' to him," said Mr. Rooper with reddened



MRS. M'JIMSEY.

face. And so saying, he strode out of the house, through the front yard and out of the gate without turning his head toward Asaph, still sitting under the tree.

"Oh, ho," said the latter to himself, "she's bounced him short and sharp; and it serves him right, too, after playin' that trick on me. Pegged shoes, indeed!"

At this moment the word "Asaph" came from the house in tones shriller and sharper and higher than any in which he had ever heard it pronounced before. He sprang to his feet and went to the house. His sister took him into the parlor and shut the door. Her eyes were red and her face was pale. "Asaph," said she, "Mr.

Rooper has told me the whole of your infamous conduct. Now I know what you meant when you said that you were making arrangements to get clothes. You were going to sell me for them. And when you found out that I was likely to marry Doctor Wicker, you put up your price and wanted a dictionary and a pipe."

"No, Marietta," said Asaph, "the dictionary belonged to the first bargain. If you knew how I need a dictionary——"

"Be still!" she cried. "I do not want you to say a word. You have acted most shamefully toward me and I want you to go away this very day. And before you go you must give back to Mr. Rooper everything that you got from him. I will fit you out with some of Mr. Himes's clothes and make no conditions at all, only that you shall go away. Come up stairs with me and I will get the clothes."

The room in the garret was opened and various garments which had belonged to the late Mr. Himes were brought out.

"This is pretty hard on me, Marietta," said Asaph, as he held up a coat, "to give up new all-wool goods for things what has been worn and is part cotton, if I am a judge."

Marietta said very little. She gave him what clothes he needed and insisted on his putting them on, making a package of the things he had received from Mr. Rooper and returning them to that gentleman. Asaph at first grumbled, but he finally obeyed with a willingness which might have excited the suspicions of Marietta had she not been so angry.

With an enormous package wrapped in brown paper in one hand and a cane, an umbrella and a very small hand-bag in the other, Asaph approached the tavern. Mr. Rooper was sitting on the piazza alone. He was smoking a very common-looking clay pipe and gazing intently into the air in front of him. When his old crony came and stood before the piazza he did not turn his head nor his eyes.

"Thomas Rooper," said Asaph, "you have got me into a very bad scrape. I have been turned out of doors on account of what you said about me. And where I am goin' I don't know, for I can't walk to Drummondville. And what's more, I kept my word and you didn't. I didn't hinder you; for how could I suppose that you was goin' to pop the question the very

minute you got inside the door? And that dictionary you promised I've not got."

Thomas Rooper answered not a word, but looked steadily in front of him.

"And there's another thing," said Asaph. "What are you goin' to allow me for that suit of clothes what I've been wearin', what I took off in your room and left there?"

At this Mr. Rooper sprang to his feet with such violence that the fire danced out of the bowl of his pipe. "What is the fare to Drummondville?" he cried.

Asaph reflected a moment. "Three dollars and fifty cents, includin' supper."

"I'll give you that for them clothes," said the other, and counted out the money.

Asaph took it and sighed. "You've been hard on me, Thomas," said he, "but I bear you no grudge. Good-by."

As he walked slowly toward the station Mr. Scantle stopped at the store. "Has that dictionary come that was ordered for me?" he said; and when told that it could not be expected for several days, he did not despair, for it was possible that Thomas Rooper might be so angry that he would forget to countermand the order; in that case he might yet hope to obtain the coveted book.

The package containing the Rooper winter suit was heavy, and Asaph walked slowly. He did not want to go to Drummondville, for he hated book-keeping, and his year of leisure and good living had spoiled him for work and poor fare. In this moody state he was very glad to stop and have a little chat with Mrs. McJinsey, who was sitting at her front window.

This good lady was the principal dress-maker of the village; and by hard work and attention to business she made a very comfortable living. She was a widow, small of stature, thin of feature, very neatly dressed and pleasant to look at. Asaph entered the little front yard, put his package on the doorstep and stood under the window to talk to her. Dressed in the clothes of the late Mr. Himes, her visitor presented such a respectable appearance that Mrs. McJinsey was not in the least ashamed to have people see him standing there, which she would have been a few days ago. Indeed, she felt complimented that he should want to stop. The conversation soon turned upon her removal from her present abode.

"I'm awfully sorry to have to go," she said; "for my time is up just in the middle of my busy season, and that's goin' to throw me back dreadfully. He hasn't done right by me, that Mr. Rooper, in lettin' things go to rack and ruin in this way, and me payin' his rent so regular."

"That's true," said Asaph. "Thomas Rooper is a hard man—a hard man, Mrs. McJimsey. I can see how he would be overbearin' with a lone woman like you: neither your son nor your daughter bein' of age yet to take your part."

"Yes, Mr. Scantle, it's very hard."

Asaph stood for a moment looking at a little bed of zinnias by the side of the doorstep. "What you want, Mrs. McJimsey," said he, "is a man in the house."

In an instant Mrs. McJimsey flushed pink. It was such a strange thing for a gentleman to say to her.

Asaph saw the flush. He had not expected that result from his remark, but he was quick to take advantage of it. "Mrs. McJimsey," said he, "you are a widow, and you are imposed upon, and you need somebody to take care of you. If you will put that job into my hands I will do it. I am a man what works with his head, and if you will let me I'll work for you. To put it square, I ask you to marry me. My sister's goin' to be married, and I'm on the pint of goin' away; for I could not abear to stay in her house when strangers come into it. But if you say the word, I'll stay here and be yours forever and ever more."

Mrs. McJimsey said not a word, but her head drooped and wild thoughts ran through her brain. Thoughts not wild, but well-trained and broken, ran through Asaph's brain. The idea of going to Drummondville and spending for the journey thither a dollar and seventy-five cents of the money he had received from Mr. Rooper now became absolutely repulsive to him.

"Mrs. McJimsey," said he, "I will say more. Not only do I ask you to marry me but I ask you to do it now. The evenin' sun is settin', the evenin' birds is singin', and it seems to me, Mrs. McJimsey, that all nater pints to this softenin' hour as a marryin' moment. You say your son won't be home from his work until supper time, and your daughter has gone out for a walk. Come with me to

Mr. Parker's, the Methodist minister, and let us join hands at the altar there. The gardener and his wife is always ready to stand up as witnesses. And when your son and your daughter comes home to supper, they can find their mother here afore 'em married and settled."

"But, Mr. Scantle," exclaimed Mrs. McJimsey, "it's so suddint. What will the neighbors say?"

"As for bein' suddint, Mrs. McJimsey, I've knowed you for nearly a year and now, bein' on the way to leave what's been my happy home, I couldn't keep the truth from you no longer. And as for the neighbors, they needn't know that we h'ain't been engaged for months."

"It's so queer, so very queer," said the little dressmaker. And her face flushed again, and there were tears, not at all sorrowful ones, in her eyes; and her somewhat needle-pricked right hand accidentally laid itself upon the window sill in easy reach of anyone outside.

The next morning Mr. Rooper, being of a practical way of thinking, turned his thoughts from love and resentment to the subject of his income. And he soon became convinced that it would be better to keep the McJimseys in his house, if it could be done without too great an outlay for repairs. So he walked over to his property. When he reached the house he was almost stupefied to see Asaph in a chair in the front yard, dressed in the new suit of clothes which he, Thomas Rooper, had paid for and smoking the Centennial pipe.

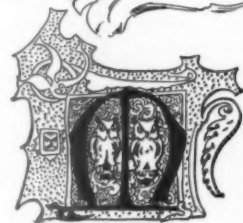
"Good morning, Mr. Rooper," said Asaph, in a loud and cheery voice. "I suppose you've come to talk to Mrs. McJimsey about the work you've got to do here to make this house fit to live in. But there ain't no Mrs. McJimsey. She's Mrs. Scantle now, and I'm your tenant. You can talk to me."

Doctor Wicker came to see Mrs. Himes in the afternoon of the day he had promised to come, and early in the autumn they were married. Since Asaph Scantle had married and settled he had not seen his sister nor spoken to her; but he determined that on so joyful an occasion as this he would show no resentment. So he attended the wedding in the village church dressed in the suit of clothes which had belonged to the late Mr. Himes.



WHERE SHALL POLLY GO TO SCHOOL?

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE.



Y friend, Miss Frances E. Willard, asked me more than a year ago to

write a few lines for some sort of "symposium" which she was arranging. I was to say in them what seemed to me the most important public duty in which an American woman could engage.

I have taken up the letter fifty times, to consider the answer, and have laid it by as often as one which must be answered at that more convenient season when I should know more. I have never thought of leaving it unanswered, for Miss Willard's requests on such a matter are commands. This is no poor bit of compliment, it is a loyal expression of respect to one of the leaders of our time. Miss Willard has the right to indicate to any man in America, who undertakes to discuss "Social Problems," any line of thought or study in which he may be of service. I like to say, in passing, that her report to the annual convention of the Women's Union is a public document to be named by the side of the President's message, and that no one is fitly informed on such subjects

as interest us truly if he have not read it carefully.

* * *

If I had said to Miss Willard that public and private education is the subject which most deserved the attention of a conscientious American woman who has no special duty next her hand which asserted its claim to her principal regard, the suggestion would have seemed commonplace to every reader, even with the best illustration I could have given in the 200 words which were assigned to me. All the same, I suppose that the statement is true, whether it be commonplace or no, and I must add that whether commonplace or no I do not think it is sufficiently considered.

Every orator and every newspaper tells us that universal education is the pædium of American liberty. But I have never forgotten my experience some ten years ago, when our Boston school system was confessedly in the hands of a gang of very low-type ward politicians, men, for instance, who would any day sell an alderman for a school-committee man, or a school-committee man for an alderman. I was one of a knot of forty or fifty people

who tried to mend that matter. We had the respect, not to say the confidence, of a considerable majority of the people. It proved very soon that we could collect what money we wanted for any reasonable expenses of our canvas. But as for getting men to give five minutes of time or attention to it, that was quite another thing. We never got together 100 men to the best advertised meeting.

Partly because people had confidence in us, the better part of the community left us to paddle our own canoe. "They will get through all right. We'll vote their ticket when election day comes." Such were the excuses which good men, and men of a certain amount of public spirit, gave. They would not have left a matter of tariff or silver or emigration as coolly as they left public education. They had the feeling, which the reader of this article has, that public education is a thing as entirely settled as the sunshine and rain, and with that feeling they thought they need not give themselves any trouble with regard to it.

Really, that is a very good average story as to the real interest in education which the average man takes, of the average audience, which would, however, clap Mr. Depew to the echo if he made a good point on the importance of education to the stability of the republic.

* * *

HORACE MANN, and a set of people of his sort who were formed largely on Lord Brougham's models, did no end of harm fifty years ago in this business, while they were trying to do a great deal of good, in which business, also, they succeeded. They gave the impression, and many of them themselves came to suppose, that a school is a great machine, and that if there is only power enough applied, you may pile in cedar logs at one end and pour out cedar clothespins at the other in a steady stream. A great deal of money and effort has been spent by way of illustrating this theory. But it is as far from success as Keely's motor, and has no such chance for success—or what its inventors call success—as that has.

First of all, when we set that theory out of the way, we are to see what its inventors regard as success. If it worked perfectly well you would have a world of clothespins. Or, to speak without a parable, you

would produce every year, if your schemes were quite successful, several million new school teachers—men and women—prepared to teach new schools. That is to say, the mechanical system of schools led up simply to the preparation of "teachers." As for preparing people for "life," it had little or nothing to offer.

I am quite well aware that by what I say I call down upon myself several hundred letters of protest from accomplished teachers all over the country. I am afraid I shall not answer those letters. I have only to say here to any such persons that the statement I have made in its severity belongs to the mechanics of the system thus set in order for our public schools. I am perfectly aware that in every state and every county there are individuals who are quite indifferent to such mechanics and carry on the system in what I call a spiritual way. That is to say, they do not permit the method to overrule their ingenuity, their fancy, their resource, or, in general, their own idea. They take the method and handle it as they will. While this is true, it is true all the same that up and down through the nation, by means of the very indifference of the friends of education, public education has come to be regarded very largely as a mechanical affair. I will not say that the average parent so regards it; but I have a right to say that below the average of our social life a large number of people have a feeling that if they send their children at five years old to the public mill the public mill will take all the care of them until they are sixteen. And the abject confidence which such people have in the machinery has given to the machinery a kind of cruel power which it never should have attained.

* * *

If, then, I should say to Miss Willard that every woman in the country and every man in the country has, as a fundamental duty, the elevation of public education, it would be because I mean that, in every community known to me, the system of public education needs what I will call inspiration. We want, if we can, to get it out of the rut. We want to make school committees feel that there is no patent process by which this thing is to be done. This means, perhaps, that we want to choose our school committees

with the utmost care, so that every committee shall include enough idealists to lift its work from being a mere process of administration into that ministry of the highest life which real education ought to be. For men or for women then, here is, perhaps, the first practical question in America: "What have I done to see that the public schools of my neighborhood are directed by the best intelligence, the best conscience and the noblest life of this community?"

If, year in and out, we can throw the administration of this immense department into the hands of intelligent enthusiasts, who appreciate its absolute and fundamental importance, it will be hardly necessary to write articles in the *Cosmopolitan* to tell them what to do. The first consequence of such an administration would be that the schoolmasters and schoolmistresses would be idealists also, selected by competent persons, using the very highest standards. What is even more important, such competent persons would not expect impossibilities from the teachers whom they thus choose. We should thus see the beginning of an arrangement by which there were teachers enough assigned for work in the public schools to do the duty which must be done unless the schools are to be run as mere machines.

* * *

I THINK I am encouraged to say all this by a conversation in which a few of us heard the views of two distinguished western teachers who had been at the recent convention at Brooklyn. These gentlemen, one from the city of Pueblo and one from Minneapolis, both spoke with a good deal of confidence, as if, in the better schools of the West, the individual pupil has more and more chance with every day. They spoke as if the present theory of education quickened the teacher to find out the special ability of each scholar and to give that ability its chance. Or, to put it the other way, as if each teacher were eager to find out the special danger of each scholar, and to watch that danger so as to arrest its consequences, if possible, in the beginning. Or, speaking more briefly, these gentlemen implied that the fetich of mechanical education, to which I have referred, is less and less honored in the better schools of the new states.

Now we are all finding out, and have been for some time, that the new states have a good deal to teach us in the matter of education. As one of the gentlemen said, at the party which I referred to, the leaders of the new states do not have to handle gently the prejudices of their grandfathers. Undoubtedly, in the older states, we are a good deal troubled by our grandfathers' prejudices. I was in Chicago in the ante-fire days and was talking with one of the leaders there on this matter. He said to me, as if it were a perfect matter of course, that they had sent out a commission over the world to determine what was a good model for a grammar schoolhouse, and having received the report of that commission, "We built thirty-five." Such an expression has something almost humorous in it for a man who has been hammering away in an old eastern city, pleased if he can see one new building built in a year, on what he regards the proper lines, and leaving everybody else in the town to such accidents of architecture as may have lingered for a hundred years, or perhaps for a longer time. This is a mere incidental observation, not of any very great consequence in itself; for, as General Garfield said, a boy can study as well on a slab bench as in a patent double-refined chair, with the light coming in over his left shoulder. But it is a concrete illustration, which shows what an advantage it is to be writing on white paper, and not to be bothered by half a dozen strokes under each word you write, which belong to half a dozen eras, the ink of which has not been thoroughly washed from the palimpsest. The western states have generally been liberal in their appropriations for education; Uncle Sam was far more liberal than any prince in the gift which he made to each of them for the introduction of public education. And so it is that on any such occasion as the meeting in Brooklyn we receive suggestions from these gentlemen, made, as my Chicago friend's remark was made, with a sort of freedom which does not readily show itself in our own older civilization.

* * *

I KNOW a hard-working library assistant, one of those women who is born for her duty and magnifies her office, with a sort of loving enthusiasm for its possibili-

ties. This lady observed one day that a little Irish boy who came for his books was following along the poorest line of story books which that library would offer. She thought, and thought rightly, that he had had enough of them. She called him behind her desk and showed him a handsomely illustrated book of butterflies. She asked him if he had ever seen any butterflies or moths, and made him remember and tell her about them. She asked him if he would not like to know more about them, and then promised that, if he would bring some one companion, she would let them see some of the elegant illustrated books which bore on that matter. When the little pirates came, she had ready for them some of the tempting books which are now printed, open to the capacities of children, and she started them on a new career. Before a great while she had the pleasure of seeing that they were themselves watching the insects which they could readily enough find on the Common or in the parks of Boston, were making their own collections, and in short were started as naturalists, with a hobby, with an enthusiasm, with some notion of higher life and study than they had before.

There is a little story of what one person found it in her power to do in the real business of education. That is, she engaged herself in discovering a latent faculty; she brought that faculty out, she unfolded it, and at this hour there are half a dozen young men happier, stronger, better and of larger life, because she was willing to turn aside from the routine of book delivery to take one of them into her councils and to start him heavenward while there was a chance of his going the other way. Perhaps an instance like that gives a better idea of what I should like to urge upon men and women who have some conscience, than I could give by any argument based more upon theory. Mr. Webster said to the young lawyer who asked whether there was any room at the Boston bar, "There is always room higher up." Rufus Ellis, one of our great moralists, says: "You do a person no good unless you make him better." Such axioms rest on the eternal truth that what we want is enlargement of life, whether it be in our own lives or in the lives of people around us with whom we have to do.

And in every case where we look back with gratitude on some early teacher of our childhood, we find that that teacher, whether she were schoolmistress, mother or friend, was a person who went quite beneath the surface, found where was the personal gift or what was the immediate trouble, addressed herself to the one or to the other, and so brought in light where there had been darkness. Here is the truth which is latent in Mr. Emerson's instruction to his daughter when she was at school: "It does not matter so much what you study as it does with whom you study."

* * *

ALL this time, while Mrs. DeLaix is reading this aloud to her husband, the horse is pawing impatiently at the door, because it is quite time that he was at the office, and poor little Polly is wondering what shall become of her. Polly's playmates, Miriam and Delia, were sent down to the first primary school in the second district of the third precinct of the fourth ward, yesterday. Mr. and Mrs. DeLaix doubted about the public-school system, and did not know whether they would not engage a private governess for Polly. In the meantime the Cosmopolitan came in last night, and they instantly turned to this article, which seemed indeed to be addressed to them. They have read through all the sub-heads of this dissertation and they do not yet know what shall be done with Polly. As for Polly, she is impatient to go to school, from which the other girls brought favorable reports yesterday. Polly is, alas! more governed by the fact that there is a candy shop within four doors of the school, at which the girls found cocoanut cakes of a new construction, than she is from any tidings of what passed within its walls. Let this paper close, then, as it began, with an instruction what shall be done with Polly, and let that instruction run into the eighty-five years of human life which await Polly.

"Polly, you may put on your things. Tryphena, just help Polly with her india-rubbers, will you? I want to speak to Mr. DeLaix.

"Polly, you may run round to Miriam's, and be sure you are in time, and let Miriam take you to school.

"Polly, are you ready? Don't go quite

yet. I have written this note to the teacher. George, what did they say was that woman's name? Nathan, bring me the directory."

It proves that the teacher is Miss Cheever.

"Polly, I shall pin this note on your sleeve. Mind you give it to the teacher. Don't forget, and don't stop to play as you go."

The note is a request to Miss Cheever that she will come round that evening and take tea. In the afternoon Miss Cheever appears. She looks a little pale, she looks rather tired, but she looks good-natured, and it is a good sign that Polly comes to her perfectly willingly and accepts her little courtesies. Polly is not afraid of her.

Poor Miss Cheever! I am not quite sure but she would rather have gone home and lain with her back on a mattress for an hour and a half before supper. I am not at all sure that she is not all strung up and worn out by the two "sessions." But Mrs. DeLaix gets some notion of that and says: "Miss Cheever, just lie back on this sofa, rest your head on this cushion, and excuse me for a few minutes. I have to run up stairs to see about my boys' pumps. The children are all going to a party this evening." And before Miss Cheever knows it she is left to the quiet of fifteen or twenty minutes before she embarks on the conversation with a new mother. Poor soul, she knows perfectly well, in advance, what the new mother will say, or she thinks she does. But when Mrs. DeLaix comes down stairs, rather to Miss Cheever's surprise they do come on "the shop" at once. Mrs. DeLaix has the good sense of all that high-bred circle of intelligent people who subscribe for the *Cosmopolitan*, and read it on the first moment of its arrival, and on this occasion she uses the sense which she has. She does what is so hard for any woman to do, comes more than half way with her newly found friend. By good fortune—or is it by preconcert?—Mr. DeLaix comes home late that evening, and tea is put off half an hour, while the two women go ranging over their early life, the days when Mrs. DeLaix "taught" in a slab schoolhouse on the island of Monademock, at the opening of Lake Michigan. By the time they all go in to

tea poor Miss Cheever is rested a little, and has pushed away from her for awhile the Greatest Common Divisor. Again, it is an encouraging sign that Polly asks that she may move her chair and napkin and sit at Miss Cheever's side. And so, without multiplying detail, it happens that, what with a little music, what with the visit of the Champignons—who come round to bring some ice-cream which they have been making—what with the scrap books of last year's travels in Bulgaria and Bohemia, the evening runs by faster than anybody could think, and Mrs. DeLaix and Miss Cheever have really found each other out before the carriage comes round to take Miss Cheever home.

With the beginning, thus made, of a cordial understanding between the person to whom the good God intrusted the charge of Polly and the person to whom the United States, the state of Franklin, and the city of New Altoona confided her, things begin to look better for Polly. It is not in any one selection of her studies; it is not in that difficult question whether she should be classed in the second division, where she would certainly be at the top, or in the first division, where she would certainly be at the bottom; but it is in a sort of unwritten cordial understanding, in which the two directors of this child's life highly determine that she shall be educated as Polly requires, and not as Pestalozzi requires, not as Froebel requires or Horace Mann requires. Nay, it even happens that when, in the next spring, the school committee is to be chosen for New Altoona, the name of Mr. DeLaix, who has always been rather backward in public administration, "leads all the rest." And when, in the year 1982, Polly sits in the centre of a happy group of eighty-nine grandchildren and great-grandchildren, telling them stories of what she remembers of a century which seems so strange to them, the admiring Pollies of that generation unite in saying to her, "Grandmamma, it must have been perfectly lovely!"

It would be to bring about some such cordial understanding among the 20,000,000 or 30,000,000 people in America who have the direction of public education, that I should advise Miss Willard and her friends to put that business very high on the "Must Do's" of the American woman.

EVENING DRESS.

FARCE.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

I.

MRS. EDWARD ROBERTS: "Now, my dear, Amy and I will get there early, so as to make up for your coming a little late, but you *must* be there for the last half, at least. I would excuse you altogether if I could, for I know you must be dead tired, up all night, that way, on the train, but Mrs. Miller is one of those people who never *can* listen to reason, and she would take deadly offence if you missed her musicale, and wouldn't forgive us the longest day she lived. So you see?" Mrs. Roberts addresses these words to her husband in the library of their apartment in Hotel Billingham, at Boston, as she stands before the fire pulling on a long glove and looking at him across his desk, where he has sunk into a weary heap in his swivel chair. "You *are* dreadfully used up, Edward, and I think it's cruel to make you go out; but what can I do? If it was anybody but Mrs. Miller I wouldn't *think* of having you go; I'm sure I never want to have her about, any way. But that's just the kind of people that you're a perfect slave to! Now, dear, I've let the two girls go out, and you must remember that you're in the place alone with the children; but you needn't be troubled, because nobody will come after this hour till Willis does, and the girls will be back before that. Willis is to come and get you on his way to the Millers', and it's all been arranged for you, and you needn't think of a thing till Willis comes. You'll have to dress, of course; but you needn't begin that at once, and you can just sit here in your chair and rest." Mr. Roberts stretches his arms wildly abroad, and throwing back his head, permits himself a yawn that eclipses his whole face. Mrs. Roberts lets both her arms fall at her side in token of extreme despair. "Edward! If you *should* go to sleep!"

Roberts, pulling himself together, with a gigantic effort: "No, no! You

needn't be afraid, my dear. But, oh! what *wouldn't* I give for a chance to!"

Mrs. Roberts, who sinks into a chair and regards the unhappy man with a look of tender compassion: "You poor thing, I've almost a mind to *let* you!"

Roberts, heroically: "No, it wouldn't do, Agnes. I must—ow, ugh, ow!—go. Ugh, ow, ugh!" He abandons himself to a succession of abysmal yawns, in which the sequence of his ideas is altogether lost.

Mrs. Roberts: "Well, then, I shall have to trust you." She gathers her train up for departure, and moves slowly toward the door. "I don't think I've forgotten anything. Let me see: fan, handkerchief, both gloves; pins, because you're never sure that they've put enough, and you don't know where you'll come apart; head scarf, yes, I've got that *on*; fur boots, I've got *them* on. I really believe I'm all here. But I shouldn't be, Edward, if it were not for the system I put into everything; and I do wish, dear, that you'd try it once, just to please me!"

Roberts, very drowsily: "Try what, Agnes?"

Mrs. Roberts: "Why, getting what you have to do by heart, and repeating it over. If you could *only* bring yourself to say: *Both girls out; me alone with the children; Willis at ten; mustn't go to sleep; last half, any way; Mrs. Miller awfully angry.* There! If you could say that after me, I could go feeling so *much* easier! Won't you do it, Edward? I know it has a ridiculous sound, but——"

Roberts, yawning: "How am I to dress?"

Mrs. Roberts: "Edward! Well, I always *will* say that you're perfectly inspired! To think of my forgetting the most important thing, after all! Oh, I do believe there *is* an overruling Providence, I don't *care* what the agnostics pretend. Why, it's to be evening dress for the men, of course! Mrs. Miller would do it to be different from Mrs. Curwen, who

let you come in your cutaways, even if it wasn't the regular thing; and she's gone around ever since, saying it was the most rowdy, Bohemian thing she ever heard of, and she might as well have had beer, at once."

Roberts : "Who?"

Mrs. Roberts : "Why, Mrs. Miller."

Roberts : "Mrs. Miller going to have beer?"

Mrs. Roberts : "Oh, Edward, I don't see how you *can* be so— But there! I won't blame you, dearest. I know you're just literally expiring for want of sleep, and it seems to me I must be the cruellest thing in the world to make you go. And if you'll say the word, I'll smash off a note now at the eleventh hour—though it's two hours of eleven, yet!—and just *tell* Mrs. Miller that you've got home down sick, and I've had to stay and take care of you. Will you?"

Roberts : "Oh, no, Agnes. It wouldn't be the truth."

Mrs. Roberts, in a rapture of admiration and affection: "Oh, who *cares* for the truth in such a cause, you poor heroic angel, you! Well, if you insist upon going, I suppose we must; and now the only way is for you to keep everything clearly in mind. You'd better say it over backwards, now, and begin with evening dress because that's the most important. Now! *Evening dress*; Mrs. Miller awfully angry; last half, any way; mustn't go to sleep; Willis at ten; me alone with the children; both girls out. Now, do you think—Ow—e—e—e!" A ring at the door extorts a shriek from Mrs. Roberts, who simultaneously gathers her robes about

her in order to fall with decency in the event of burglars or fire, while her husband rises and goes to open the apartment door. "Who can it be, at this hour? Oh! Amy!"

Mrs. Willis Campbell, in the doorway: "Oh, Amy, indeed! How d' y' do, Edward! Glad to see you back alive, and just in time for Agnes to kill you with Mrs. Miller's musicale. May I ask, Agnes, how long you expected me to freeze to death down in that coupé before you came?"

Mrs. Roberts : "Oh, Amy, dear, you must forgive me! I was just staying to give Edward his charges—you know he's



"YOU ARE DREADFULLY USED UP, EDWARD."

so terribly forgetful—and I forgot all about you!"

Mrs. Campbell: "Then I wish, the next time, he'd give you some charges, my dear. But come, now, do! We shall be rather late, any way, and that simpleton will be perfectly furious."

Mrs. Roberts: "Yes, that's just what I was saying to Edward. She'll never forgive you. If it was anybody else, I shouldn't think of dragging him out to-night."

Mrs. Campbell: "The worst of a bore like her is that she's sure to come to all your things, and you can't get off from one of hers. Willis declares he's going to strike, and I couldn't have got him out tonight, if I hadn't told him you were going to make Edward go."

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, isn't it perfectly wicked, Amy! I know he's just going to have the gripe. See how drowsy he is! That's one of the first symptoms."

Mrs. Campbell: "It's one of the symptoms of having passed the night on a sleeping-car, too."

Mrs. Roberts: "That's true; and thank you, Amy. I forgot all about that. But now, Edward, dear, you will remember, won't you? If I could only stay with you—"

Roberts, who has been drowsily drooping in his chair during the exchange of these ideas between the ladies: "Oh, I'm all right, Agnes. Or—ow, ugh, ow!—I should be, if I had a cup of tea."

Mrs. Roberts: "There! I knew it. If I had been worth anything at all as a wife I should have had you a cup of tea, long ago. Oh, how heartless! And I've let both the girls go, and the fire's all out in the range, any way. But I'll go and start it with my own hands—"

Mrs. Campbell: "In those gloves! You're crazy, Agnes! Edward, I'll tell you what Willis does, when he's out of sorts a little: he takes a taste of whiskey and water. He says nothing freshens him up, like it."

Roberts: "That's a good idea."

Mrs. Roberts, bustling into the dining room and reappearing with a tumbler and a decanter: "The very thing, Amy! And thank you so much. Trying to make Edward remember seems to put everything out of my head! I might have thought of whiskey, though! If it's only

loss of sleep, it will wake him up, and if it's gripe, it's the most nourishing thing in the world."

Roberts: "I'm not going to have the gripe, Agnes."

Mrs. Roberts: "Edward! Don't boast! You may be stricken down in an instant. I heard of one person who was taken so suddenly she hadn't time to get her things off, and tumbled right on the bed. You must put some water in it, of course; and hot water is very soothing. You can use some out of the pipes; it's perfectly good."

Mrs. Campbell: "Agnes, are you never coming?"

Roberts: "Yes, go along, Agnes, do! I shall get on quite well, now. You needn't wait."

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, if I could only stay and think for you, dearest! But I can't, and you must do the best you can. Do keep repeating it all over! It's the only way—"

Mrs. Campbell, from the door: "Agnes!"

Mrs. Roberts: "Amy, I'm coming instantly."

Mrs. Campbell: "I declare I shall go without you!"

Mrs. Roberts: "And I shouldn't blame you a bit, Amy! And if it turns out to be the gripe, Edward, don't lose an instant. Send for the doctor as fast as the district messenger can fly; give him his car fare, and let one come for me; and jump into bed and cover up warm, and keep up the nourishment with the whiskey; there's another bottle in the side-board; and perhaps you'd better break a raw egg in it. I heard of one person that they gave three dozen raw eggs a day to in typhoid fever, and even then he died; so you must nourish yourself all you can. And—"

Mrs. Campbell: "Agnes! I'm going!"

Mrs. Roberts: "I'm coming! Edward!"

Roberts: "Well?"

Mrs. Roberts: "There is something else, very important. And I can't think of it!"

Roberts: "Liebig's extract of beef?"

Mrs. Roberts, distractedly: "No, no! And it wasn't oysters, either, though they're very nourishing, too. Oh, dear! What—"

Mrs. Campbell: "Going, Agnes!"

Mrs. Roberts : "Coming, Amy! Try to think of something else that I ought to remember, Edward!"

Roberts : "Some word to the girls when they come in?"

Mrs. Roberts : "No!"

Roberts : "About the children, something?"

Mrs. Roberts : "No, no!"

Roberts : "Willis, then: what Amy wants him to do?"

Mrs. Roberts : "Oh, no, no! I shall surely die, if I can't think of it!"

Mrs. Campbell, at the door of the apartment: "Gone!"

Mrs. Roberts, flying after her, as the door closes with a bang: "Oh, Amy! how can you be so heartless? She's driven it quite out of my head!"

II.

Mr. Willis Campbell : "Hello, hello, hello! Oh, hello, hello, hello! Wake up, in there! Roberts, wake up! Sound the loud timbrel! Fire, murder and sudden death! Wake up! Monday morning, you know; here's Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, all gone, and nothing done! Come arouse thee, my merry Swiss boy! Take thy pail and to labor away! All aboard! Train for Newton, West Newton, Newtonville, Auburndale, Riverside and Newton Lower Falls, on track No. 5. Express to Newton. Wake up, Roberts! Here's McIlheny, out here, wants to know why you took his wife for a cook. Hurry up; he can't wait! Wake up, you old seven-by-nine sleeper, you, or Mrs. Miller's musicale will just simply expire on the spot. Come! It's after ten o'clock now, or it will be in about five minutes. Hurry up! Hello, hello, hello!" Campbell accompanies his appeals with a tempest of knocks, thumps and bangs on the outside of Roberts's chamber door. Within, Roberts is discovered, at first stretched on his bed in profound repose, which becomes less and less perfect, as Campbell's blows and cries penetrate to his consciousness. He moves, groans, drops back into slumber, groans again, coughs, sits up on the bed, where he has thrown himself with all his clothes on, and listens. "I say, aren't you going to Mrs. Miller's? If you are, you'd better get out of bed some time be-

fore the last call for breakfast. Now ready in the dining car!"

Roberts, leaping out of bed and flinging open the door: "Why, I've been to Mrs. Miller's!"

Campbell, entering with his hat on, and his overcoat on his arm: "Oh, no, you haven't, you poor, suffering creature! That was a heavenly dream! Why, good gracious, man, you're not dressed!" Campbell is himself in perfectly appointed evening dress, and he stares in dismay at the travelling suit which Roberts still wears. "You can't go in that figure, you know. You might, to Mrs. Curwen's, but you'd give Mrs. Miller deadly offence; she'd think the Curwen had put you up to it. Didn't Agnes tell you I'd be here at ten for you? What have you been doing with yourself? I supposed I should find you walking up and down here, fuming with impatience."

Roberts : "I was dead tired, and after Agnes went, I just threw myself down here for a moment's rest, and I was off before I knew it——"

Campbell : "Well, then, hustle! There's no time to lose. We shall be late, but I guess we can get there in time to save Agnes's life if we hump ourselves. Are you shaved?"

Roberts : "Yes, I thought I'd better shave before I lay down——"

Campbell : "Well, then, that's half the battle, and you ought to be into your dress suit in five minutes, but you're an intellectual man, and your fingers are all thumbs, and so I'll give you ten minutes. Hello, what's this?" In speaking of shaving, Campbell has mechanically cast his eye toward the bureau, and has gradually become aware of the half tumbler of water and the decanter of whiskey which Roberts has left standing there. He pounces upon the decanter, pulls out the stopple and applies his nose to the mouth. "Ah, ha! This is the milk in the coconut, is it? No one wonders you slept soundly, and had sweet dreams! Well, Roberts!"

Roberts : "No, no, Willis! I solemnly assure you I haven't touched a drop of it!"

Campbell : "Oh, yes! I know! That's what they always say!"

Roberts : "But I tell you, Willis——"

Campbell : "Oh, all right, my boy! I

don't blame you ! You have never fallen before, probably, but you're down this time, old man. You have every appearance of being grossly intoxicated, as the reporters say, at this instant. Look how red your eyes are !"

Roberts : "It's loss of sleep. I tell you I haven't tasted the whiskey."

Campbell : "But it's half gone !" He lifts the decanter and shows. "Well, I hope Agnes may never know it, and your poor children, Roberts—"

Roberts : "Nonsense ! Agnes knows all about it. She brought me the decanter herself. She and Amy thought it would freshen me up. But I distrusted it ; I was afraid the effect would be soporific—"

Campbell : "And it seems you were perfectly right. Events have proved it. But come, now, don't sit there all night, old fellow." Roberts has sunk upon the edge of the bed. "We've got to be off to this scene of maddening gayety at Mrs. Miller's. Want a wet towel round your head ? Nothing like it, you know !"

Roberts, with dignity : "Thank you, I don't need any wet towel, and I'll be with you in a few moments, if you'll kindly wait." He moves toward the door of his dressing room.

Campbell, cheerfully : "Oh, I'll stay by, Roberts ; you needn't be afraid. There's nothing mean about me, and you'll want somebody to pull you together, now and then, and I know just what to do ; I've been through this kind of thing with lots of fellows in California. I know the haughty and self-helpful stage. You're all right, Roberts. But don't lose time. What's the matter now ?" Roberts has come back from his dressing room and is staring vacantly at Campbell.

Roberts : "I was trying to think where I'd put my dress suit."

Campbell, triumphantly : "Exactly ! And now do you expect me to believe you haven't been at that decanter ? Where do you suppose you put it ?"

Roberts : "Where I always do : on a hook in my closet."

Campbell : "You hang up your dress suit ? Why, it must look like a butler's ! You ought to fold your clothes and lay them in a bureau drawer. Don't you know that ? Very likely Agnes has got onto that while you've been away, and put them in here." He looks toward the bureau,

and Roberts tries to pull open one drawer after another.

Roberts : "This seems locked. I never lock my drawers."

Campbell : "Then that's proof positive that your dress suit is in there. Agnes has put it in, and locked it up, so as to keep it nice and fresh for you. Where's your key ?"

Roberts : "I don't know. I always leave it in the keyhole of one of the drawers. Haven't you got a key ring, Willis ?"

Campbell : "I've got a key ring, but I haven't got it about me, as Artemus Ward said of his gift for public speaking. It's in my other trousers pockets. Haven't you got a collection of keys ? Amy has a half bushel, and she keeps them in a hand bag in the bathroom closet. She says Agnes does."

Roberts : "So she does ! I'll just look." While he is gone, Campbell lays down his hat and overcoat, and tries the bureau drawers again. Roberts returns, to find him at this work. "No ; she must have put them somewhere else. I know she always used to put them there."

Campbell : "Well, then we've got to pick the locks. Have you got a boot buttoner ? There's nothing like a boot buttoner to pick locks. Or, hold on, a minute ! We've got to go about this thing, systematically. Now, I don't think you can tell in your condition whether your dress coat's in your closet or not, Roberts. We must bring your clothes all out here and lay them on the bed, and see. That dress suit may turn up yet. You probably thought it was something like an ulster. I know how a man's ideas get mixed, after a little too much freshening up."

Roberts, unmindful of his joke : "You're right, Willis. I may have overlooked it. I'll bring out everything." He disappears and reappears with a business suit of black diagonal which he throws on the bed. "That isn't it."

Campbell, inspecting it : "No ; but it isn't so far off. Some of the young chaps had their dress coats made of diagonal, at one time. Try again, Roberts : you'll fetch it, yet." Roberts disappears and reappears with a frock coat of blue and checked trousers. "Oh, that won't do, Roberts. Don't give way, like that Who

ever saw a man in evening dress with check trousers on? Now, what have we next?" As Roberts goes and comes, Campbell receives his burdens and verifies them. "A velvet jacket won't do, either, unless you're a travelling Englishman. Three pairs of summer pantaloons are all very well in their way; but they're out of season, and stripes are not the thing for evening wear any more. Beautiful bath gown, but more adapted for amateur dramatics than for a musicale. Two waistcoats and a Norfolk jacket mean well, but are not adapted to the purpose. Exemplary light overcoat, but still not quite the thing. Double-breasted reefer and Canada homespun trousers; admirably fitted for a sea voyage and camping out. Armload of semi-detached waistcoats and pantaloons; very suggestive, but not instantly available. Pajamas not at all the thing. Elderly pair of doeskin trousers and low-cut waistcoat—Why, hello, Roberts! here's part of your dress suit now! Where's the coat?"

Roberts, dropping into a chair and wiping his forehead, while he surveys the tangled heap of garments on the bed: "Given away. Got too small for me, three years ago. Agnes kept the waistcoat and trousers for the sake of association because I told her I wore them at the party where we first met. They won't go half round me, now."

Campbell, scrutinizing them critically, as he holds them: "Well, look here, Roberts, we may have to come to these, yet. Stand up, old fellow." Roberts mechanically stands up, and Campbell tries the top of the trousers against his waistband. "May need a little slitting down the back, so as to let them out a third, or two thirds, or so. But I guess we'll try an icepick first." He flings the clothes on the bed, and touches the electric bell.

Roberts: "Icepick?"

Campbell: "Yes, nothing like it for prying open bureau drawers." To Bella, the maid, who appears at the door in answer to his ring: "The icepick, please."

Bella: "Icepick, sir?"

Campbell: "Yes. The—ice—pick—here—quick."

Bella, vanishing, with a gesture of wonder at the pile of clothing on the bed: "All right, sir."

Roberts: "But, Willis! Won't it bruise and deface the bureau. Agnes is very careful of this bu—"

Campbell: "Not at all. You just set the pick in here over the lock, and pry. I sha'n't leave a scratch." They stoop down together in front of the bureau, and Campbell shows him how. "But what are you going to do? You've got to have



"IT FITS YOU LIKE A GLOVE."

P. S. F. 1877

your clothes if you're going to the musicale. Ah, here we are. Thanks!" as Bella comes with the icepick, which he pushes in over the lock of the lowest drawer. "We'll begin with the lowest, because that's where Amy keeps mine, and if Agnes has got onto it through her, she'll be sure to do exactly the same. Now, then, I just scratch the bolt down with my knife, and Open, Sesame! What do you say to bruising your old bureau, now?"

Roberts, as Campbell pulls out the drawer and sets it on a chair: "Perfect! Only"—he lifts the things from the drawer, and places them on another

chair—"there don't seem to be anything here but underclothes."

Campbell: "Well, then, we must get the next out. No time to lose. Come! Keep shoving the pick in, and I'll scratch the bolt down with my knife. See? It's nothing." They pull the drawer out and set it on the floor, and Roberts ruefully contemplates it.

Roberts: "Nothing but shirts, collars, cuffs and neckties."

Campbell: "Ah, I don't know that. It's a deep drawer"—he begins taking the linen out, and laying it on the floor—"and the dress suit may be at the bottom. No! Nothing here. You're right, Roberts. Well, now for the top drawer and the last. If we'd taken that out first, we needn't have taken out the second; we could have seen it in place. You ought to have thought of that, Roberts."

Roberts, with injury: "You suggested taking out the lowest first, yourself, Willis. You said Agnes would be sure to have put them there."

Campbell: "Did I? Well, I knew I must have a reason for it. But come along now, Roberts, and push the icepick in." After a season of experiment with the pick and the penknife: "The bolt won't scratch down. What are you going to do now, Roberts?"

Roberts: "I don't know."

Campbell: "But you've got to do something, you know. We can't just give it up. Where are those dress trousers and waistcoat?" He begins tumbling the things on the bed, laying some on chairs, letting others drop to the floor. "Ah, here they are! Now, I'll tell you what, Roberts, you've got to wear these. Go into your dressing room there and put them on, and then we can tell how much they have to be slit up the back."

Roberts: "But where's the coat, even if I could get the other things on?"

Campbell: "We'll think about that later. We haven't got any time to lose in talk. We can pin back the skirts of your frock coat, as the travelling Americans used to do when they went to the opera in London. Hurry up!" He gives Roberts the garments, and pushes him into the door of his dressing room, and walks impatiently up and down amidst the chaos of clothing till Roberts reappears. "Why, that isn't bad!"

Roberts: "Bad? I can't breathe; I feel as if I were being cut in two!"

Campbell: "Nonsense! That's the way every woman feels when she's laced. It gives you a beautiful waist, Roberts! Ah, ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha! O Lord! Oh, mercy! Ah, ha, ha, ha!"

Roberts: "Now, look here, Willis—"

Campbell, turning him round, and surveying him from different points: "No, no! Don't mind me! It's just my way, you know. I don't mean anything by it. I think these things look first-rate on you. There's no mistake about their giving you a youthful figure; we can just let them out a few stitches, and you'll be perfectly comfortable. The only thing now is the coat. I'm afraid that pinning back wouldn't do. We'd better try something else. I'll tell you! Send down and borrow Merrick's coat! He's still on the floor below you, I suppose?"

Roberts: "Yes, but he's so thin—"

Campbell: "The very thing! Those thin fellows always have their things made roomy—"

Roberts: "But he's tall."

Campbell: "That's all right. If you keep these things on, you've got to give in some direction, and you're probably going to stretch." He rings the bell.

Roberts: "But it's very late. He must be in bed."

Campbell: "I'll fix that." To Bella, as she appears: "Bella, I want you to go down to the gentleman under here, and ask him if he won't lend Mr. Roberts his dress coat. Tell him Mrs. Roberts has gone off to a party, and Mr. Roberts doesn't know where to find his coat."

Roberts: "Oh, do you think she'd better tell him that, Willis?"

Campbell: "Why, certainly! You must account for the request in some way. It'll appeal to his sympathy, and put him into a good humor if he happens to have to get out of bed to oblige you."

Bella: "They're all up yet, sir. I saw their cook on the back stairs when I came in. They've been giving a dinner—"

Campbell: "Well, run then." To Roberts as Bella vanishes: "Merrick can take it right off his back. But whilst she's gone we'll just give this lock another chance." They work jointly at the bureau drawer. "No, it won't scrape down. It's probably rusted in. You must get

this lock oiled, Roberts." As Bella returns with a dress coat in her hand. "Ah, here we are. That's very nice of Merrick. What did he say?"

Bella: "I didn't see him, sir. The girl brought it."

Campbell: "Well, that's all, Bella." He shakes out the coat as she goes, and looks down at it. "I suppose it amused Merrick. He's got a good deal of humor, Merrick has. I hope he won't give it to the press."

Roberts: "Good heavens, Willis! You don't——"

Campbell: "Oh, he wouldn't give real names. Merrick's too much of a gentleman for that. Come, try it on. We've got to hurry, now." Roberts backs toward him with extended arms and Campbell slips the coat sleeves on them. "Easy, easy! It may be a little narrow for you in the back—No, sir! It fits you like a glove." He stands off and surveys Roberts, after smoothing the coat across the shoulders. "Yes, sir, like a glove—a glove that the pretty shopgirl has put on for you, after she's peppered it full of that white stuff to make it go on, and told you that you could easily wear a size smaller." He begins to laugh as he lifts each of Roberts's limp arms, with the sleeves dangling below his hands, and touches the skirt which descends to the calf of his leg. "The most youthful figure I ever saw! Looks like a boy in his father's coat. Merrick is a tall fellow. I'd no idea——"

Roberts, looking ruefully over his shoulder: "You see it won't do, Willis."

Campbell: "No, no! I don't say that, quite. But perhaps we'd better try something else. Who's overhead now?"

Roberts, desperately: "Baker. And he's short and fat——"

Campbell: "Short and fat isn't at all bad." Touching the annunciator. "He's probably had his coat made rather long and snug. It'll be the very thing for you. We mustn't leave a stone unturned, or a coat untried." To Bella, appearing at the door, and putting her apron up to control herself at sight of Mr. Roberts's figure: "Do you know whether Mr. Baker's people have gone to bed?"

Bella: "No, sir. I heard their second girl saying on the stairs that Mrs. Baker was up with a bad toothache."

Campbell: "What a piece of luck! Run right up, will you, and borrow Mr. Baker's dress coat." To Roberts, on Bella's disappearance: "Baker's coat will be all right; but still we'd better work away at this bureau drawer again. Drive the ice-pick in a little farther, now." They struggle with lock as before, until Bella returns, Roberts absent-mindedly keeping the coat on, and from time to time taking a turn about the room to rest his back.

Roberts: "Let's give it up, Willis. We can't get it open. It's no use!"

Campbell, desisting: "Well, we'll leave that to the last then. But I've the liveliest confidence in Baker's coat. Ah, here it is! Saved! Saved!" He takes the garment from Bella at the threshold. "Now, then, the great thing is to get Merrick's coat off in one piece. I thought I heard a ripping sound in the back of it when you were straining at that drawer. But I guess it was merely fancy. Easy, easy!" He helps Roberts get the coat off, and examines it.

Roberts, anxiously: "Is it all right?"

Campbell: "Yes, it's perfectly sound. You may have started the seams a little, but it's nothing that Merrick will ever notice. Now for Baker! There! Goes on like an old shoe!" He retires a few steps and surveys Roberts's back, which Roberts is craning his neck round to get a view of in the glass. "There's space! Gives you a mighty fine, portly figure, Roberts; it looks grand on you, it does indeed. I call that the back of a leading citizen in very comfortable circumstances. Something magisterial about it. Perhaps it's a little full; but that's a good fault; it must set awfully easy. Sleeves are a trifle short, maybe, but not too much to show your cuff buttons; I hate a coat that don't do that. Yes, I should call that a very nice fit."

Roberts, tearing off the coat, and flinging it on the bed: "You know it won't do, Willis. And now I must give the whole thing up. You'd better hurry off and explain to Agnes why I could not come."

Campbell: "Oh, no, I can't leave you in the lurch, that way, my dear fellow. Besides it would break Agnes all up. We must do something. I think either one of those coats would go perfectly well; but if you're so particular about your



"I'VE SAVED ROBERT'S LIFE."

personal appearance, there's only one thing left. We *must* get this drawer open. Look here. We'll shove the icepick in a little farther, so's to give the bolt the slightest possible catch, and then we'll both pull, you on one handle, and I on the other. It won't hurt the bureau. And besides, it's the only chance left. I suppose these coats *don't* look as if they were made for you. What do you say?"

Roberts, disconsolately: "Oh, I suppose we'd better try. It can't be much worse." He casts a hopeless glance around the confused and tumbled room.

Campbell, absently: "Yes. Might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, you know. Agnes won't be able to express her feelings any way when she sees this room. It looks as if a small cyclone had been joking round here; but she'll like your devotion in doing your utmost."

Roberts: "Do you think so? I'm not so sure. But we'll try it." He pushes the icepick in with all his strength.

Campbell: "That's it! Now then!" They each grasp a handle of the drawer and pull. "One, two, three—pull! Once more—pull! Now the third time—pull! And *out* she comes!" The bolt suddenly gives and the drawer drops violently to the floor scattering its contents in every direction, while the two men totter backwards and cling to each other to keep their balance. At the same moment the voices of Mrs. Roberts and Mrs. Campbell make themselves heard without in vague cries of astonishment, question and apprehension, mounting into a wild shriek as the drawer crashes to the floor.

III.

Mrs. Roberts, without: "Oh, Edward, is it a burglar?"

Mrs. Campbell, without: "Is it a mouse, Willis?"

Mrs. Roberts: "Ring for the district telegraph—call for a policeman, Edward! Press the ratchet down three times!"

Mrs. Campbell: "Don't *kill* him, Willis; don't you *dare* to kill him. Take him up with the tongs and fling him out of the window!"

Mrs. Roberts: "Don't trust him, Edward: get Willis to hold him, and press the ratchet quick!"

Mrs. Campbell: "Keep him from get-

ting back into his hole, for then you never can tell whether he's there or not!"

Mrs. Roberts: "Why don't you answer, Edward? Oh, dear, perhaps he's garrotted Edward. I *know* he has!"

Mrs. Campbell: "Willis, if this is any of your tricks—if it's one of your miserable practical jokes——"

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, I wonder what they're keeping so quiet for! Edward, are you safe? Do you need *me*? If you do, just speak, and I will—go for a policeman, myself!"

Mrs. Campbell: "If you don't answer, Willis——" Whimpering: "Oh, he just wants to make me take my life in my hand! He wouldn't like anything better." The two men, during this rapid colloquy, remain silently aghast, staring at each other and at the scene of confusion around them.

Mrs. Roberts: "Well, then, do it, Amy! You have so much more courage than I have, and you have no children; and if you'll only go to the door and peep in I'll stay here, and keep screaming as loud as ever I can. I'll begin now——"

Roberts: "No, no; don't call out, Agnes. It's all right. We've just had a little accident with one of the bureau drawers. It's perfectly safe; but don't come in till we——" He dashes madly about the room, trying to put it in shape. Both ladies instantly show themselves at the door.

Mrs. Roberts, in dismay at the spectacle: "Why, what in the world has happened, Edward?"

Mrs. Campbell: "It's something Willis has put him up to. I knew it was from the way he kept so still. Where is he?"

Campbell, coming boldly forward out of Roberts's dressing room, where he had previously taken refuge: "I've saved Roberts's life. If it hadn't been for me he couldn't have moved hand or foot. He was dead asleep when I came here, and I've been helping him look for his dress suit." At these words Mrs. Roberts abandons herself to despair in one of the chairs overflowing with clothes. "Hello! What's the matter with Agnes?"

Mrs. Roberts: "I never can look anyone in the face again! To think of my doing such a thing when I've always prided myself on being so thoughtful, and remembering things so perfectly!

And here I've been reproaching Edward and poor Willis the whole evening for not coming to that horrid musicale, and accusing them of all kinds of things, and all the time I knew I'd forgotten something and couldn't think what it was! Oh, dear! I shall simply never forgive myself! But it was all because I wanted him to look so nice in it, and I got it pressed while he was away, and I folded it up in the tissue paper myself, and took the greatest care of it; and then to have it turn out the way it has!"

Campbell: "What in the world are you talking about?"

Mrs. Roberts: "Why, Edward's dress suit, of course!"

Mrs. Campbell: "Of course she is. But you always have to have things put in words of one syllable for you."

Campbell: "No irrelevant insults, Mrs. Campbell, if you please! Now, Agnes, try to collect yourself. When you had folded his dress suit in tissue paper so nicely, what did you do with it?"

Mrs. Roberts: "Why, I wrapped it in my white Chuddah shawl, and put it away back on the top shelf in his closet, and I forgot to tell him where it was." Visible sensation on all sides. "And if Edward were to say now that he couldn't forgive me, I should just simply fall down and worship him."

Campbell: "He can forgive you, probably, but he cannot *forget*; we must leave that to women. And here we were, searching every nook and corner of the house, and every hole and cranny, for that dress suit, which you'd poked away in tissue paper and Chuddah, while you were enjoying yourself at Mrs. Miller's."

Mrs. Campbell: "We weren't enjoying ourselves. It was the deadliest thing that ever was, and you were very lucky to escape."

Campbell: "That is all very well; but the credit of that belongs entirely to a merciful Providence. What I want to know is how Agnes is going to excuse herself for hiding her husband's clothes, so that if this musicale had been the most delightful affair of the season he would have missed it just the same."

Mrs. Roberts, regarding her husband's strange figure in the youthful waistcoat and trousers: "Why, Edward, dear, what in the world have you got on?"

Campbell: "She doesn't even remember the dress suit in which poor Roberts first met her! Well, Agnes, you're a pretty wife and mother! Look at that man!" He takes Roberts by the elbow and turns him round. "Did you ever see devotion like that? He's buttoned in so tight that he can't draw a full breath to save him, but he would have gone to the party, if he had expired to slow music after he got there; only he couldn't find the coat. You'd given that away."

Mrs. Campbell, fishing up a garment from the tempestuous sea of clothes: "Why, here's a dress coat, now!"

Campbell: "Yes, that's Merrick's. It was rather snug for Roberts."

Mrs. Roberts: "And here's another!"

Campbell: "Yes, that's Baker's. It was rather roomy for Roberts."

Mrs. Roberts: "But how did you get them?"

Campbell, lightly: "Oh, we sent and borrowed them."

Roberts, less lightly: "We had to do something, Agnes. I knew you would be terribly anxious if I didn't come—"

Mrs. Roberts, with abject contrition: "Oh, don't speak a word, you poor suffering martyr!"

Campbell: "We should have borrowed every coat in the block, if you hadn't got back."

Mrs. Campbell: "Yes, and I've no doubt you'd have taken a perfectly fiendish enjoyment in every failure."

Campbell, with a wild spluttering laugh: "Well, the disappointments certainly had their compensations. Roberts, just let them see how well you look in Merrick's coat! Or, no: try Baker's first; I think Baker's is a little more swell on you, if anything."

Bella, at the door: "Supper is served, Mrs. Roberts."

Campbell: "Supper?"

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, yes! Mrs. Miller never gives you anything but ice-cream; and I thought we should all need something hot when we got back, and so I had a few— But I forgot all about the supper!"

Campbell: "I'm glad Bella didn't. Better let Bella put Roberts's clothes away, after this."

Mrs. Roberts, in extreme dejection: "Yes, I think I really had, Willis. I'm

not fit to be Edward's wife, if I behave that way to him."

Campbell : "Well, well, he must have a divorce, then ; but not till after supper."

Mrs. Campbell : "Yes, never mind, now, Agnes. It's all turned out well, as it is : Edward has been spared a fearful bore, and nobody will ever be any the wiser about your putting away his evening dress——"

Campbell : "Oh, indeed ! *Won't* they ? When Baker and Merrick meet at the club, and exchange notes about Agnes locking up Roberts's clothes——"

Mrs. Roberts, with horror : "Edward ! You didn't send that word to them !"

Roberts : "Why—why—I'm afraid we did, something like it, my dear. We had to explain our request, somehow——"

Mrs. Roberts, relaxing into a chair : "Then I simply never can hold up my head again." She lets it fall in typical despair.

Mrs. Campbell, pressing the annunciator, with the energy of a lioness at bay : "I don't believe it's as bad as that. It simply can't be. It would be too abominable." As Bella appears in answer to the bell : "Did you tell the gentlemen, when you went to borrow the coats for Mr. Roberts, that Mrs. Roberts had locked up his dress suit ?"

Bella : "Why, that's what Mr. Campbell said to say, ma'am, but I didn't believe Mrs. Roberts would quite like it, ma'am, and so I said——" She hesitates, and Mrs. Roberts springs to her feet, with arms outstretched to her.

Mrs. Roberts : "What, Bella ?"

Bella : "Why, you know, ma'am, I couldn't help thinking how things fly about a house like this."

Mrs. Roberts : "Yes, yes !"

Mrs. Campbell : "Go on !"

Bella : "I didn't believe the gentlemen

would have sent word like that themselves, if they'd thought of it ; and so——"

Mrs. Roberts : "And so ?"

Mrs. Campbell : "So ?"

Bella : "I know you like to have me always speak the truth, and so I do, to you, ma'am, and every lady I ever lived with ; but I wasn't going to have that young waitress of Mrs. Baker's and that nasty cook of Mrs. Merrick's laughing at us."

Campbell : "Well, and what did you do ?"

Mrs. Roberts : "Yes, Bella !"

Bella : "I told Mrs. Merrick's cook that the gentlemen were getting up some charades ; and I told Mr. Baker's second girl that the tailor hadn't sent Mr. Roberts's coat home."

Mrs. Campbell : "Well, you *were* inspired, Bella."

Mrs. Roberts, to Bella : "Oh, you—angel !"

Campbell : "Well, that isn't quite what they call them. Who was the father of what ? But we won't dispute about terms. The great thing now is to get at that little supper. Come on, Roberts !"

Mrs. Roberts : "Yes, Edward, take out Amy——"

Roberts, putting himself in evidence : "But don't you see, my dear, I can't draw a full breath now ; and if I were to eat anything——"

Mrs. Roberts : "Oh, well, go and change them at once. We won't wait for you, dear, but I'll see to keeping it hot for you."

Campbell, as he follows the ladies out of one door, while Roberts vanishes into his dressing room through the other : "Yes, just slip on anything that will fit you. It's so near morning now that we won't insist on evening dress."



SOME NEW CONTRIBUTORS.



Miss Gertrude Smith, whose strong individual story, *An Only Son*, appears in this number of the *Cosmopolitan*, is a young writer of success as sudden as its promise. Her first story appeared in print only last May. Miss Gertrude Smith is the daughter of a clergyman no longer living. She was born in Coloma, California, the sierra village where the first gold was discovered, but most of her life has been spent in the middle west, in Illinois and Kansas. Five or six years ago she went to Boston to live with a relative, and has been occupied with study and teaching until the encouragement both of friends and editors led her last year to begin artistic work with her pen. During a stay of seven months in Italy and France she has sent to editors in this country several intensely American and very western stories, which will appear in the course of this year. One of her stories has been translated into Italian and French.



Hamlin Garland was born in 1860 in the La Crosse valley, Wisconsin, and his early years were spent in the primitive farm life of western Wisconsin and eastern Iowa. In this region many of the incidents relating to his stories of boy life were lived. Mr. Garland grew up on familiar terms with the saddle and the herder's routine of hardship and hard work, but found time to study people and books. He finally secured means of entering the seminary near his home, where he was graduated in 1881. Two years later he moved upon a Dakota claim, but the land boom which drew him there collapsed, leaving him, however, abundant material for verse and fiction. Since 1884 Mr. Garland has devoted his attention to writing and lecturing, his home being in Boston. He is the author of *Boy Life Series*, *Jason Edwards*, *The Spoil of Office* and other stories, but his best-known work is a recently published collection of tales called *Main Travelled Roads*.



Samuel Pierpont Langley, an American astronomer and physicist, was born in Boston in 1834. He first studied civil engineering and architecture, but later astronomy, at the Observatory of Cambridge, and subsequently became director of an observatory at Allegheny, Pennsylvania. There he invented some novel instruments, of which the best known is the bolometer, and published many professional papers. In 1887 he commenced experimental investigation upon the dynamical principles which underlie mechanical flight. In the same year he accepted the position of secretary of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, where he now resides, and where there has lately been published a summary of these investigations. Mr. Langley received the degree of LL.D. from the University of Wisconsin in 1882, from the University of Michigan in 1883, and from Harvard in 1885. He is a member of the National Academy of Sciences, and a correspondent of the Institute of France.



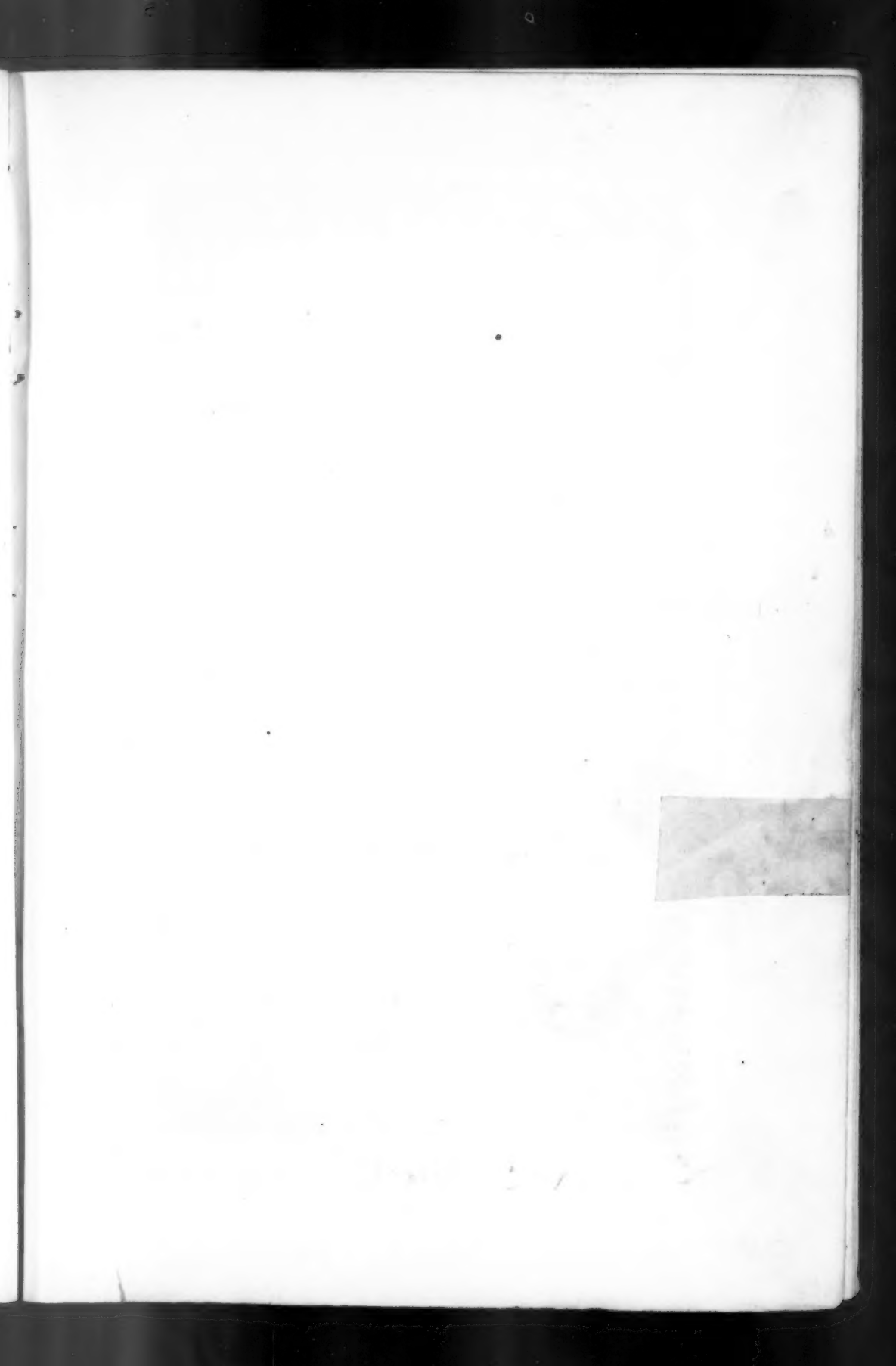
Theodore Roosevelt, who for the last three years has been a member of the National Civil Service commission, was born in New York in 1858. He graduated from Harvard in 1880, and was a member of the New York Legislature in '82, '83 and '84, during which time he was alternately the majority and minority leader on the floor. As chairman of the Cities' Committee he introduced the civil service reform law and the different measures for municipal reform which were enacted into laws, notably that centring responsibility in the mayor and abridging the power of the board of aldermen. In 1886 he ran for Mayor of New York against Abram Hewitt and Henry George, and was beaten. Much of his life has been passed on his ranch on the Little Missouri. He has written a number of books, including the *Naval War*, of 1812, *History of New York*, *Life of Gouverneur Morris*, *Essays on Practical Politics*, *Hunting Trips of a Ranchman*, etc.



At the age of sixteen Richard Lynch Garner entered the Confederate army as a volunteer and served to the close of the war, the last three months of which he was a prisoner in Camp Chase. On being released he returned home to his father's farm, and that fall entered Jefferson Institute at Blountville, Tennessee, where he remained until 1867, when he engaged in teaching and lecturing, and thus employed travelled through the South and West. A natural love for study and inquiry led him to search into the origin of writing, to which he devoted much time for years. Through this he was led to study the temple glyphs of Palenque, in Mexico, which he still hopes some day to solve. The study of phonetics and sounds of animals have always occupied some part of his time, and finally led him to study the speech of monkeys. His labors in this field have been rewarded with much success.



Francis Richard Stockton, who was born in Philadelphia in 1834, began life by the study of art and became an engraver, but afterwards turned to editorial work. He held positions on the *Post of Philadelphia*, *Hearth and Home of New York*, *Scribner's Monthly* and the *St. Nicholas Magazine*, retiring from the last some years ago. His earliest writings appealed to children. The famous *Rudder Grange* stories, perhaps, first gave the public a distinct impression of his worth. In 1888 a comic opera, based on the *Lady or The Tiger*, perhaps Mr. Stockton's best-known story, was produced in New York. In 1888 Mr. Stockton published his first novel, *The Late Mrs. Null*. In addition to many well-known novels various volumes of his short stories have appeared from time to time. Mr. Stockton lives at his country home near Morristown, New Jersey. He, however, spends two or three months of winter in New York. He works with great regularity wherever he may be.





"IN THE GARDEN."

(Page 219.)